

# The New Century Hymnal

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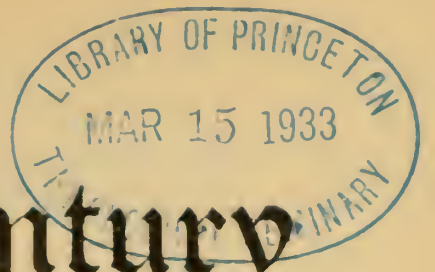


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# The New Century Hymnal

For Church Services, Prayer Meetings,  
Young People's Meetings, Sunday Schools

Edited by  
WILL L. THOMPSON



PUBLISHED BY  
WILL L. THOMPSON & CO.  
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE

# The New Century Hymnal

Edited by WILL L. THOMPSON

A Gospel Hymn Book for the Millions of Christian  
Workers of all Denominations

The New Century Hymnal contains 240 pages of the most beautiful and useful Gospel Hymns that have been written up to this date. Including 10 pages of carefully selected responsive readings, etc.

### "In the Multitude of Counsellors there is Safety."

The selections in The New Century Hymnal are the result of an almost unanimous response from 10,000 circular letters which we sent to ministers and Sunday School music leaders throughout the United States.

The following copy of the letter will show what may be expected from the book :

MY DEAR SIR: I am writing and compiling a new collection of Gospel Songs, and as I want every piece in the book to be choice, I am asking 10,000 of the leading ministers, Sunday-School superintendents and music leaders to write me a list of five favorites. Will you kindly (on the enclosed postal card) let me know what five pieces your school and other gatherings use with greatest enjoyment? A large number of the collections now published contain a few good singable pieces and a great many very ordinary ones that our people do not take to. Now, by the plan I have adopted, I hope to get 10,000 lists of only the favorites. These lists will be carefully gone over, compared and "boiled down," and when we are through with them, I believe we will have selected only the very best, and you may be assured every piece will be popular with Sunday Schools and gospel meetings.

Yours Truly, etc.

As the responses to these letters came in we made a list of the pieces voted for and kept careful tally on the number of times each

piece was named. The result of this vote cannot but be of the greatest interest to all lovers of good music in the Sunday-School and church.

We found a great difference of opinion as to the usefulness of many of the so-called sentimental Gospel songs, but we were glad to find a large demand for the higher grade, purely devotional hymns. Some of our most influential ministers wrote, "Leave out the trash and give us the grand old hymns." We all know there are thousands of so-called Gospel songs that are absolutely worthless — words and music—but the pieces that stand fire and are adopted by Christian workers from Maine to California must certainly have merit. All the selections will not suit all the people, but they represent the demands of those who are capable of judging. The only indulgence we ask is for the 20 or more new pieces by the editor. These being new, were not included in the voting contest, but we hope they may be found useful.

Give the book a careful examination and you will be sure to adopt it for your work.

### PRICES

35 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

\$3.75 per dozen, by mail, postpaid.

\$3.25 per dozen, by express, not prepaid.

\$12.50 for 50, by express, not prepaid.

\$25.00 for 100, by express, not prepaid.

FOR HOME MISSIONS.—With every order for 100 books, ordered direct from us, we will, if requested, send ten extra books free, with the understanding that these ten books are to be given to some mission church or school. This is not in any way to be considered as a reduction from the above prices, as the books cannot be sold for less than \$25.00 per hundred, but is a gift by the editor for the benefit of mission churches.

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Music Publishers

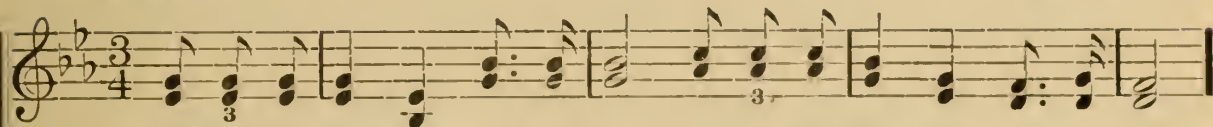
East Liverpool, Ohio

# The New Century Hymnal.

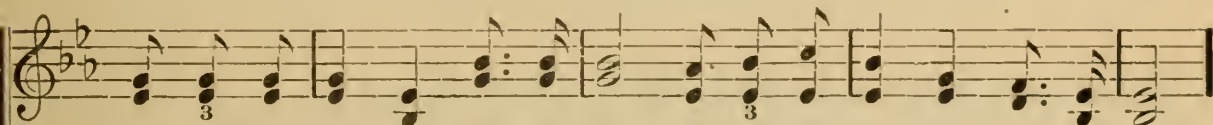
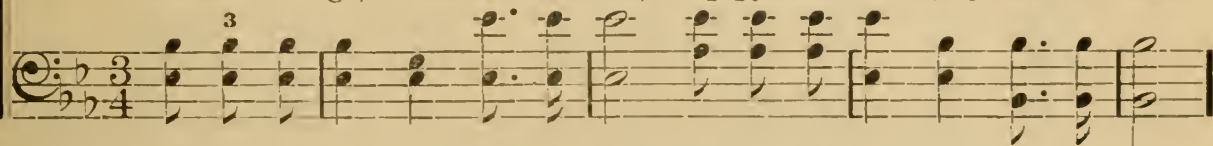
## No. 1. I REMEMBER CALVARY.

Rev. W. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.



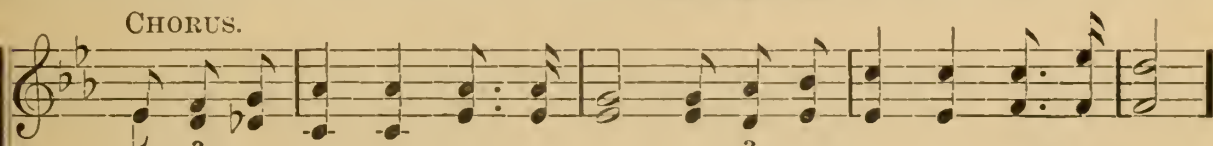
1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,
2. O I de-light in His command, Love to be led by His dear hand,
3. On-ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap-py with Christ, my Sav-iour near,



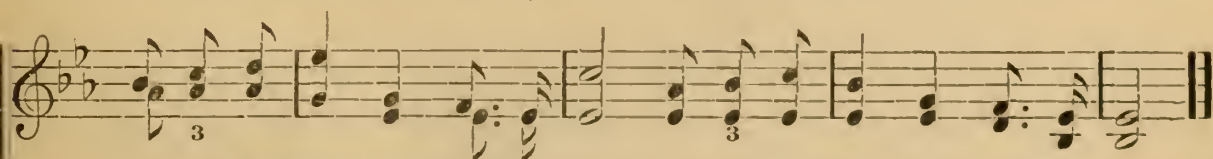
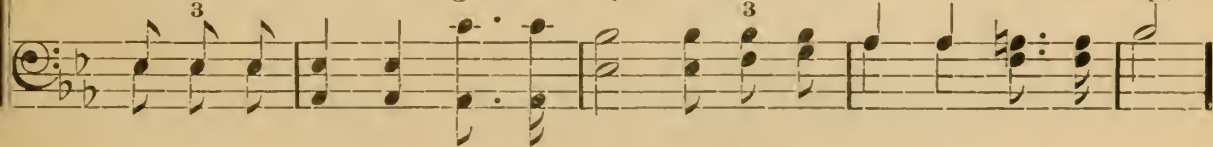
And I re-mem-ber 'twas for me, That He was slain on Cal-va-ry.  
His di-vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stain'd Cal-va-ry.  
Trust-ing that I some day shall see Je-sus my Friend of Cal-va-ry.



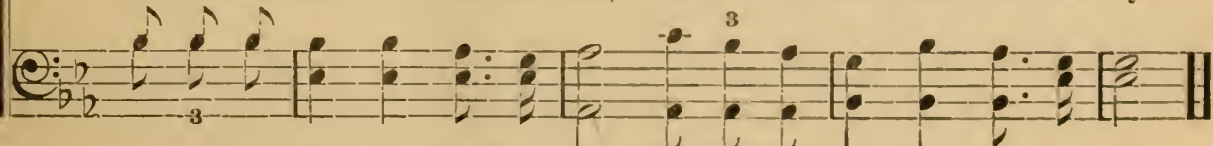
### CHORUS.



Je-sus shall lead me night and day, Je-sus shall lead me all the way,



He is the tru-est Friend to me, For I re-mem-ber Cal-va-ry.

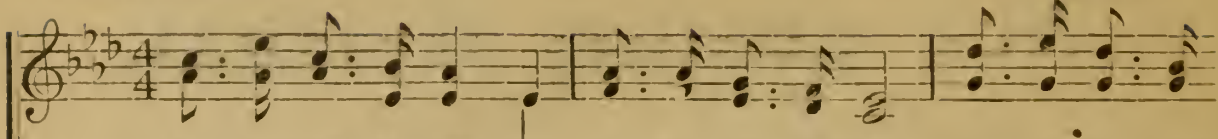




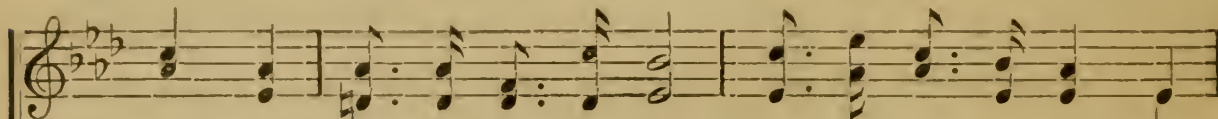
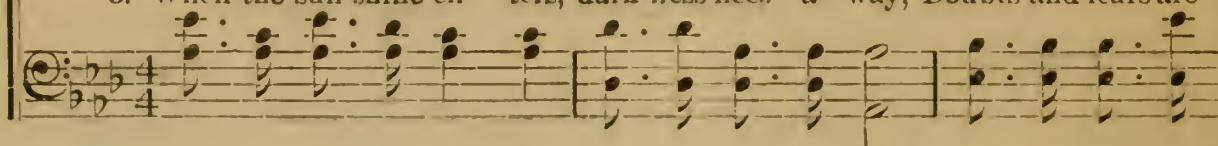
# No. 2. LIVE A LIFE OF SUNSHINE.

J. HARRY CROSSLEY.

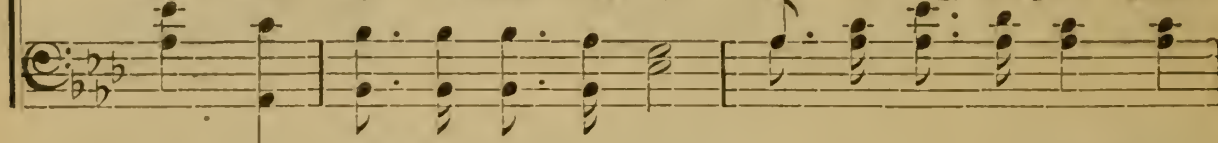
A. T. GOODSSELL.



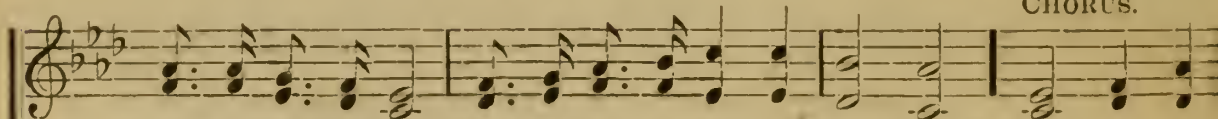
1. All our life is joy - ous, all the way is bright, For the Sav-iour's
2. Storm - y clouds may gath-er, wild the tem-pest blow, But with-in, my
3. When the sun-shine en - ters, dark-ness flees a - way, Doubts and fears are



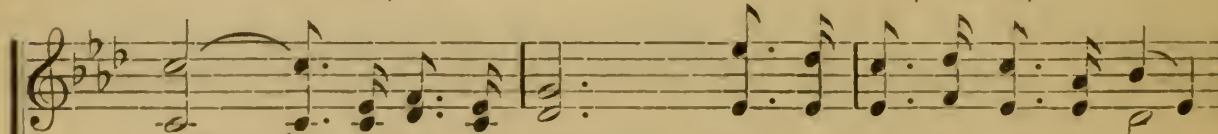
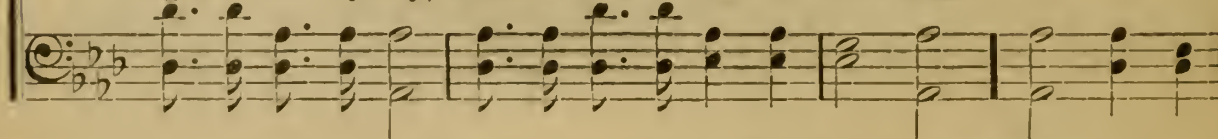
pres - ence, ban - ish - es the night; Sin has no a - bid - ing.  
soul, with light is all a - glow; Hap - pi - ness and peace thro'  
scat - tered by its cheer - ing ray; All a - long, the path grows



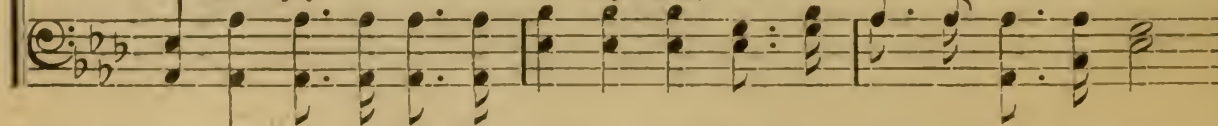
## CHORUS.



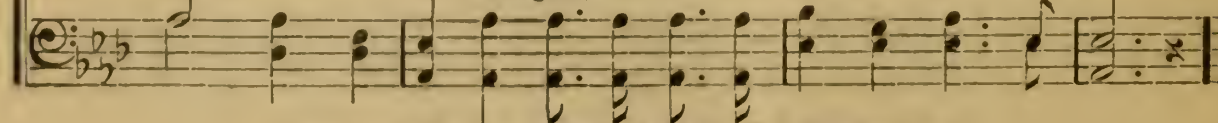
sorrow takes its flight, When we live a life of sun - shine.  
ev - 'ry heart will flow, If we live a life of sun - shine. } Glad - ness and  
bright-er ev - 'ry day, When we live a life of sun - shine. }



joy..... fill all my soul, When I hear the Mas - ter say:  
and joy my soul,



"My peace I give,"..... That makes it sun-shine all the way.  
I give,



# No. 3. WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?

*"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars."—DAN. 12: 3.*

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. O what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there

## CHORUS.

be an-y stars in my crown? } Will there be any stars, an-y stars in my crown?  
praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. }  
be an-y stars in my crown? }

When at evening the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest go-eth down?

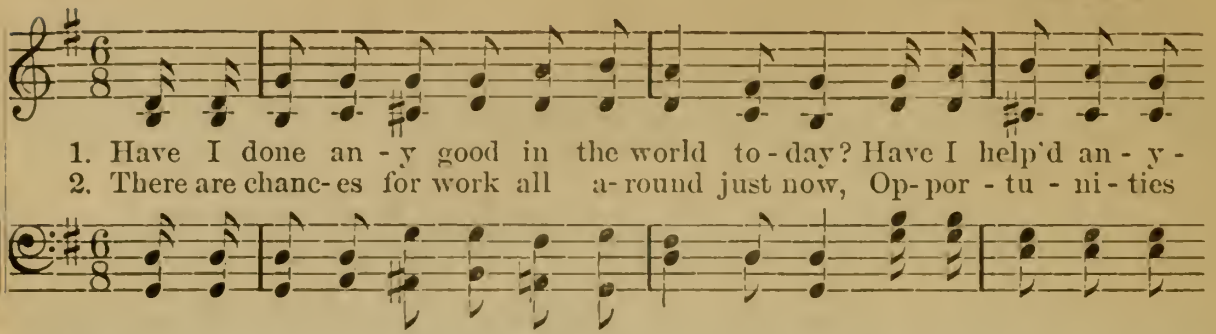
In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?.....  
an-y stars in my crown?



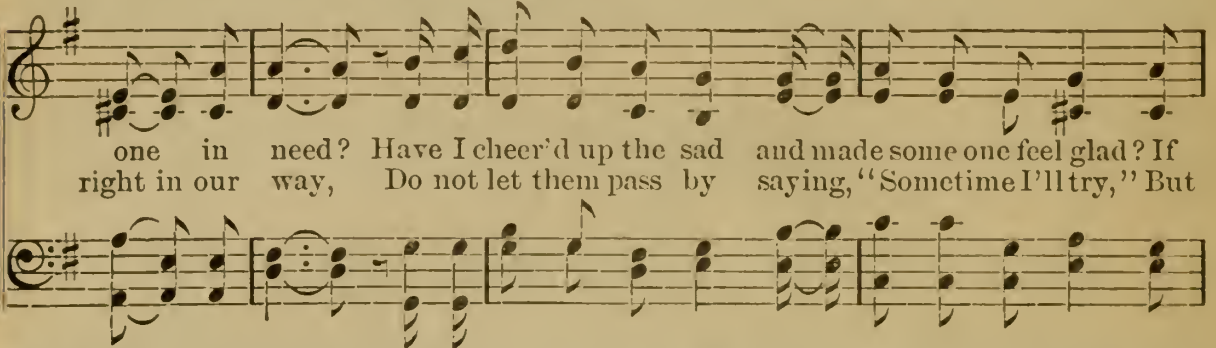
# No. 4. HAVE I DONE ANY GOOD?

W. L. T.

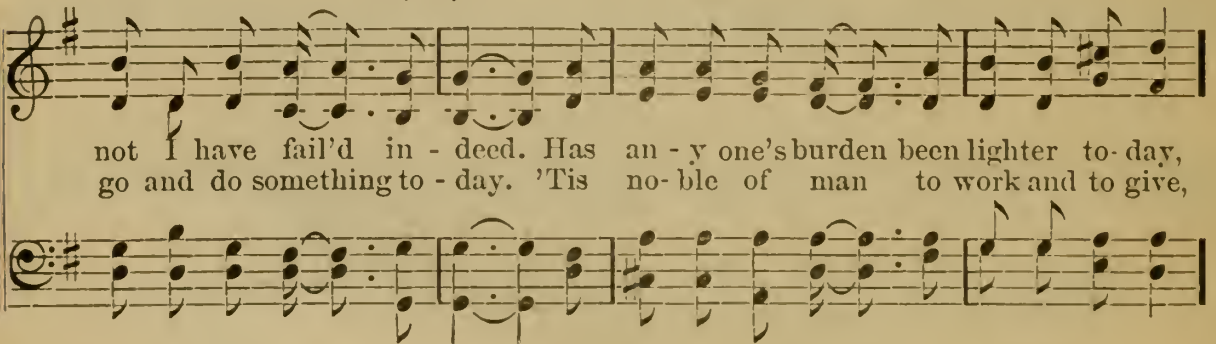
WILL L. THOMPSON.



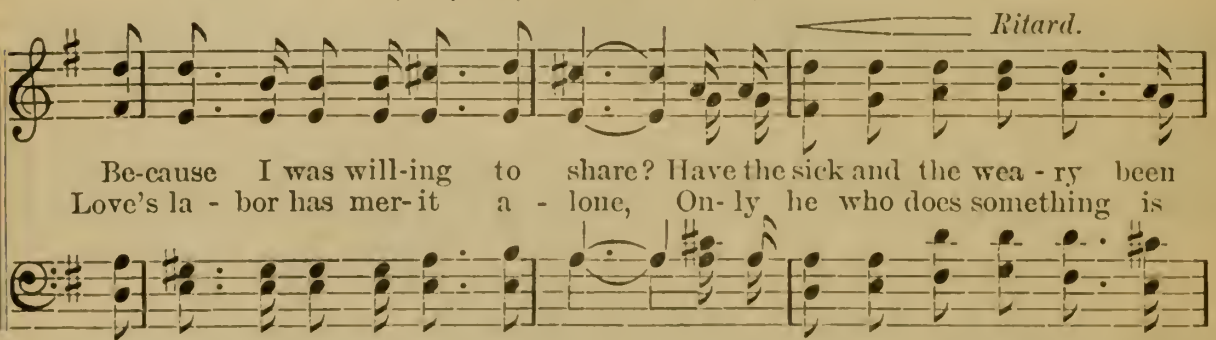
1. Have I done an - y good in the world to - day? Have I help'd an - y -  
 2. There are chanc - es for work all a - round just now, Op - por - tu - ni - ties



one in need? Have I cheer'd up the sad and made some one feel glad? If  
 right in our way, Do not let them pass by saying, "Sometime I'll try," But



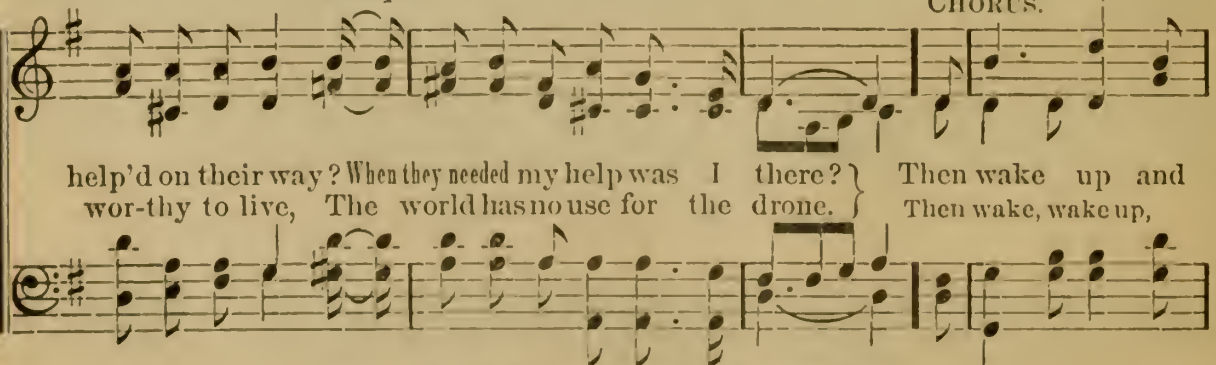
not I have fail'd in - deed. Has an - y one's burden been lighter to - day,  
 go and do something to - day. 'Tis no - ble of man to work and to give,



Be - cause I was will - ing to share? Have the sick and the wea - ry been  
 Love's la - bor has mer - it a - lone, On - ly he who does something is

*a tempo.*

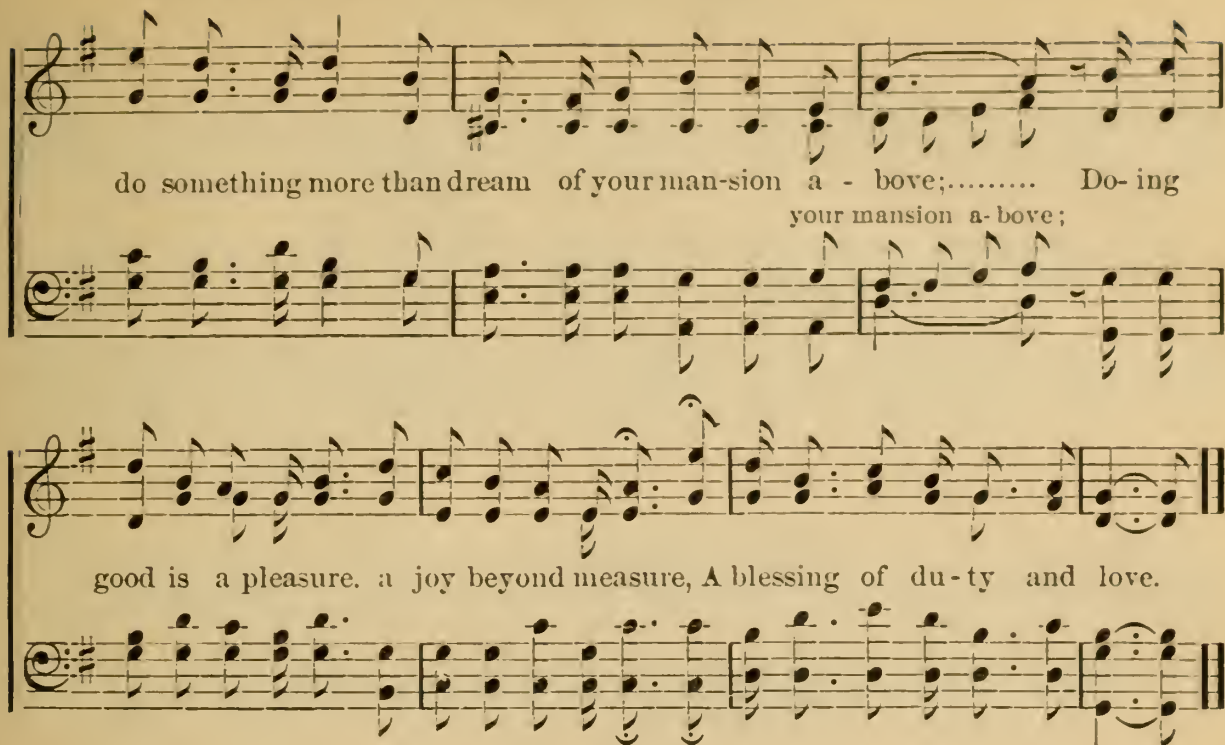
CHORUS.



help'd on their way? When they needed my help was I there? } Then wake up and  
 wor - thy to live, The world has no use for the drone. } Then wake, wake up,



# HAVE I DONE ANY GOOD?—Concluded.



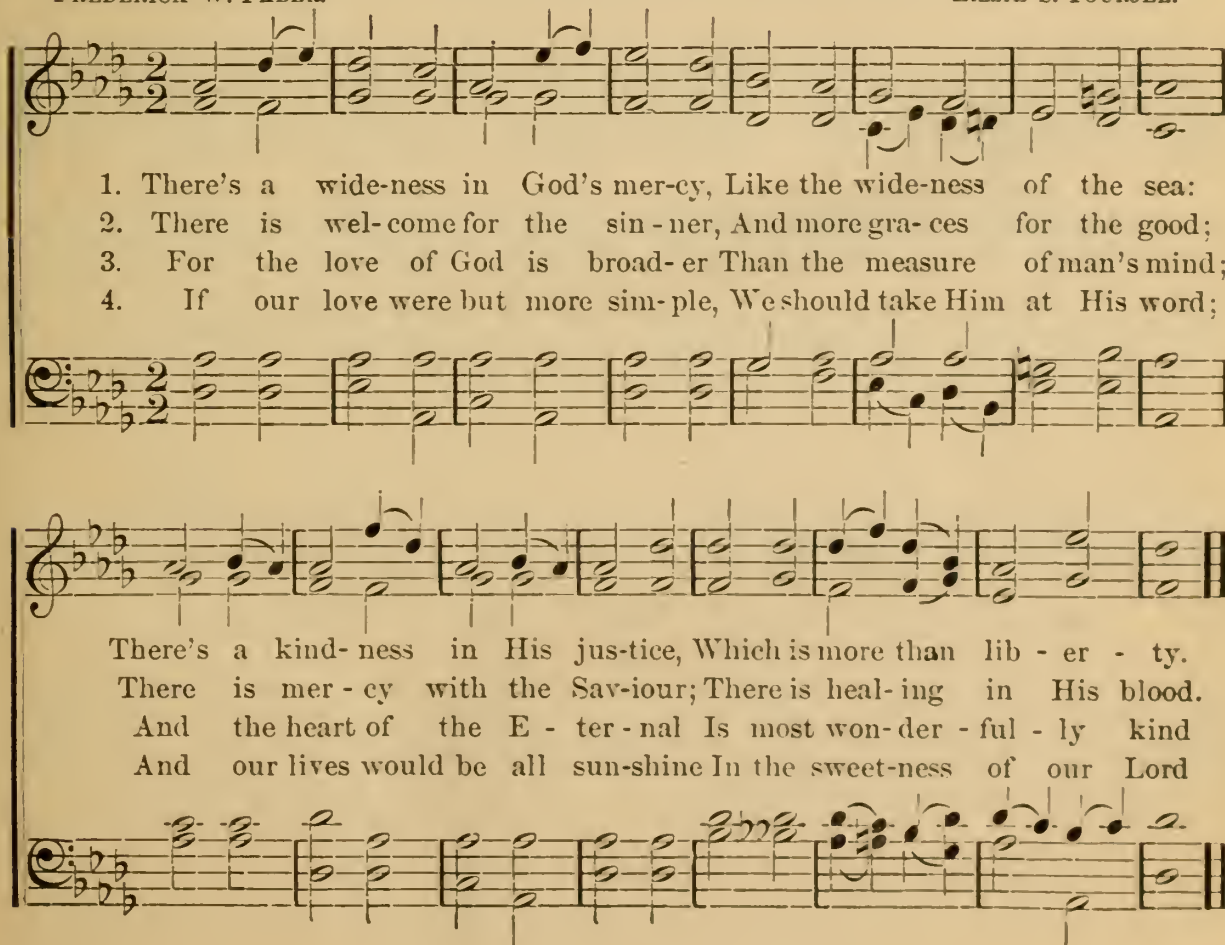
do something more than dream of your man-sion a - bove;..... Do-ing  
your man-sion a - bove;

good is a pleasure. a joy beyond measure, A blessing of du-ty and love.

## No. 5. THERE'S A WIDENESS.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.



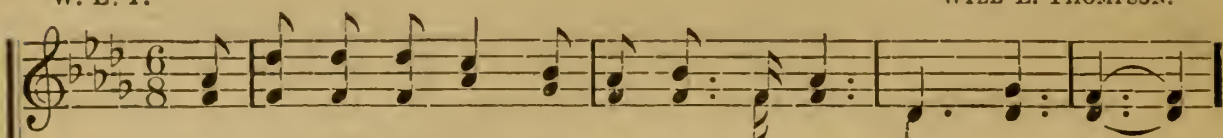
1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;  
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;  
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the measure of man's mind;  
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.  
There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour; There is heal-ing in His blood.  
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won-der - ful - ly kind  
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord

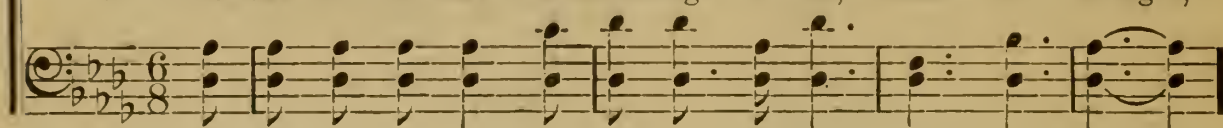
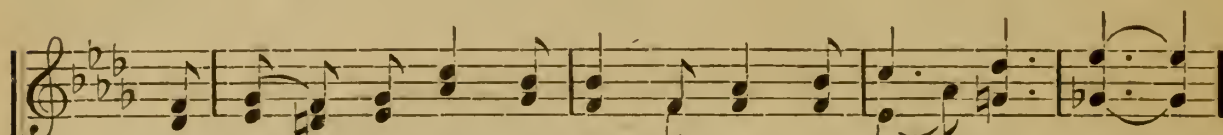
# No. 6. THERE'S SOMEONE IN HEAVEN THINKING OF ME.

W. L. T.

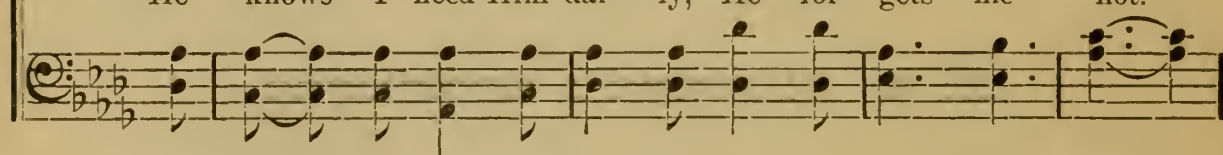

WILL L. THOMPSON.




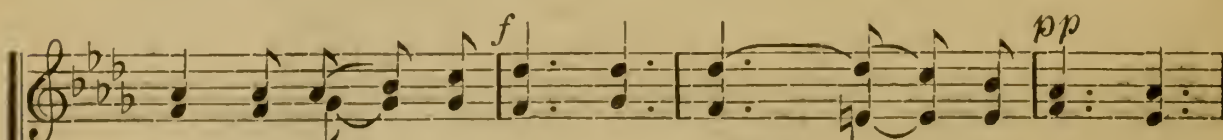
1. There's someone in heav - en think-ing of me, Oh, how sweet  
2. There's someone in heav - en think-ing of me, Now I know,  
3. The Sav-iour in heav'n is think-ing of me, Bless - ed thought,

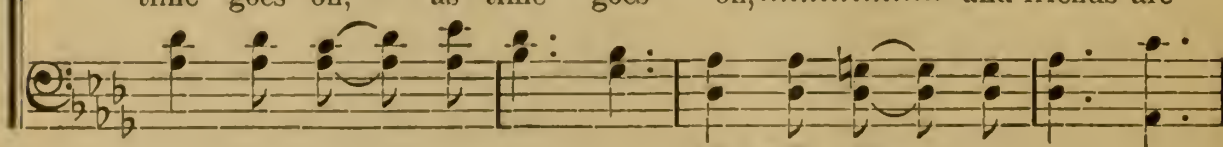
To have a friend in heav - en whom I soon shall greet.  
I've more dear friends in heav'n a - bove, than earth be - low.  
He knows I need Him dai - ly, He for - gets me not.

I know a dear one wait - ing there, To give a hand of  
But here is where the race is run, And here I'll fin - ish the  
The ma - ny earth - ly friends now gone, They may for - get me as

wel - come, where the an - gels sing,..... and the ech - oes  
work be - gun, till my race is run,..... and my work is  
time goes on, as time goes on,..... and friends are

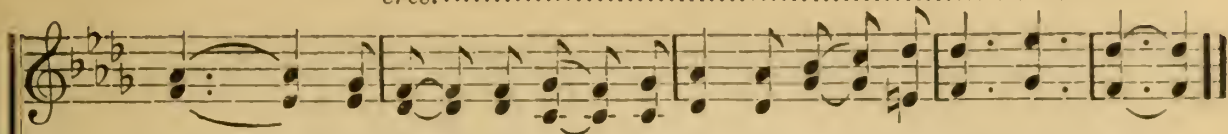


an - gels sing,  
is run,  
goes on,

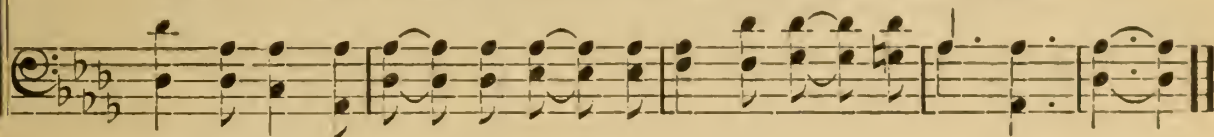


# THERE'S SOMEONE, etc.—Concluded.

*cres.*.....



ring, With bless-ed - ness and hap - pi - ness, Our souls to greet.  
done, And be con - tent till life is spent, And my work is done.  
gone, But Je - sus remembers me ev - 'ry moment As time goes on.

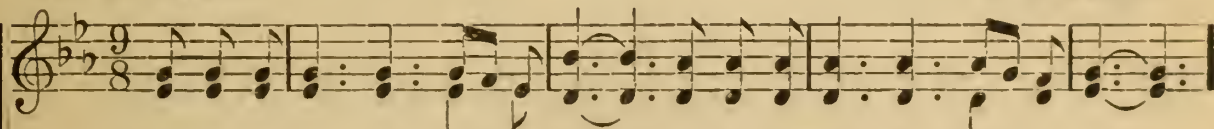


ech - oes ring,  
is done,  
are gone,

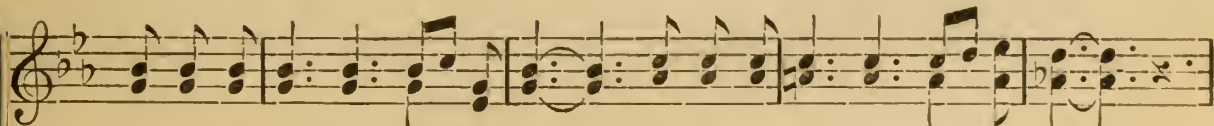
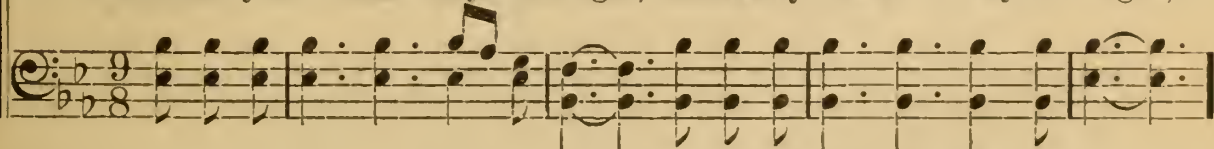
## No. 7. SOMEBODY.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

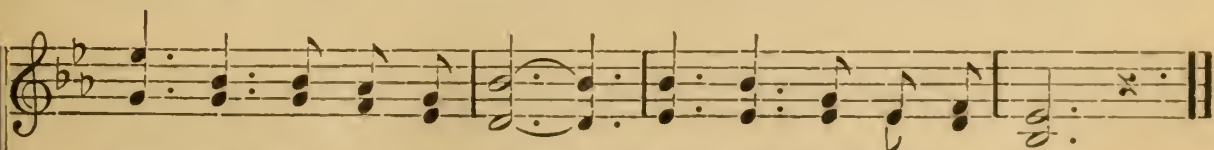
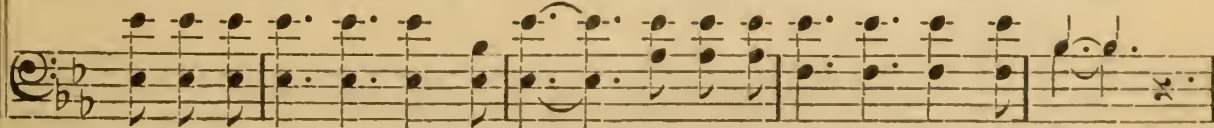
W. S. WEEDEN.



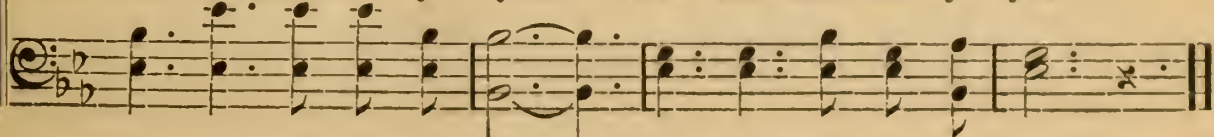
1. Somebody did a gold-en deed, Proving himself a friend in need;
2. Somebody tho't 'tis sweet to live, Willing-ly said "I'm glad to give;"
3. Somebody made a lov-ing gift, Cheer-ful-ly tried a load to lift;
4. Somebody i - dled all the hours, Carelessly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs;
5. Somebody fill'd the days with light, Constantly chas'd a - way the night;



Somebody sang a cheerful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,  
Somebody fought a valiant fight, Bravely he liv'd to shield the right,  
Somebody told the love of Christ, Told how His will was sac - ri - ficed,  
Somebody made life loss, not gain, Thoughtlessly, seem'd to live in vain,  
Somebody's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev - er cease,



Was that some-bod - y you? Was that some-bod - y you?

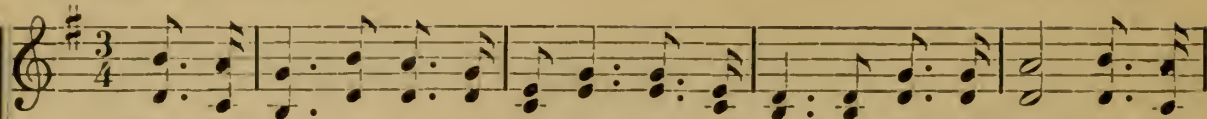




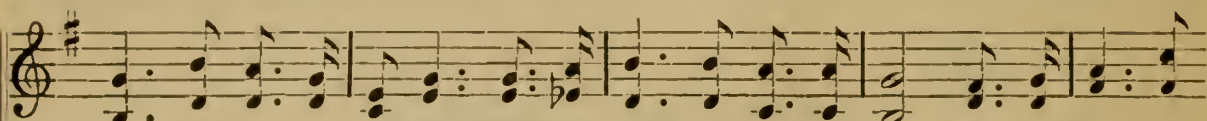
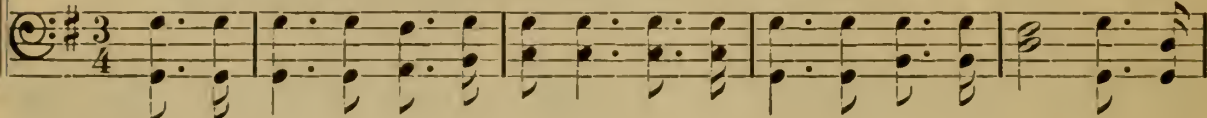
# No. 8. WALK BESIDE ME.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

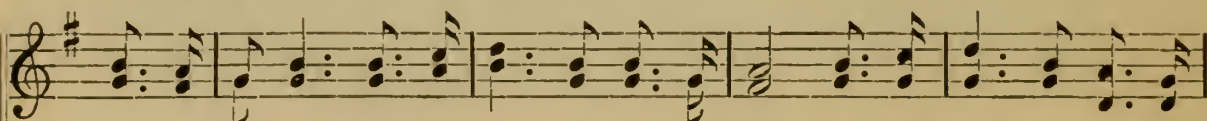
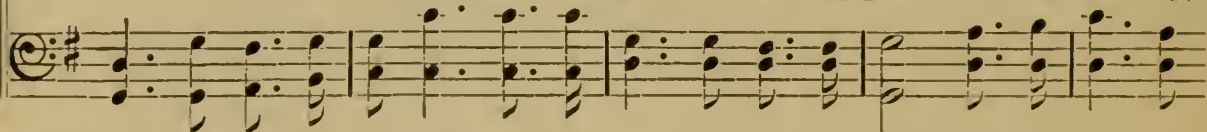
J. M. BLACK.



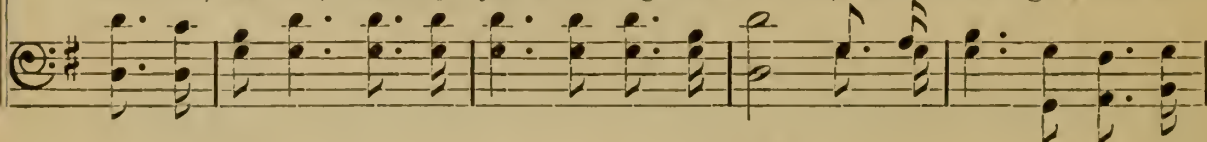
1. Walk be-side me, O my Saviour, While life's morning sky is bright; Grant me
2. When the noontide's glowing splendor Brings its weight of toil and care, May Thy
3. When the twi-light shades, descending, Warn my soul that night is near, With the



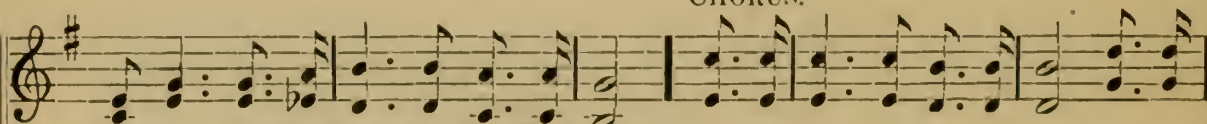
now Thy lov-ing fa-vor, Flood my path with heav'nly light. Whether good or love, so pure and ten-der, All my heav-y bur-dens bear! In a wea-ry hues of sun-set blending, Let the light of heav'n ap-pear. Thro the val-ley,



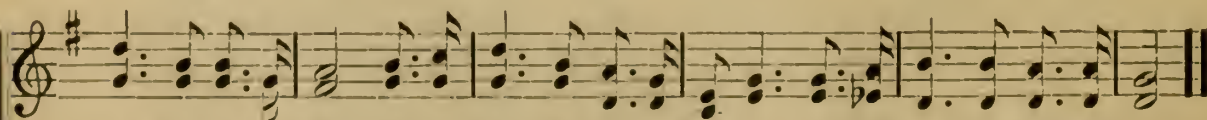
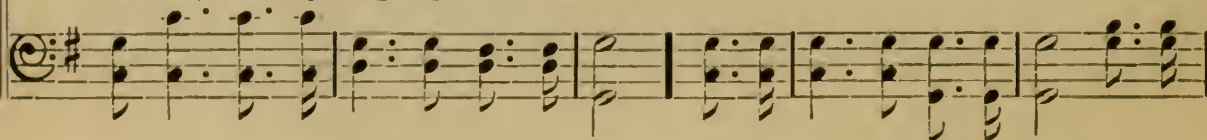
ill be-tide me, Whether skies be dark or clear, Ev-er stay so close be-land, pro-vide me Shelt'ring rock and cooling spring, When the tem-pest ra-ges, Sav-iour, take me, Close my eyes when night shall come, Then bid an-gel voic-es



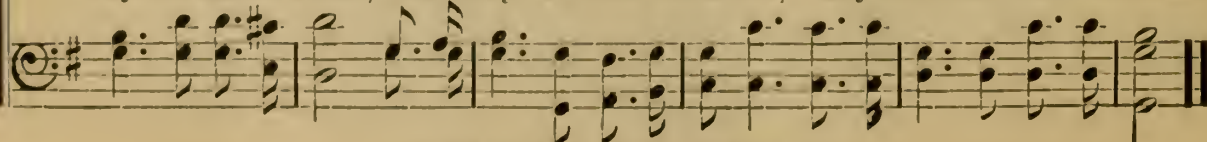
## CHORUS.



side me I may know and feel Thee near.  
hide me Underneath Thy fold-ed wing.  
wake me, Sweet-ly sing-ing "Welcome home." } Blessed Saviour, walk with me, Take a



way all anxious fear; Ever stay so close beside me, I may know and feel Thee near.



# No. 9. JESUS IS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

W. L. T.

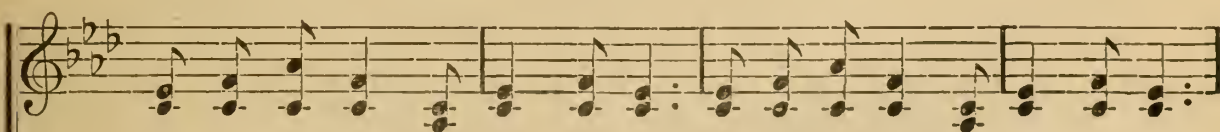
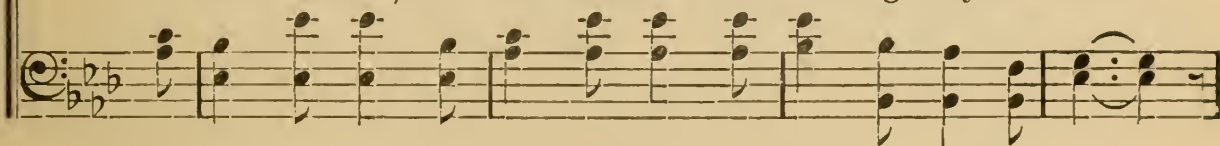
WILL L. THOMPSON.



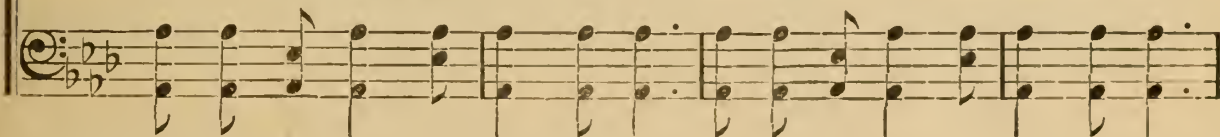
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.  
 I go to Him for bless-ings and He gives them o'er and o'er.  
 Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?  
 I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.



When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;  
 He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold - en grain;  
 Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, Keeping His cross with-in my sight;  
 Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beauti - ful life that has no end;



When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.  
 Sun-shine and rain, and gold - en grain, He's my friend.  
 Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.  
 E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

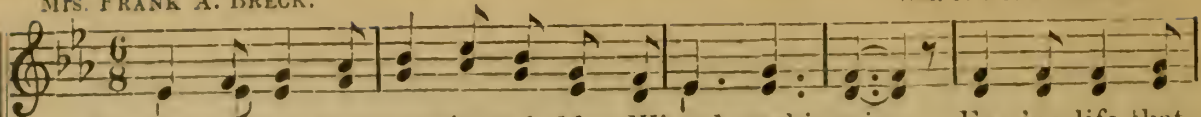




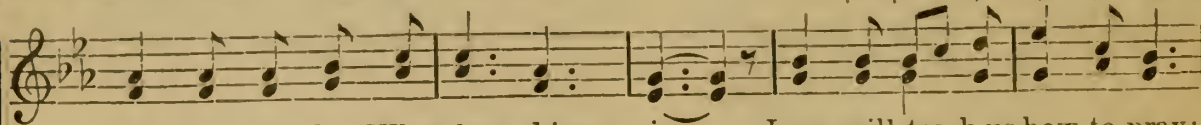
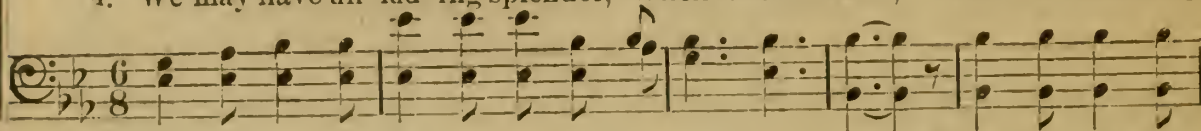
# No. 10. WHEN LOVE SHINES IN.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

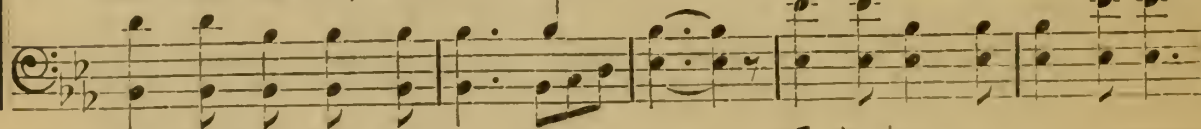
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



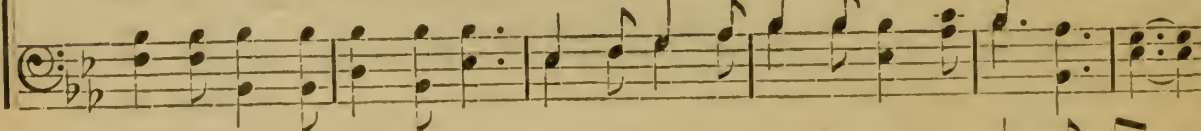
1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev-'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor-rows will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship



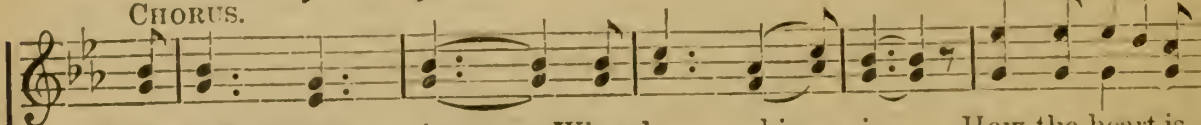
woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray;  
 joice in du-ty, When love shines in. Tri-als may be sanc-ti-fied,  
 bur-den, lighter, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo-ry that will throw  
 true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won



Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in-to day, When love shines in.  
 And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.  
 Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.  
 And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.



## CHORUS.



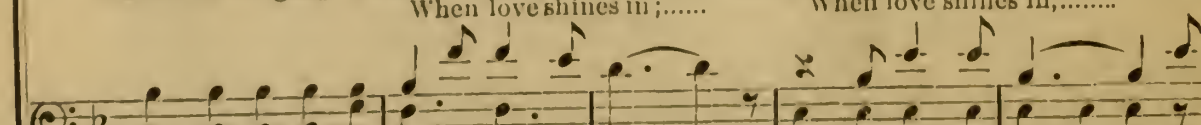
When love shines in,..... When love shines in How the heart is  
 When love shines in,.....



When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,



turned to singing, When love shines in;..... When love shines in,..... When  
 When love shines in;..... When love shines in,.....



When love shines in, When love shines in,



# WHEN LOVE SHINES IN.—Concluded.

love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.  
When love shines in.

When love shines in,

## No. 11. I SURRENDER ALL.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.  
DUET.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free-ly give; }  
I will ev-er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai-ly live. }  
2. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at His feet I bow; }  
World-ly pleasures all for-sak-en, Take me, Je-sus, take me now. }  
3. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Make me Sav-iour, whol-ly Thine. }  
Let me feel the Ho-ly Spir-it, Tru-ly know that Thou art mine. }

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;  
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;

All to Thee, my bless-ed Sav-iour, I sur-ren-der all.

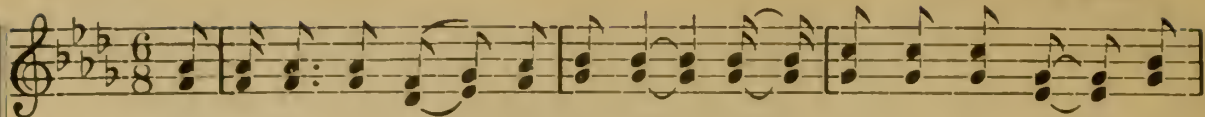
4 All to Jesus I surrender,  
Lord, I give myself to Thee;  
Fill me with Thy love and power,  
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,  
Now I feel the sacred flame;  
O the joy of full salvation!  
Glory, glory to His name!

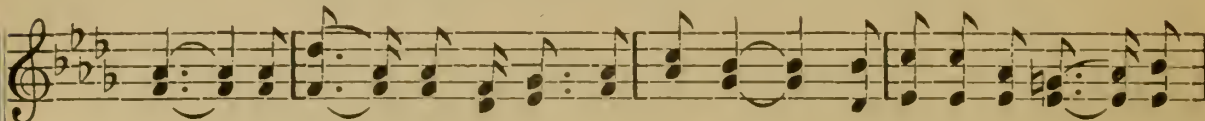
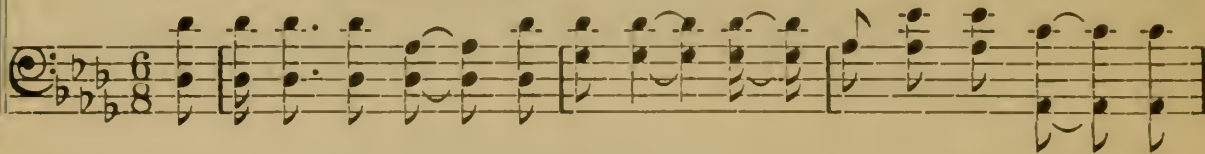
# No. 12. THE CHRISTIAN.

W. L. T.

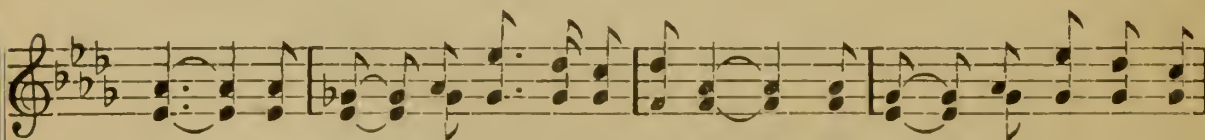
WILL L. THOMPSON.



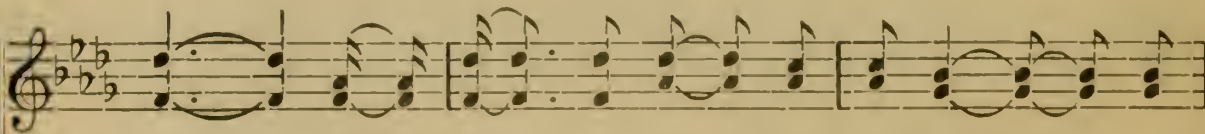
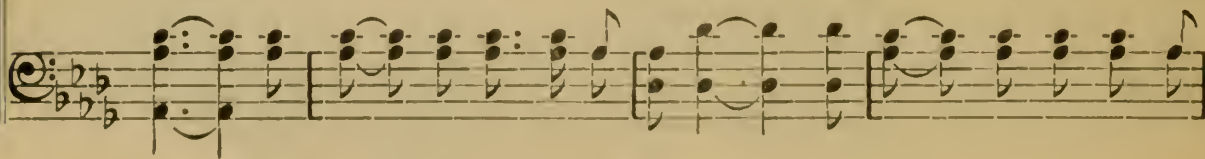
1. 'Tis no-ble to be a Chris-tian, 'Tis an hon-or to bear the
2. 'Tis right to give fame to the sol-dier, Our he-roes on sea and
3. Then, never dis-hon-or the ti-tle, The name will no-bil-i-ty



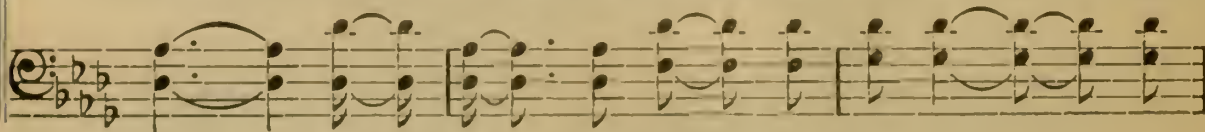
name; To know that we're honor'd in heav-en, Is bet-ter than earth-ly  
land; Their names are writ-en in sto-ry, In his-to-ry's pa-ges shall  
bring, Be proud of your no-ble an-ces-try, The Chris-tian's a child of a



fame. The name im-plies one is no-ble, From sin and sel-fish-ness  
stand. But they who fight against e-vil, In res-cu-ing bod-y and  
King. Stand up for the name and defend it, A-gainst ev-'ry pos-si-ble

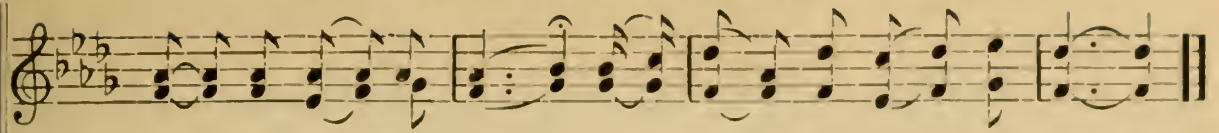


free; It means the life is Christ-like, Does it  
soul; Are the he-roes whom God shall hon-or, While the  
foe; Re-mem-ber the Chris-tian has hon-or,..... Up-

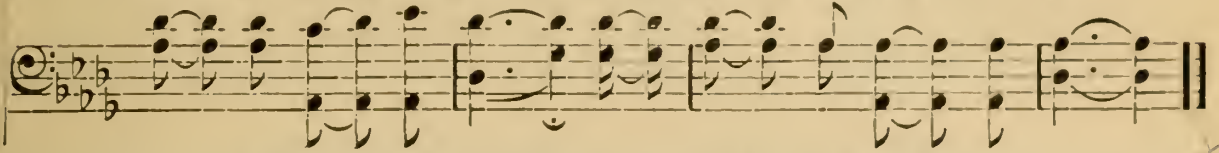




# THE CHRISTIAN.—Concluded.



mean this in you and me? Does it mean this in you and me?  
 years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.  
 hold it wher - ev - er you go, Up - hold it wher - ev - er you go.

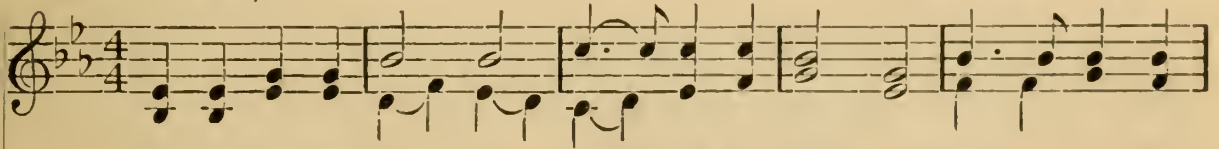


## No. 13. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

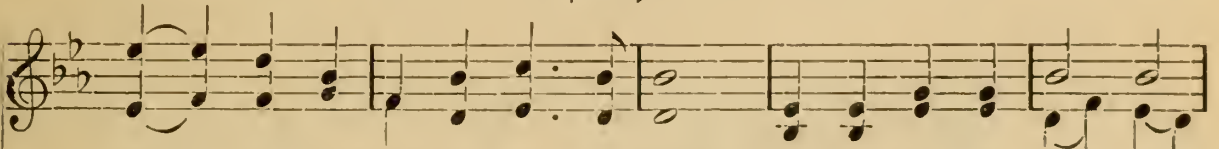
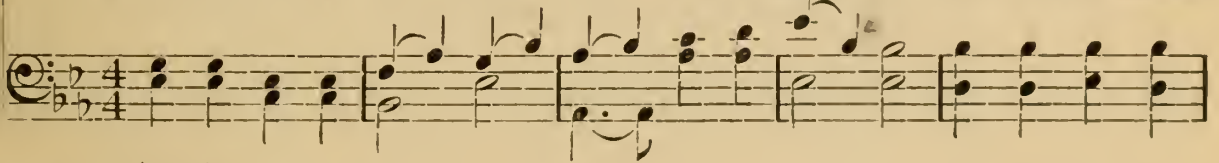
*"They rest not, day nor night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—REV. 4 : 8.*

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.



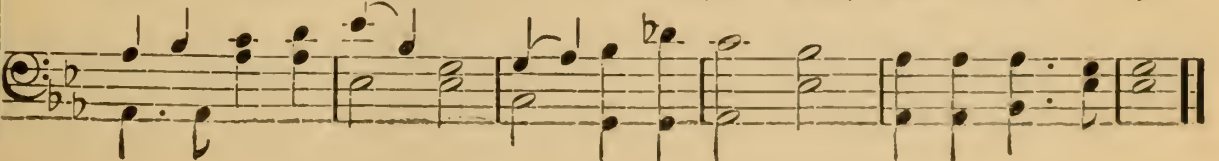
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of  
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!  
 gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim  
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!  
 praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!



Mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, Blessed Trin - i - ty!  
 fall - ing down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shall be.  
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love and pu - ri - ty.  
 Mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, Blessed Trin - i - ty!

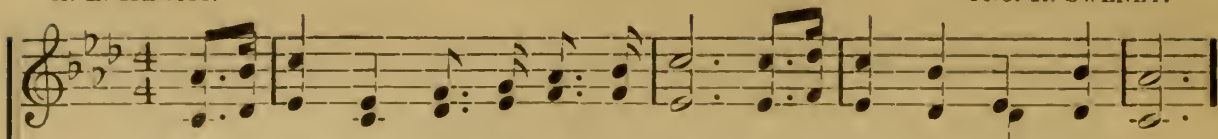




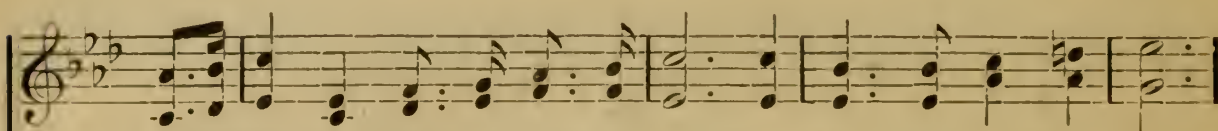
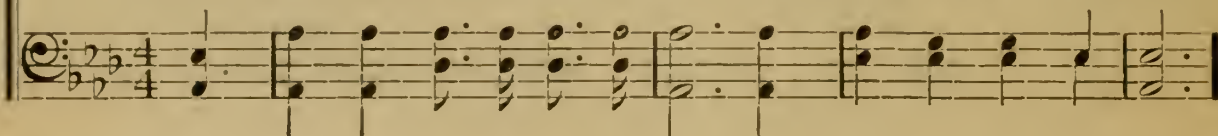
# No. 14. SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

E. E. HEWITT.

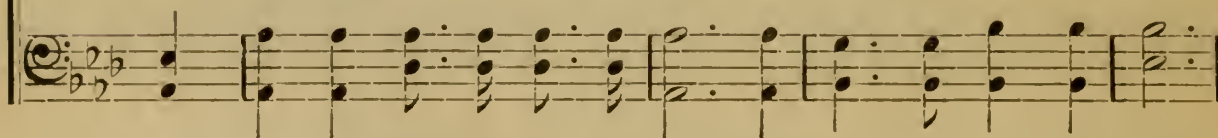
JNO. R. SWENEY.



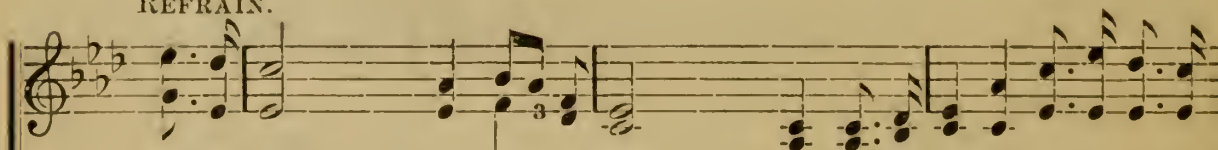
1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright,
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love.



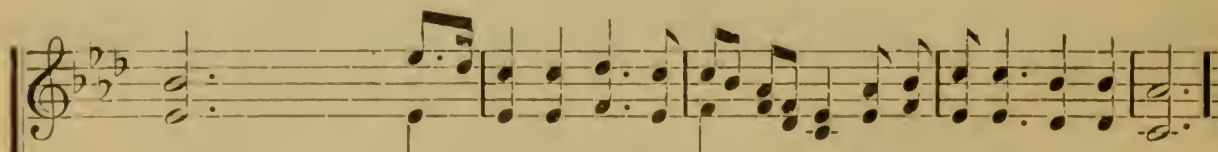
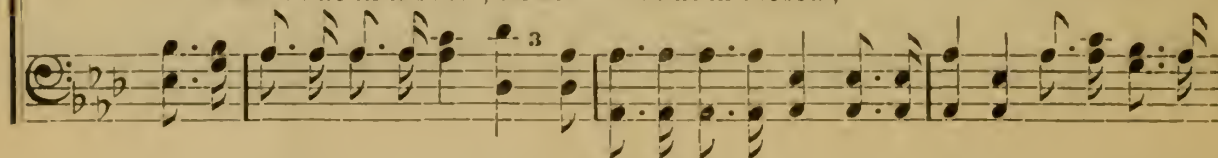
Than glows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.  
And Je-sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.  
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.  
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.



## REFRAIN.



Oh, there's sun-shine, blessed sun-shine, When the peaceful happy moments  
sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul,



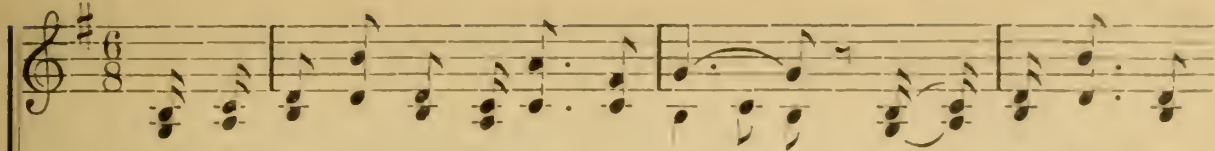
roll: When Je-sus shows His smiling face, There is sunshine in the soul.  
hap-py moments roll:



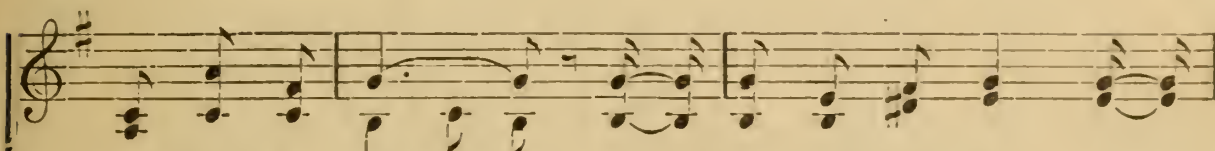
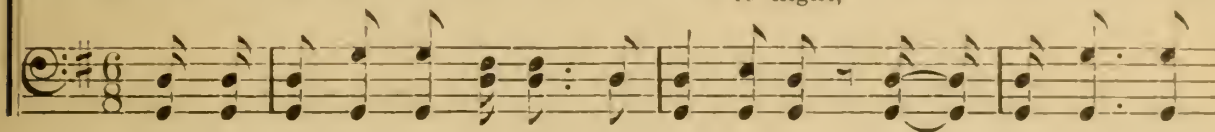
# No. 15. WHEN I LIE ON MY PILLOW TO-NIGHT.

W. L. T.

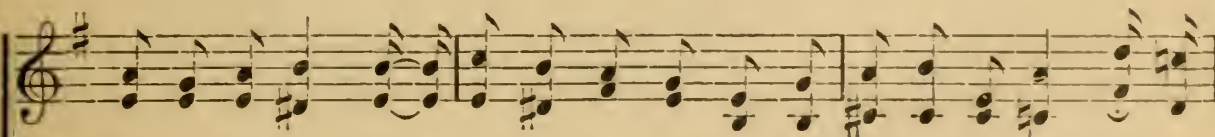
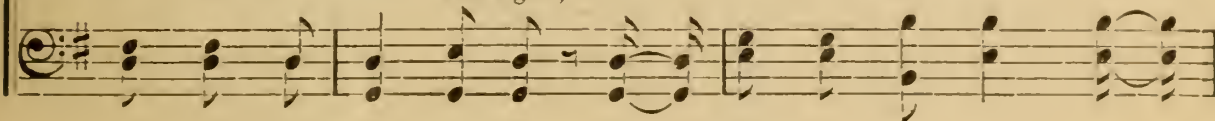
WILL L. THOMPSON.



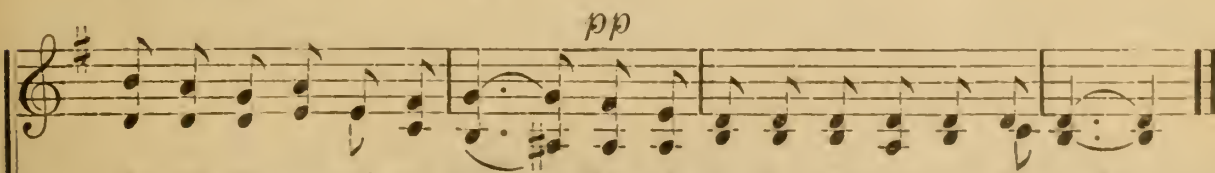
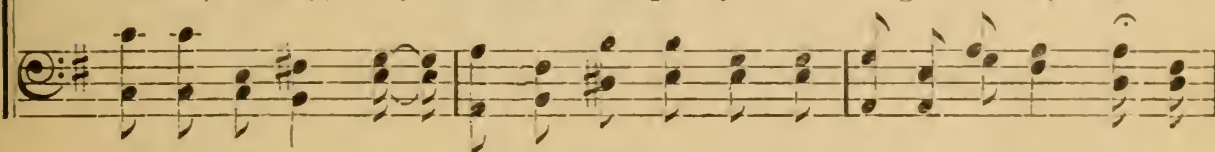
1. When I lie on my pil-low to - night,..... I'll re-mem-ber the
2. When I lie on my pil-low to - night,..... Vain glo-ries all
3. When I lie on my pil-low to - night,..... Should an an-gel come  
to-night,



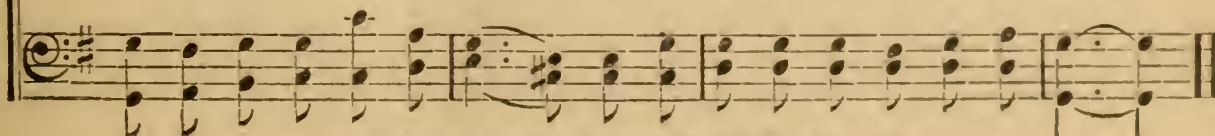
wrong and the right;..... Ev - 'ry deed of to - day, Ev - 'ry  
fad - ed from sight;..... Tho' I'm wea - ry with care, Too  
thro' the dim light,..... And to me should say: "Come,  
the right;



tho't gone astray. Ev'ry time I've been tempted and failed to say "nay," I'll re -  
heav - y to bear, If my work has been use - ful that oth - ers may share, I shall  
dreamer, a - way, Thy life has been spent, you're no longer to stay," Do I



call in the still of the night, When I lie on my pil - low to - night.  
feel in my heart I've done right, And I'll rest on my pil - low to - night.  
know that my end would be right, As I lie on my pil - low to - night?

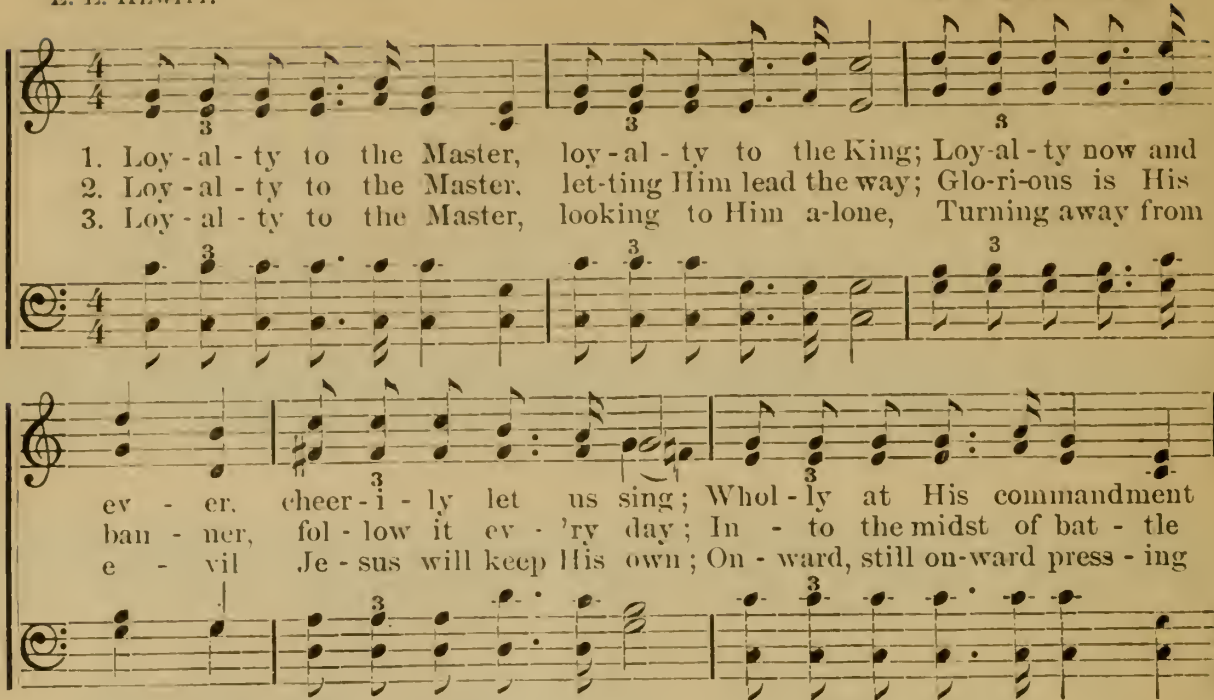




# No. 16. LOYALTY TO THE MASTER.

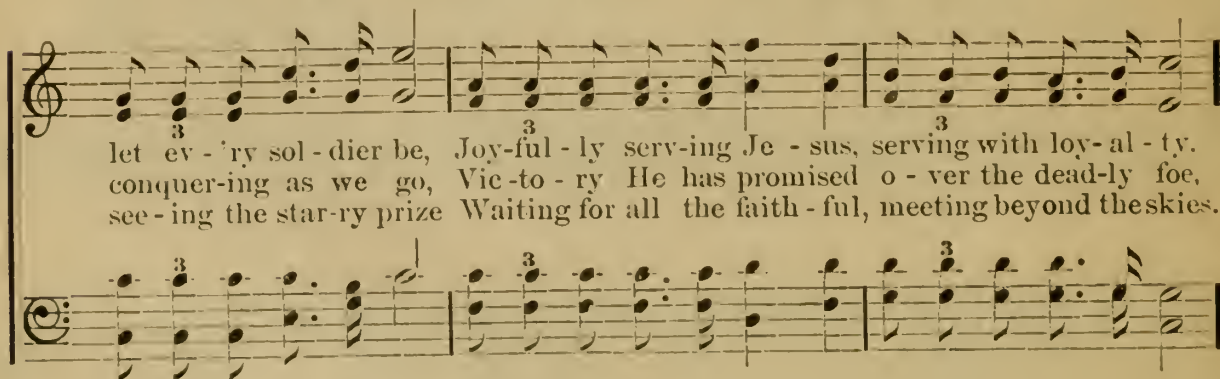
E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



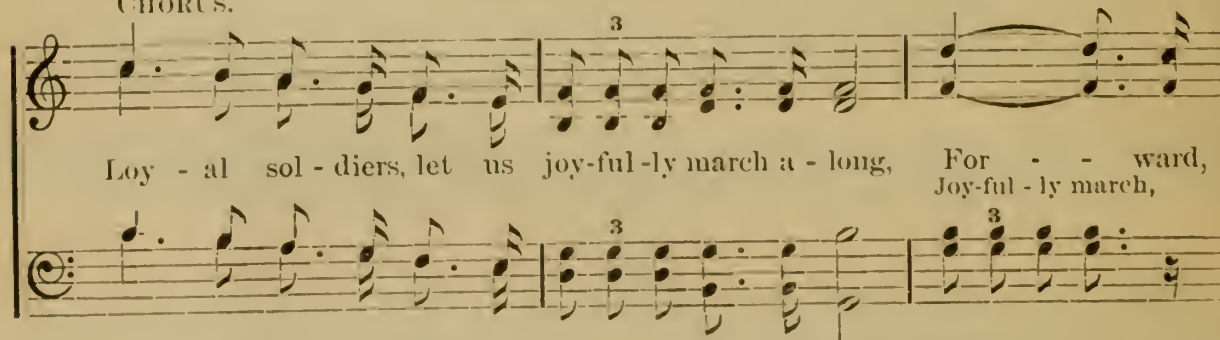
1. Loy-al-ty to the Master,   loy-al-ty to the King; Loy-al-ty now and  
 2. Loy-al-ty to the Master,   let-ting Him lead the way; Glo-ri-ous is His  
 3. Loy-al-ty to the Master,   looking to Him a-lone,   Turning away from

ev - er, cheer-i-ly let us sing; Whol-ly at His commandment  
 ban - ner, fol - low it ev - 'ry day; In - to the midst of bat - tle  
 e - vil Je - sus will keep His own; On - ward, still on-ward press - ing

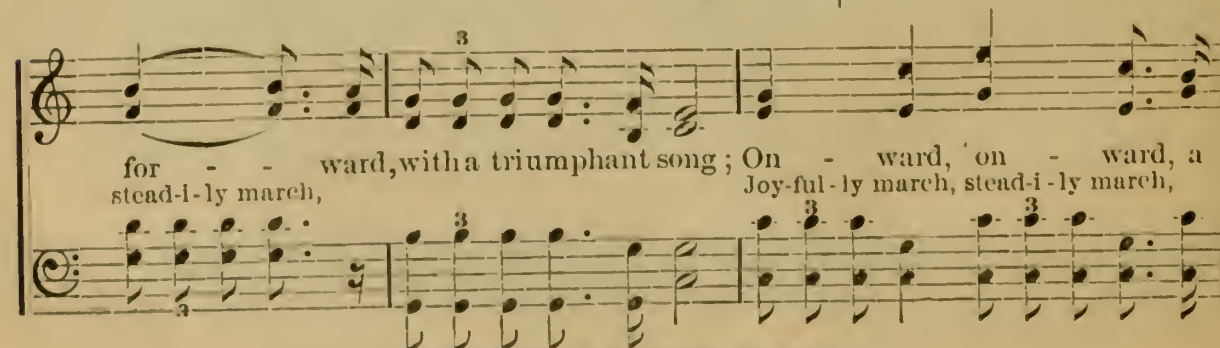


let ev - 'ry sol-dier be, Joy-ful-ly serv-ing Je - sus, serving with loy-al-ty.  
 conquer-ing as we go, Vic-to-ry He has promised o - ver the dead-ly foe,  
 see-ing the star-ry prize Waiting for all the faith - ful, meeting beyond the skies.

## CHORUS.



Loy - al sol - diers, let us joy-ful-ly march a - long,   For - - ward,  
 Joy-ful-ly march,



for - - ward, with a triumphant song; On - ward, 'on - ward, a  
 stead-i-ly march,   Joy-ful-ly march, stead-i-ly march,

# LOYALTY TO THE MASTER.—Concluded.

happy and loy - al throng, Loy-al to our Saviour and our King.....  
to our Saviour and our King.

## No. 17. CHRIST IS NEAR ME.

ADALYN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. When the waves of time sweep o'er me, I shall nev-er be dis-mayed,  
2. When the cares of life surround me, Christ each heavy bur-den bears;  
3. When the way seems rough and dreary, Je - sus gen-tly takes my hand,

For my Sav-iour goes be - fore me, And He says, "Be not a - fraid."  
Since thro' love He sought and found me, Ev - 'ry grief He free - ly shares.  
And He whispers, "Come, ye wea-ry, Just be - yond is Beau-lah Land."

### REFRAIN.

Christ is near me, He will cheer me, What-so-e'er my lot may be;

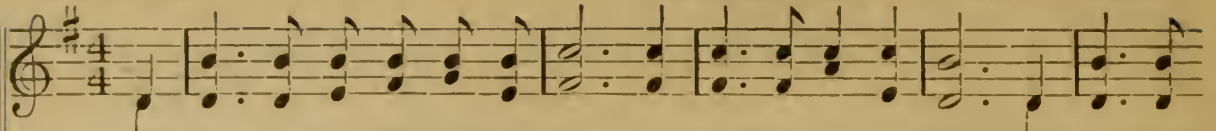
He will guide me, keep and hide me, 'Neath His wings..... e - ter-nal-ly.  
'Neath His wings, 'Neath His wings.



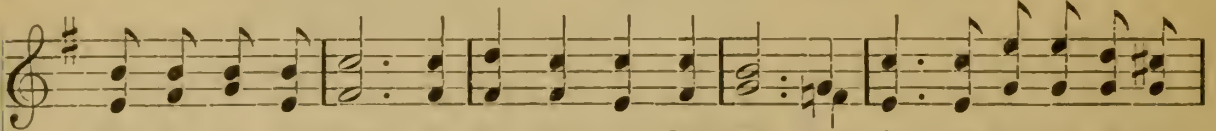
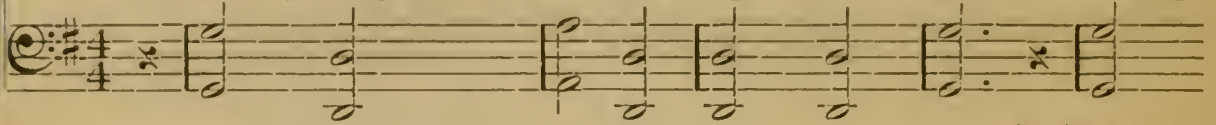
# No. 18. BEWARE! O SOUL, BEWARE!

ALEXANDER.

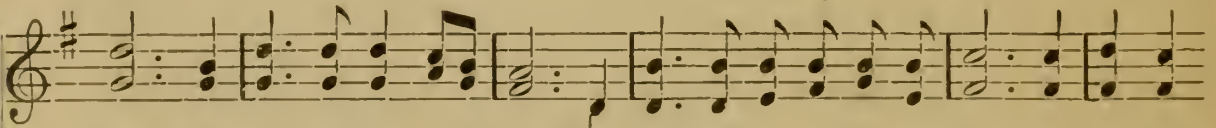
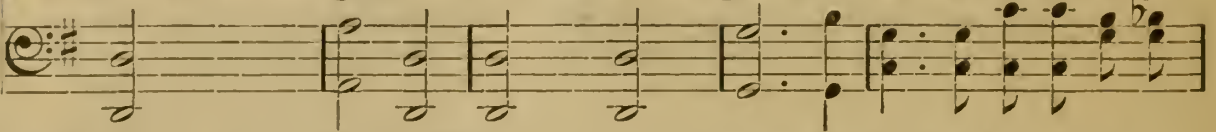
Music and Chorus by GUSTAV A. COLLIN.



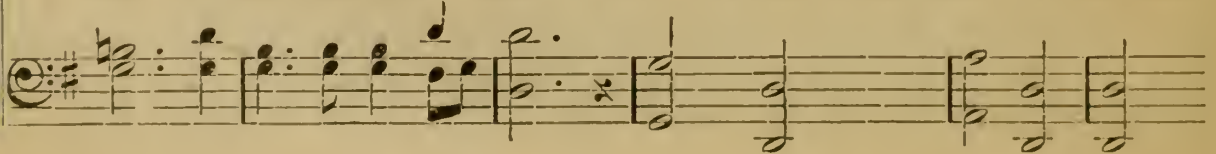
1. There is a time I know not when, A place I know not where; That marks the
2. To pass that lim - it is to die, To die as if by stealth; It does not
3. How far may we go on in sin? How long will God forbear? Where does hope



des - ti - ny of man, To glo - ry or de - spair. There is a line by us un -  
quench the beaming eye, Or pale the glow of health. The conscience still may beat  
end? and where begin The con - fines of de - spair? An an - swer from the sky is



seen That cross - es ev - 'ry path, The hid - den boundar - y between God's patience  
case, The spir - it light and gay; That which is pleasing still may please And care be  
sent, "Ye that from God de - part," "While it is called to - day repent And harden

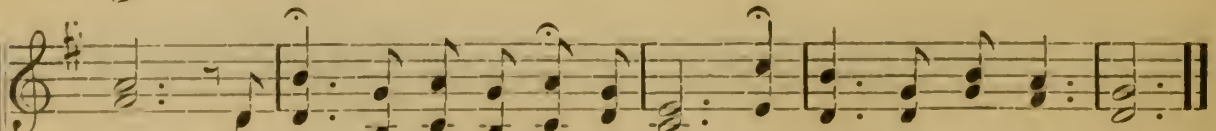


## CHORUS.

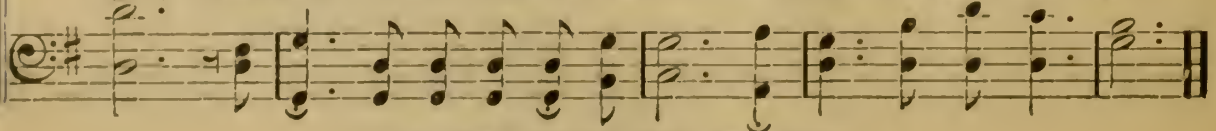


and His wrath.  
thrust a - way.  
not your heart."

Be - ware! O soul, be - ware! Lest you cross the dead - line to -



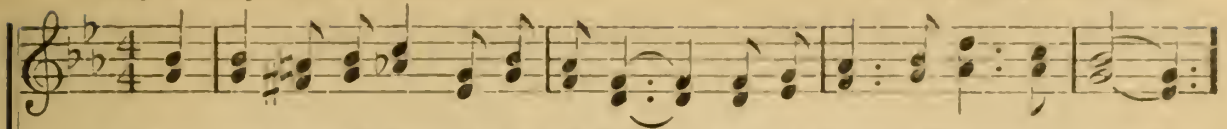
night; Take care! O dy - ing soul, take care! Don't miss the guid - ing light.



# No. 19. THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

COMB. BALLINGTON BOOTH.



1. The cross that He gave may be heav- y, But it ne'er outweighs His Grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharp-er Than composed His Crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill - ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,



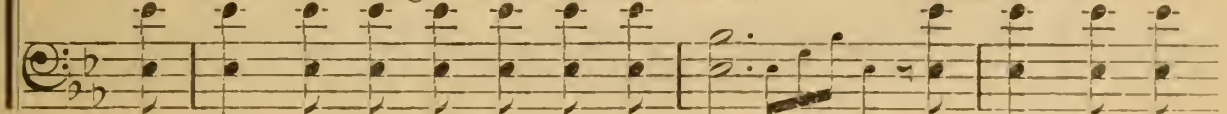
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.  
 The cup that I drink not more bit - ter Than He drank in Geth-sem - a - ne.  
 The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.  
 My all to the blood I am bringing, It a - lone can keep me right.



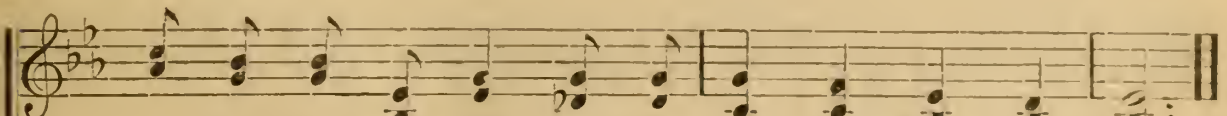
## CHORUS.



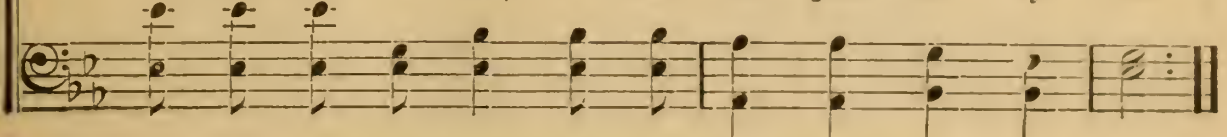
The cross is not great-er than His Grace, The storm can - not



hide His bless-ed face; I am sat - is - fied to know That with



Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

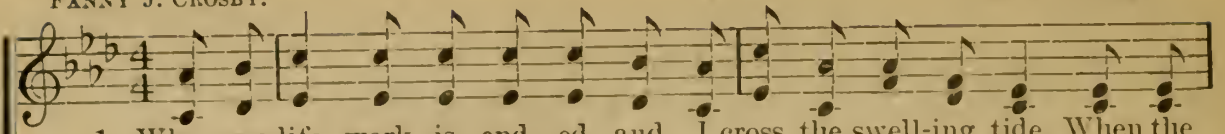




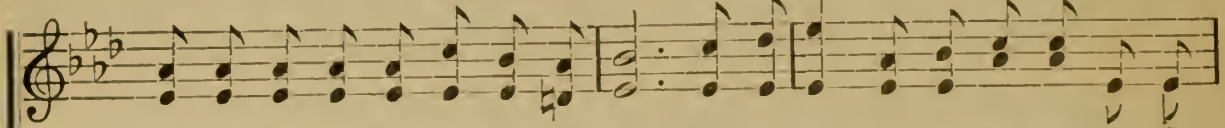
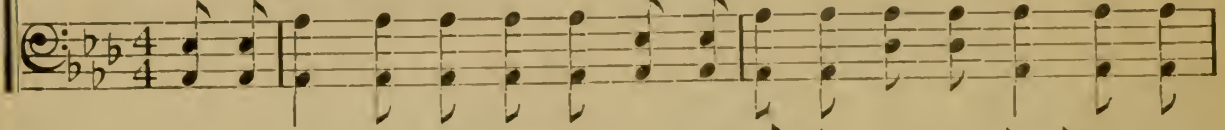
# No. 20. MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

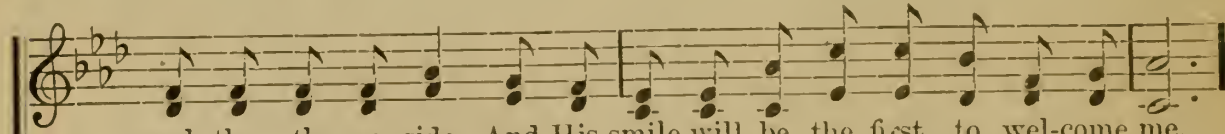
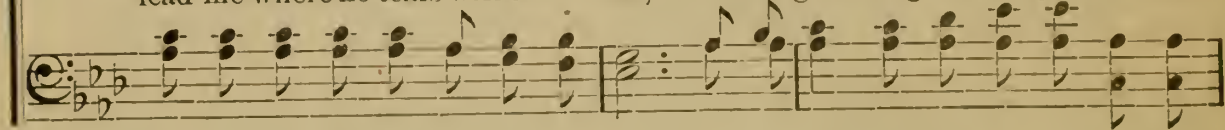
JNO. R. SWENEY.



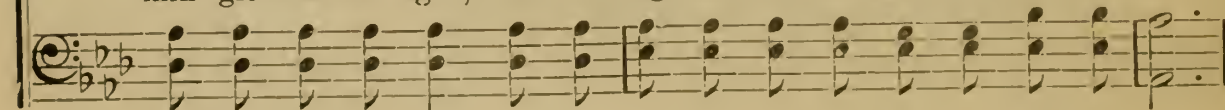
1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spot-less white, He will



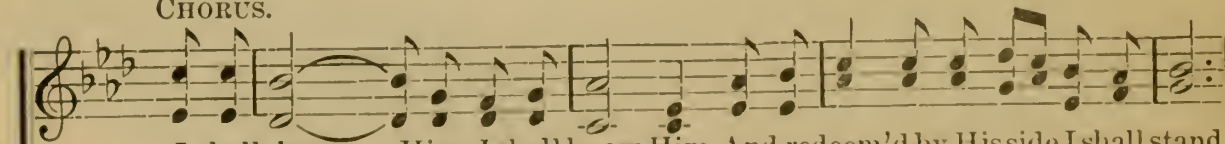
bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeem-er when I  
lus-tre of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the  
part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will  
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall, In the glad song of a-ges I shall



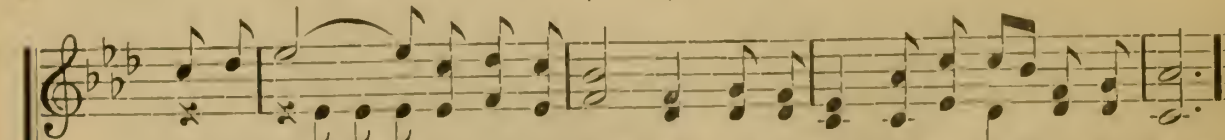
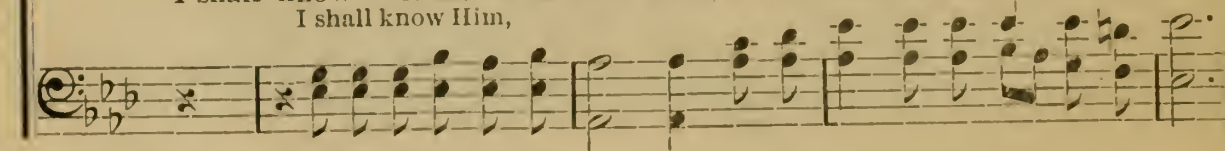
reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.  
mer-cy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a man-sion in the sky.  
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.  
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.



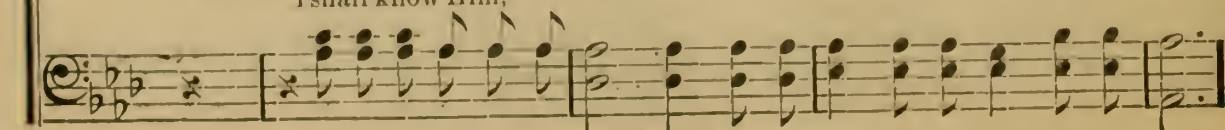
## CHORUS.



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,  
I shall know Him,



I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.  
I shall know Him,



# No. 21. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?  
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,  
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv-ing flow.  
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais-es to sing?

## CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, There is pow'r,

Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is  
 in the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.  
 there is pow'r,




# No. 22. THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

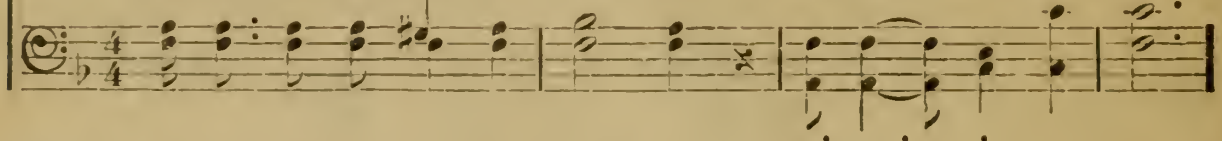

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

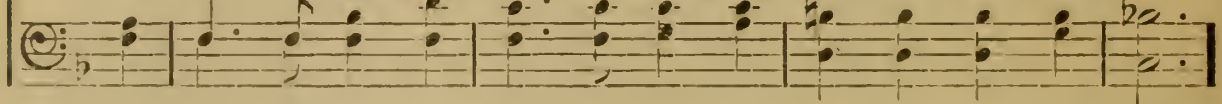
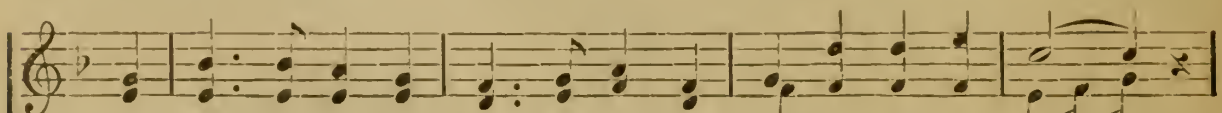
*With expression.*



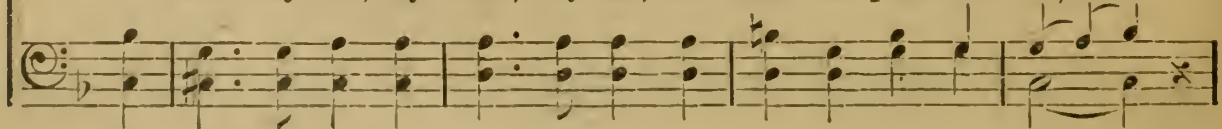
1. List-en to the voice of Je - sus, Speaking with-in thy heart,  
 2. List-en to the voice of Je - sus, Speaking to thee a - lone,  
 3. List-en to the voice of Je - sus, Call-ing now "come home,"


It whis-pers soft-ly "come to me, And live life's bet-ter part."  
 The sto-ry of His sac-ri-fice, Will melt thy heart of stone.  
 O why not an-swer Him this mo-ment, "Now my Lord I come?"

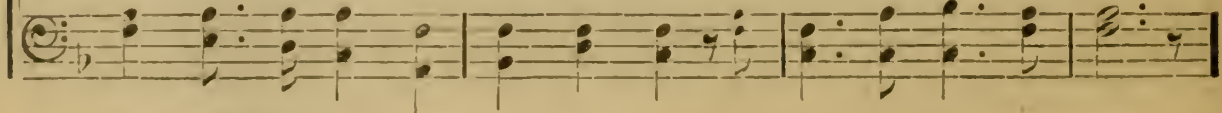
There's on-ly one life worth the liv-ing, Choose it while you may,....  
 He tells thee of a bless-ed life, Of use-ful-ness and love,....  
 O take my life, my soul, my all, And make me pure with-in,.....




*pp*




Gen-tly His voice is call-ing thee, He will guide the way.  
 Gen-tly His voice is call-ing thee, To home, sweet home a-bove.  
 Trust-ing in Thy re-deem-ing-love, To cleanse my heart from sin.



CHORUS. *pp* *m*



The still small voice with-in thy heart, Is whisp'ring soft and low, There's a



# THE STILL SMALL VOICE.—Concluded.

*pp*

way up to life, and a way down to death, Which way, which way will you go?

## No. 23. FOR MANY, MANY YEARS.

Rev. C. W. RAY, D. D.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Night and day for ma-ny, ma-ny years, Je-sus called me in His ten-der love;  
 2. Night and day for ma-ny, ma-ny years, Je-sus sought me thro' the desert wild;  
 3. Night and day for ma-ny, ma-ny years, I have heard that tender voice divine;

And His voice seem'd burdened with His tears, As He sought me from His home above.  
 And His voice yet lingers in my ears, Like a mother's with her wayward child.  
 Whisp'ring thro' my haunting doubts and fears, Weary, helpless wan-der-er be mine.

### REFRAIN.

O His love 'tis wid-er than the sea, Tireless as the might-y o-cean wave;

O how could He love and fol-low me, And how care the wanderer to save.

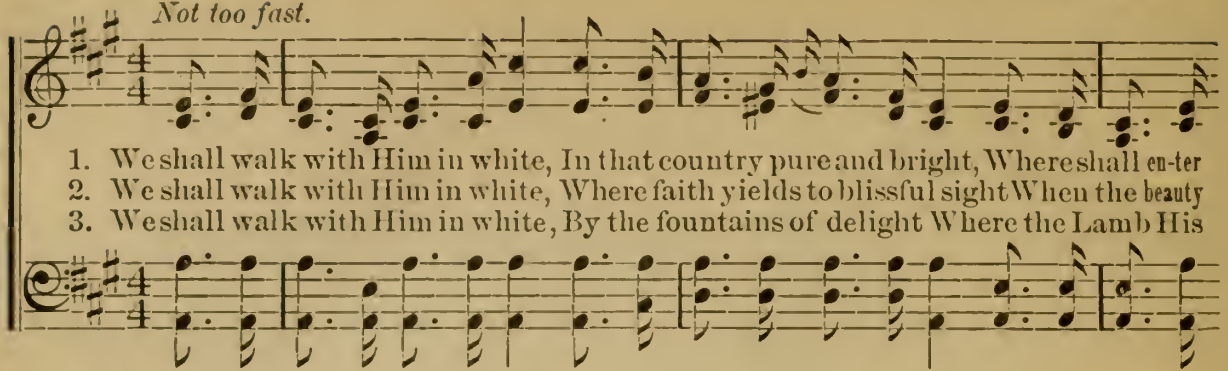


# No. 24. BEAUTIFUL ROBES.

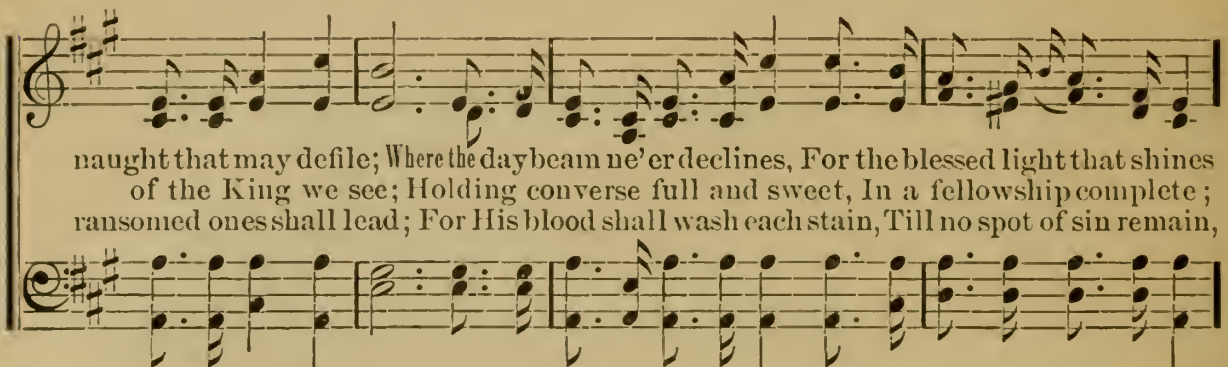
E. E. HEWITT.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Not too fast.*

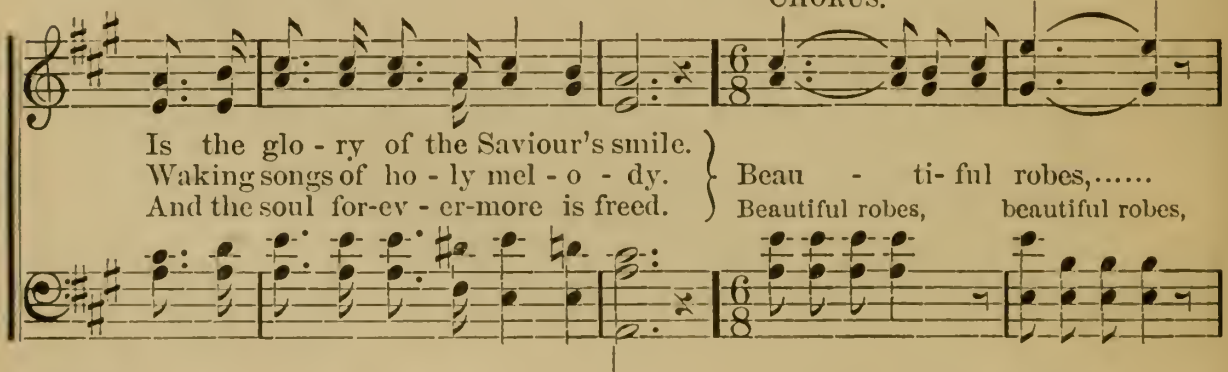


1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that country pure and bright, Where shall en-ter  
 2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight When the beauty  
 3. We shall walk with Him in white, By the fountains of delight Where the Lamb His

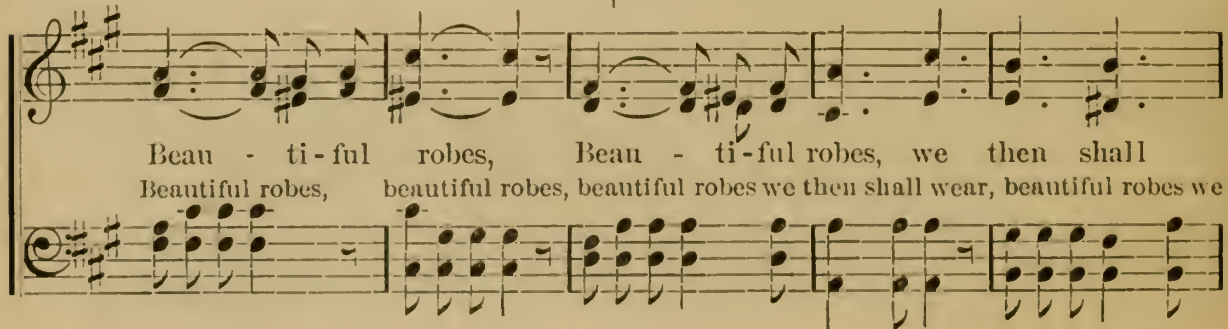


naught that may defile; Where the day beam ne'er declines, For the blessed light that shines  
 of the King we see; Holding converse full and sweet, In a fellowship complete;  
 ransomed ones shall lead; For His blood shall wash each stain, Till no spot of sin remain,

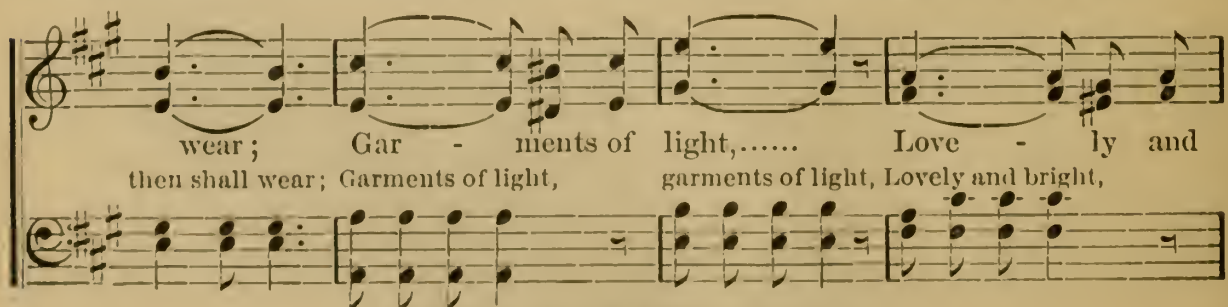
CHORUS.



Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.  
 Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.  
 And the soul for-ev - er-more is freed. } Beau - ti - ful robes,.....  
 Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,

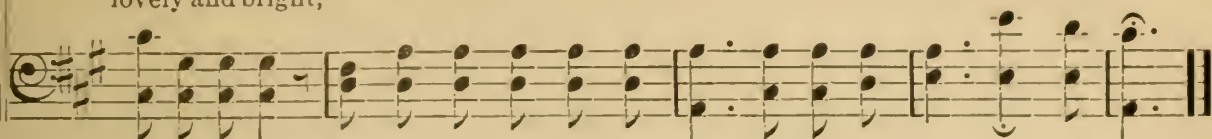
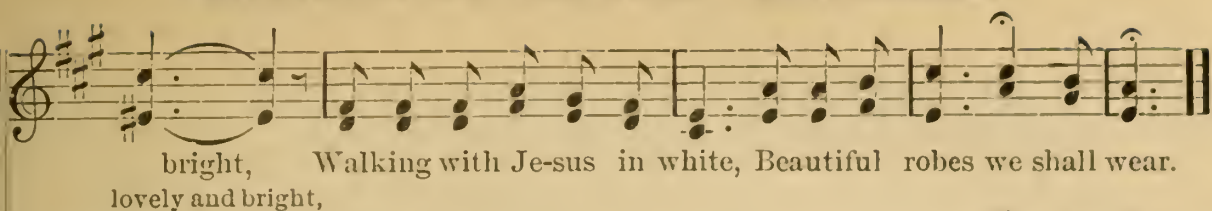


Beau - ti - ful robes, Beau - ti - ful robes, we then shall  
 Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, beautiful robes we then shall wear, beautiful robes we



wear; Gar - ments of light,..... Love - ly and  
 then shall wear; Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright,

# BEAUTIFUL ROBES.—Concluded.



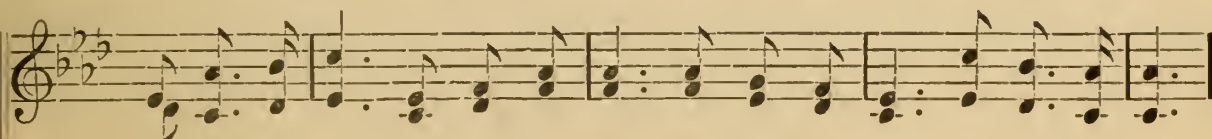
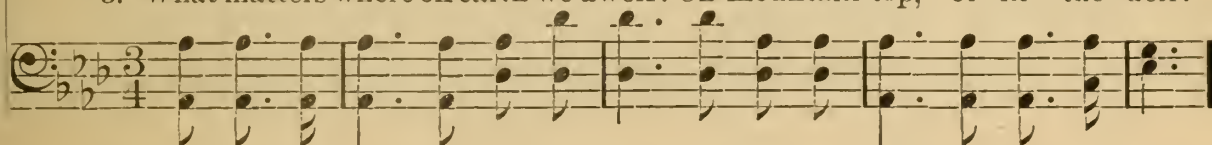
## No. 25. WHERE JESUS IS, 'TIS HEAVEN.

C. M. BUTLER.

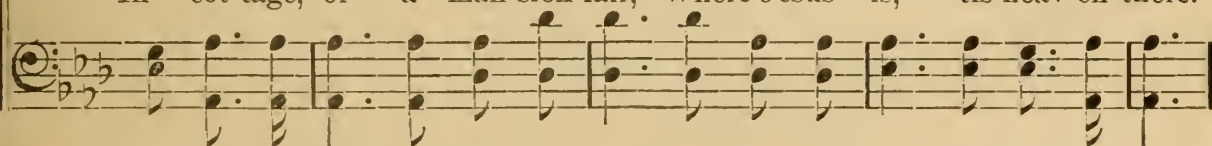
J. M. BLACK.



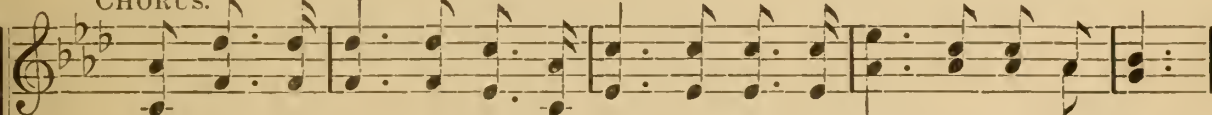
1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav-en seemed a far-off place, Till Je - sus showed His smiling face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?



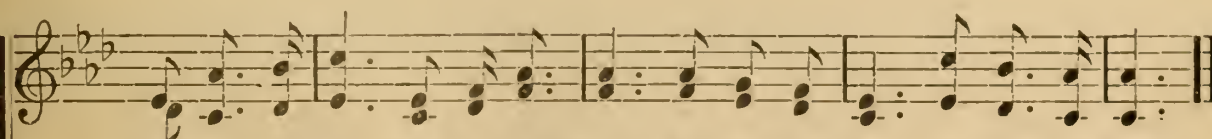
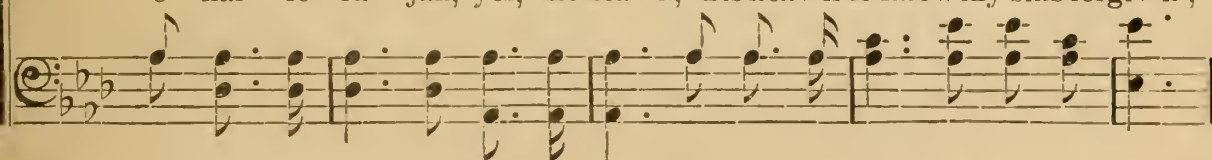
And, 'mid earth's sorrow and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.  
Now it's be-gun with-in my soul, 'Twill last while endless a - ges roll.  
In cot-tage, or a man-sion fair, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav-en there.



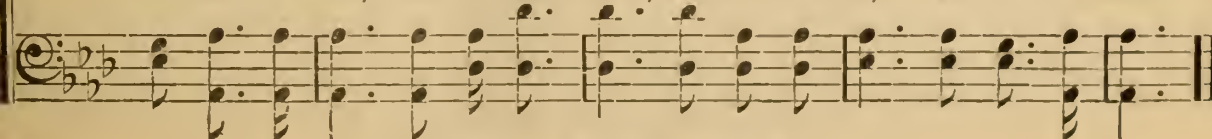
CHORUS.



O hal - le - lu - jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins forgiv'n;



On land or sea, what matters where, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav-en there.

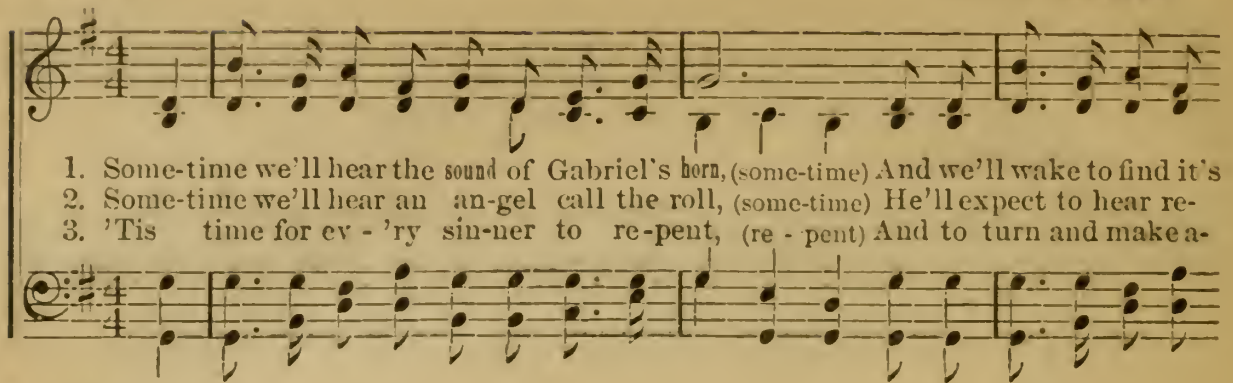




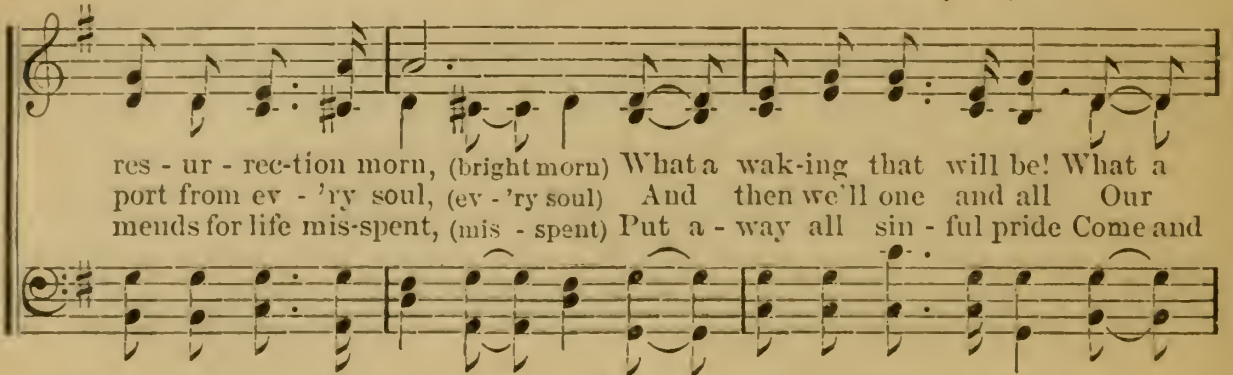
# No. 26. HOW WILL IT BE WITH YOU AND ME?

W. L. T.

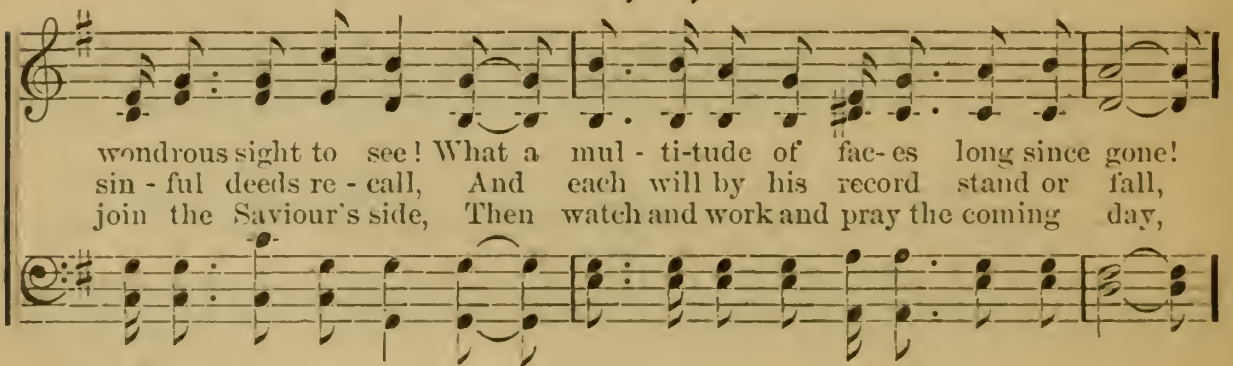
WILL L. THOMPSON.



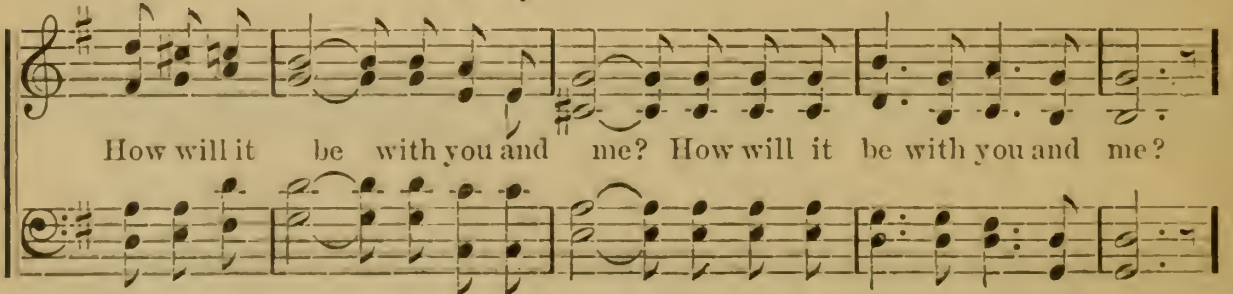
1. Some-time we'll hear the sound of Gabriel's horn, (some-time) And we'll wake to find it's  
 2. Some-time we'll hear an an-gel call the roll, (some-time) He'll expect to hear re-  
 3. 'Tis time for ev - 'ry sin-ner to re-pent, (re - pent) And to turn and make a-



res - ur - rec-tion morn, (bright morn) What a wak-ing that will be! What a  
 port from ev - 'ry soul, (ev - 'ry soul) And then we'll one and all Our  
 mends for life mis-spent, (mis - spent) Put a - way all sin - ful pride Come and

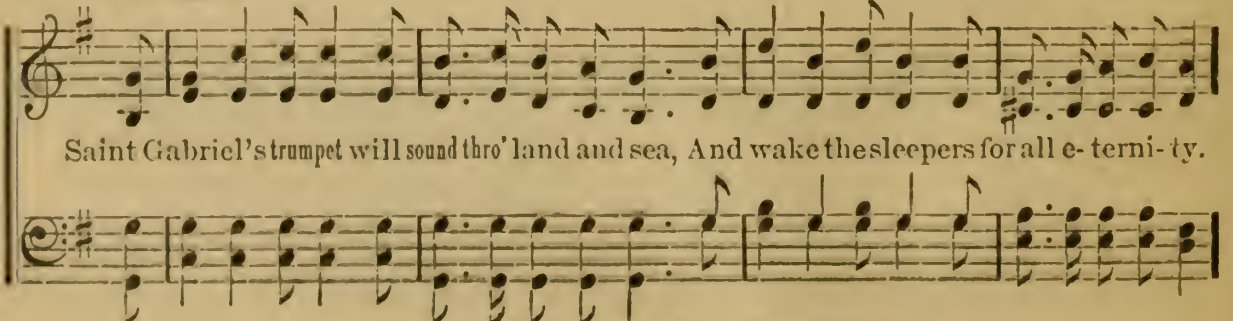


wondrous sight to see! What a mul - ti-tude of fac-es long since gone!  
 sin - ful deeds re - call, And each will by his record stand or fall,  
 join the Saviour's side, Then watch and work and pray the coming day,



How will it be with you and me? How will it be with you and me?

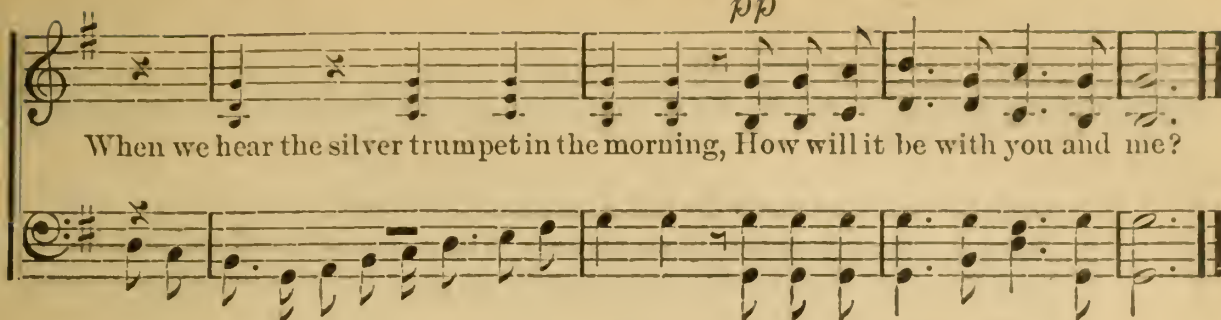
## REFRAIN.



Saint Gabriel's trumpet will sound thro' land and sea, And wake the sleepers for all e - terni - ty.

# HOW WILL IT BE, etc.—Concluded.

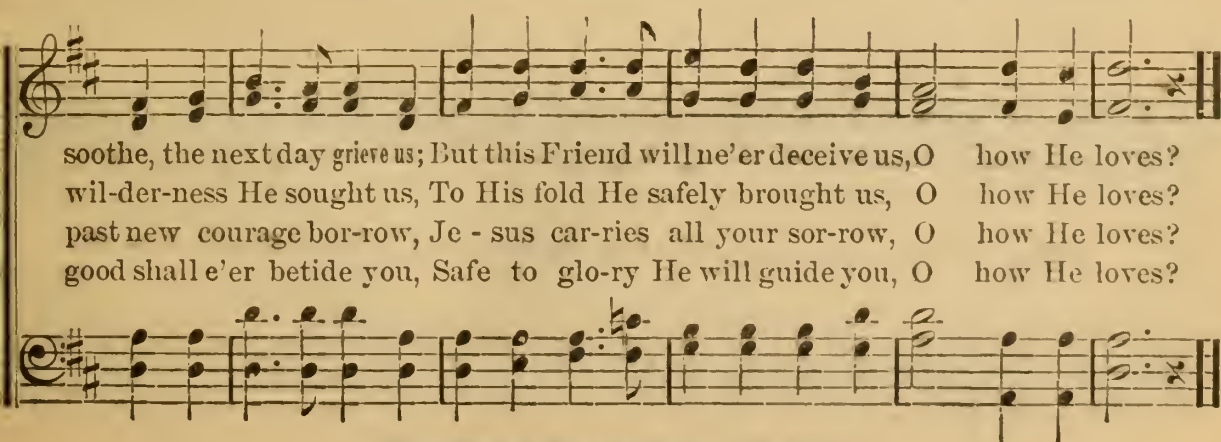
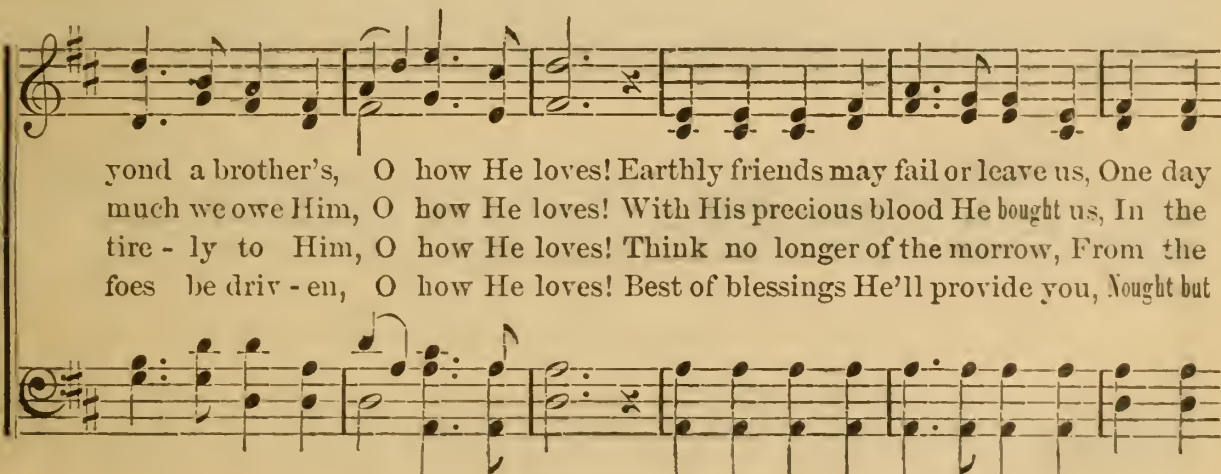
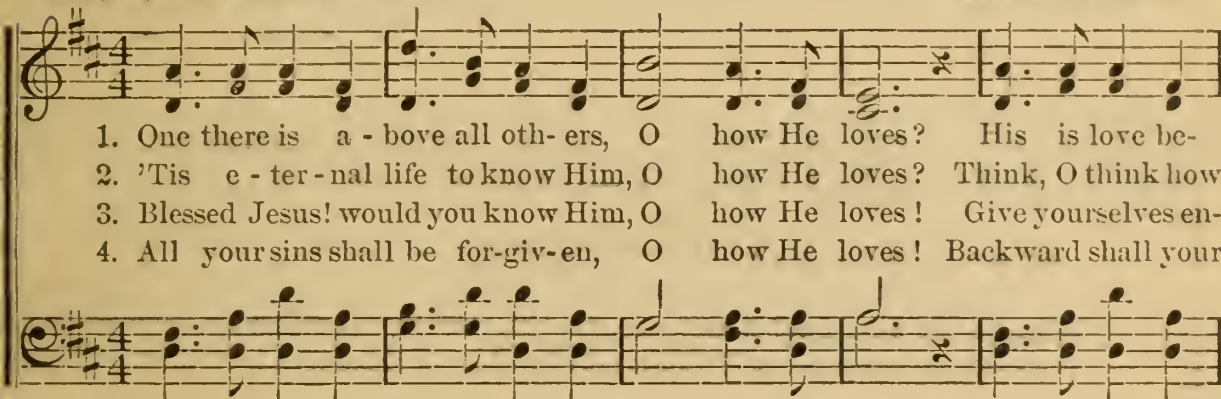
*pp*



## No. 27. O HOW HE LOVES.

Adap. by Miss MARIANNA NUNN.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

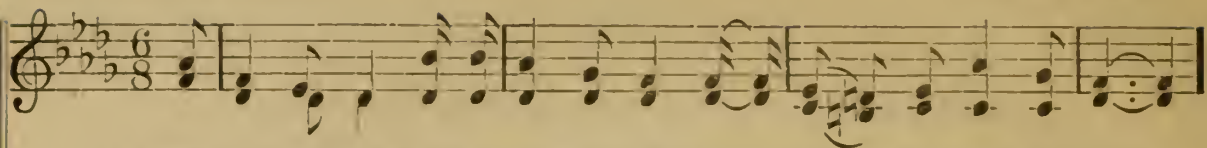




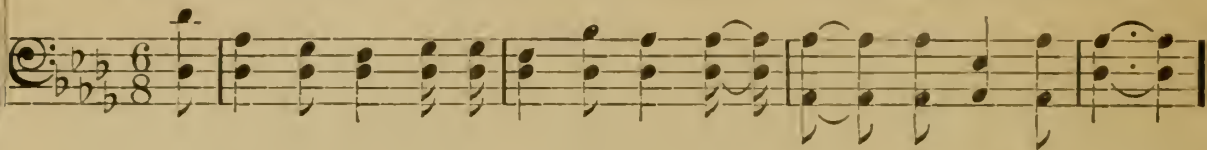
# No. 28. DOES JESUS CARE?

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

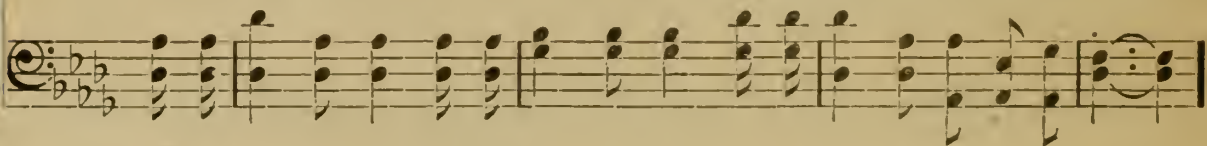
J. LINCOLN HALL.



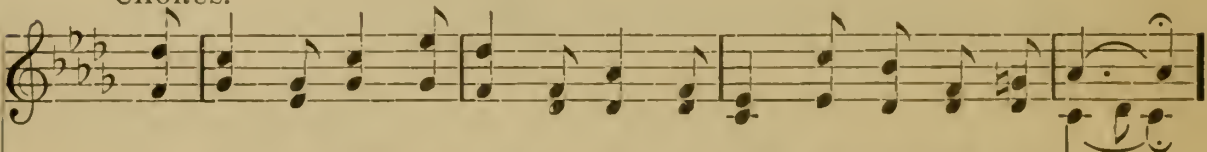
1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth or song
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To resist some temptation strong;
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest on earth to me,



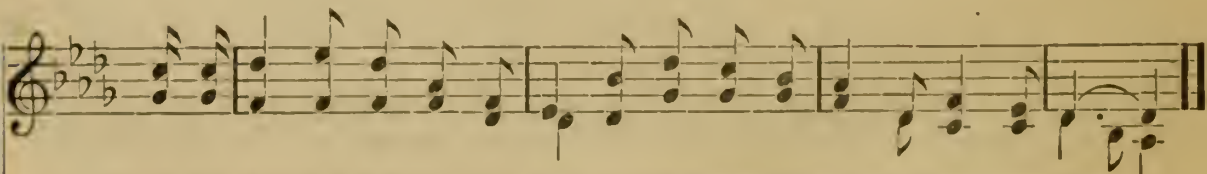
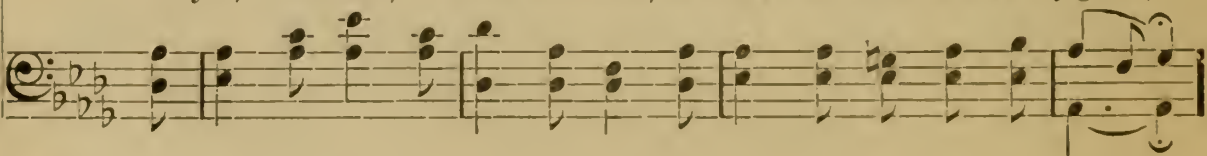
As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?  
As the daylight fades In-to deep night shades, Does He care enough to be near?  
When in my deep grief I find no re- lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?  
And my sad heart aches 'Till it nearly breaks—Is this aught to Him? does He see?



## CHORUS.

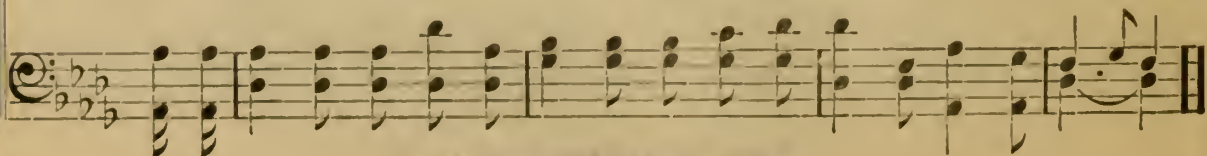


O yes, He cares; I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;



When the days are wea-ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares.

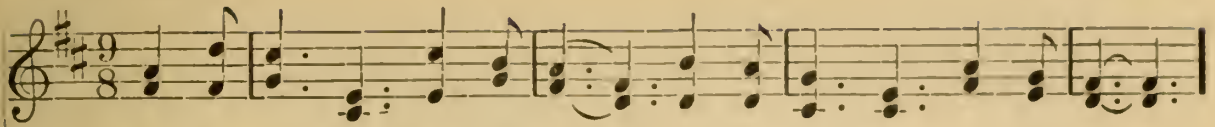
He cares.



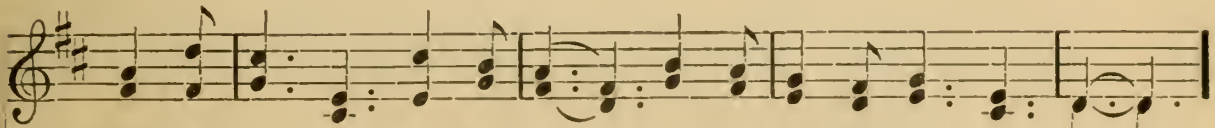
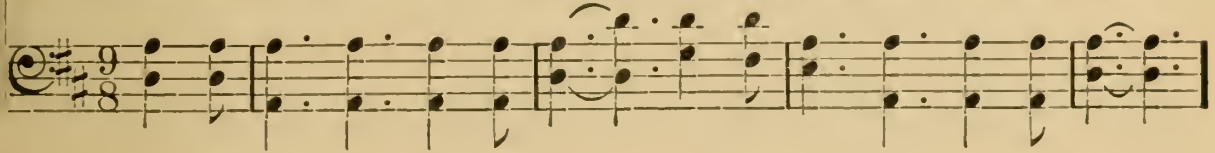
# No. 29. WHY NOT NOW?

EL. NATHAN.

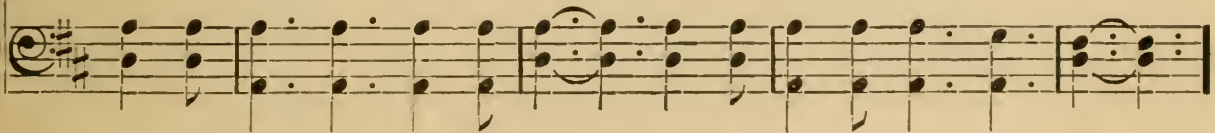
C. C. CASE.



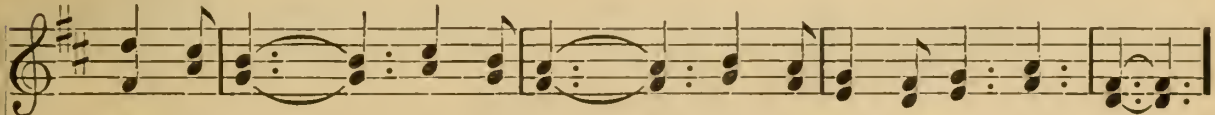
1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes-sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;



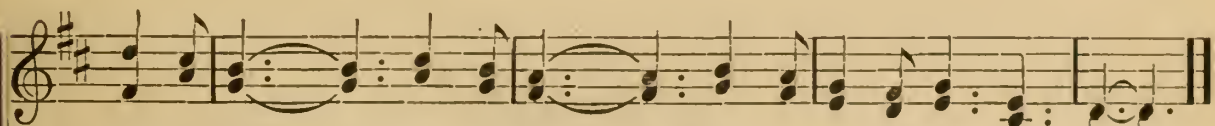
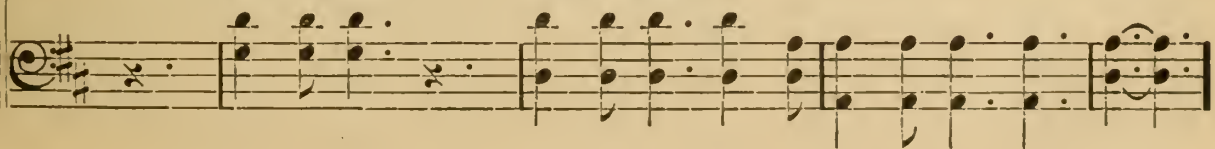
While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er. come?  
 Do not turn from God your face, But to-day ac-cept His grace.  
 Come to Christ, on Him be-lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.  
 Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



## CHORUS.



Why not now?..... why not now?..... Why not come to Je - sus now?  
 Why not now?                      why not now?



Why not now?..... why not now?..... Why not come to Je - sus now?  
 Why not now?                      why not now?

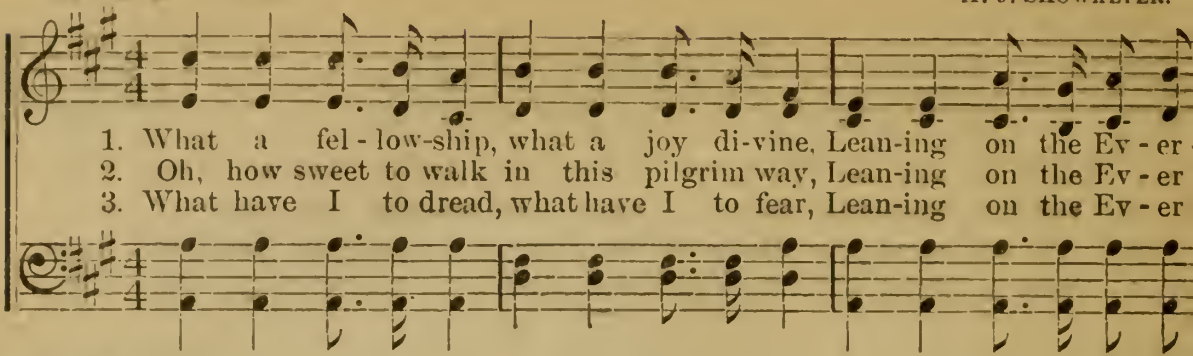




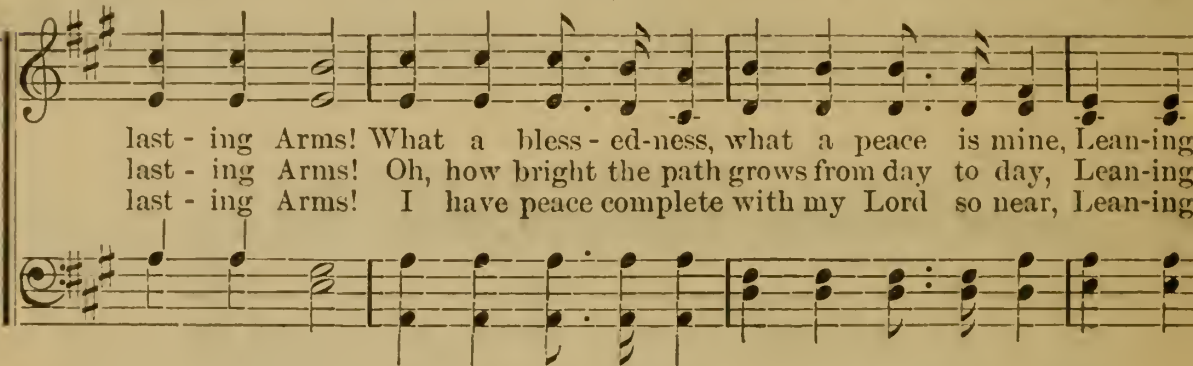
# No. 30. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

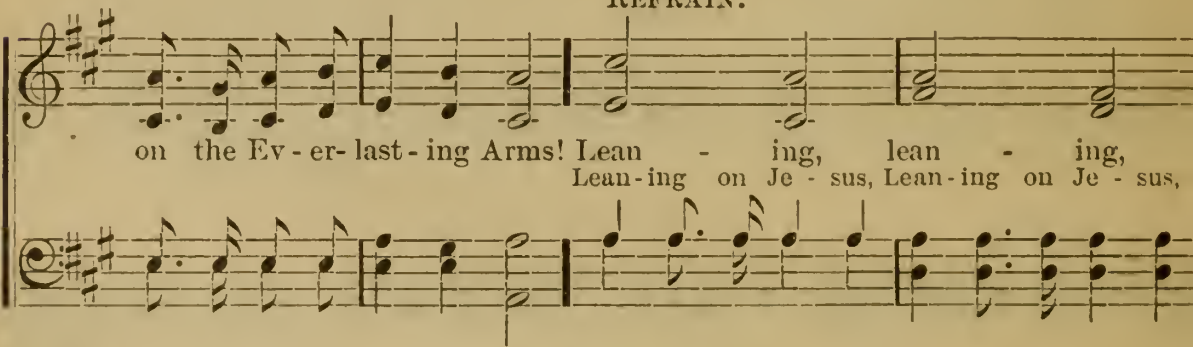


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev-er  
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the Ev-er  
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev-er

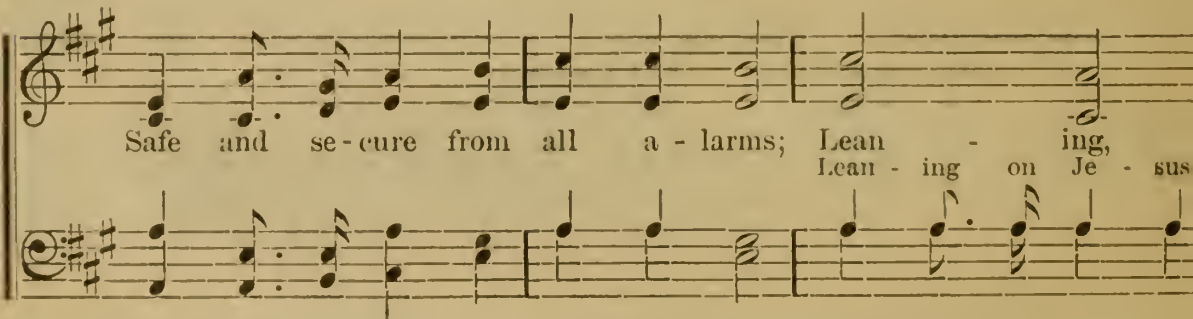


last-ing Arms! What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Lean-ing  
 last-ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Lean-ing  
 last-ing Arms! I have peace complete with my Lord so near, Lean-ing

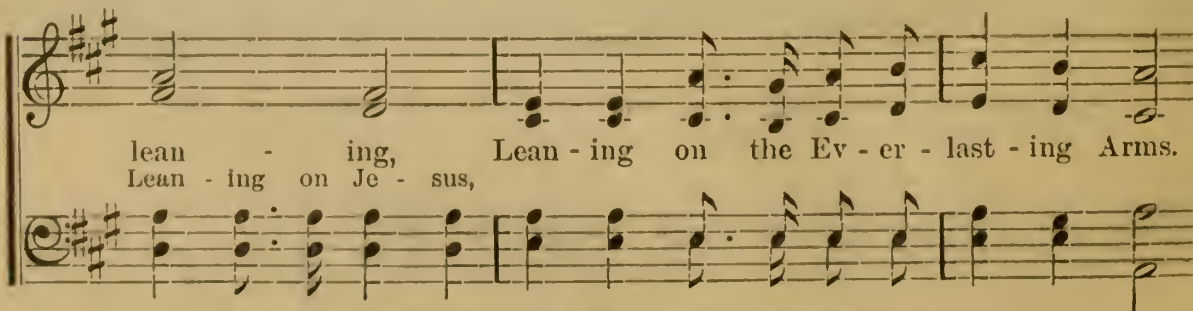
## REFRAIN.



on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms! Lean - ing, lean - ing,  
 Lean-ing on Je - sus, Lean-ing on Je - sus,



Safe and se-cure from all a-larms; Lean - ing, Lean - ing,  
 Lean - ing on Je - sus

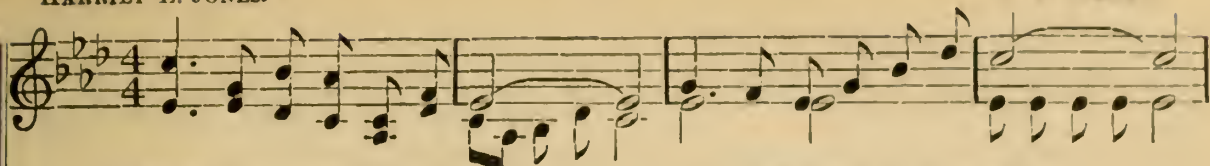


lean - ing, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms.  
 Lean - ing on Je - sus,

# No. 31. LEAD AND KEEP ME.

HARRIET E. JONES.

H. A. HENRY.

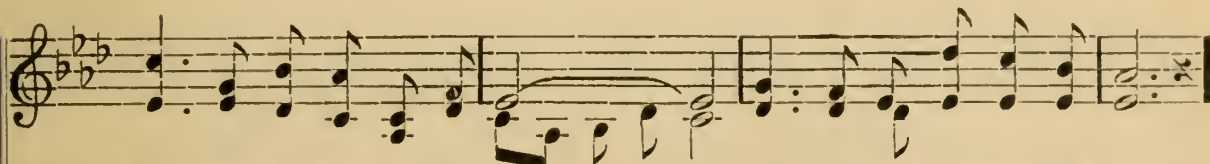
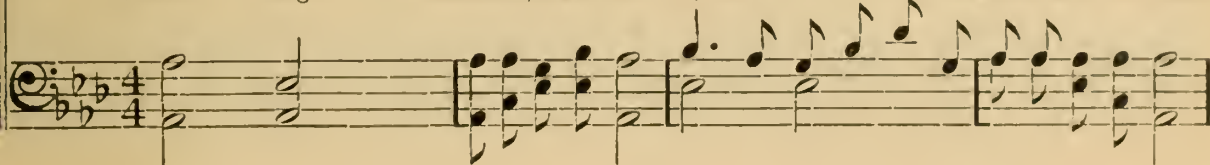


1. Lov-ing Saviour, lead Thou me,..... Lest I wander far from Thee.....

2. Oh, Thou refuge of my soul,..... Hold me in divine con-trol,.....

3. Saviour, keep me day by day,..... All a-long my pilgrim way;.....

1. Lov - ing Saviour, lead Thou me; Lest I wander far from Thee.

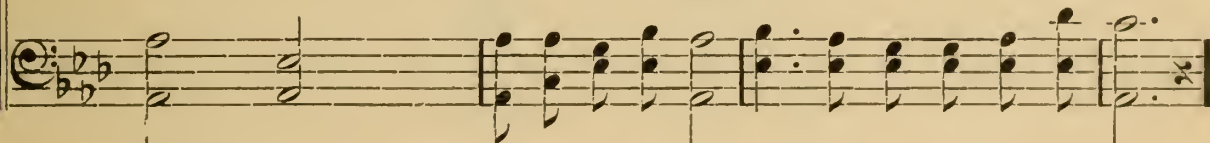


I am safe when in Thy care,..... Thou wilt keep from ev'ry snare.

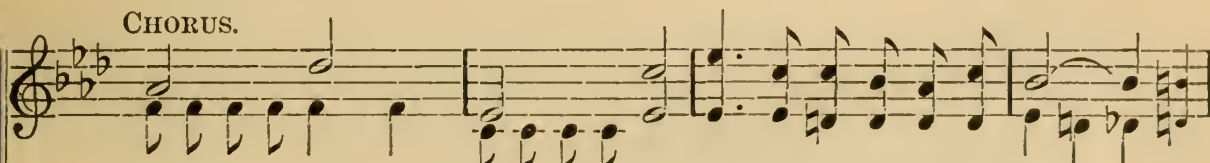
What-so-ev-er may be-tide,..... Lead and keep me by Thy side.

When my earth-ly work is done,..... Lead me home, O bless-ed One.

I am safe when in Thy care,

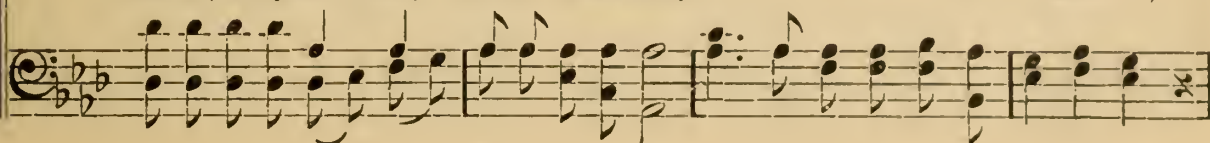


## CHORUS.



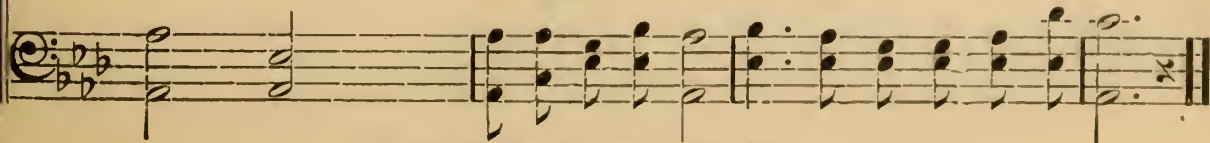
Lead me, lead me, Saviour, lead me all the way,.....

Lead me, O my Sav - iour, nev-er let me stray, lead me,



This my constant pray'r shall be,..... Sav - iour, lead me home to Thee.

This my constant pray'r shall be,

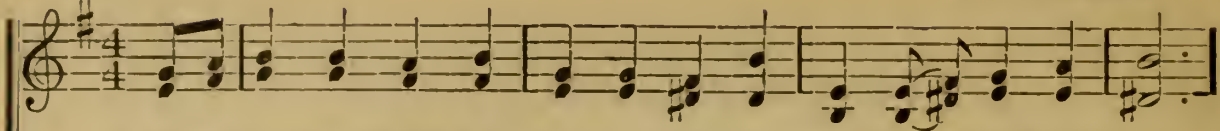




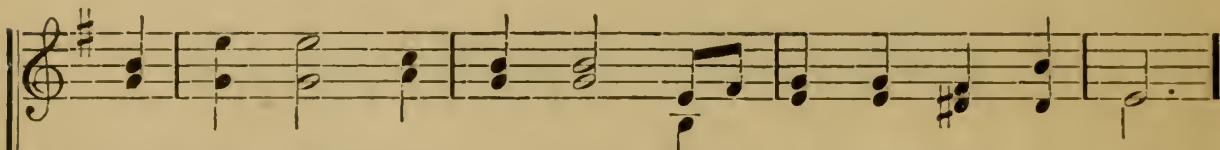
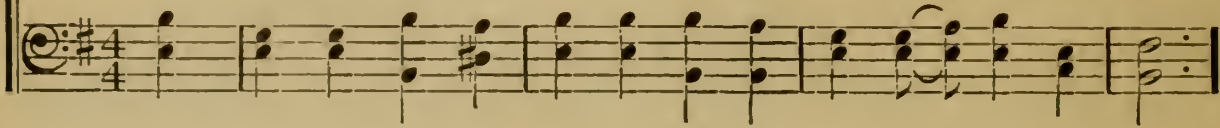
# No. 32. THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE SAY, COME.

W. L. T.

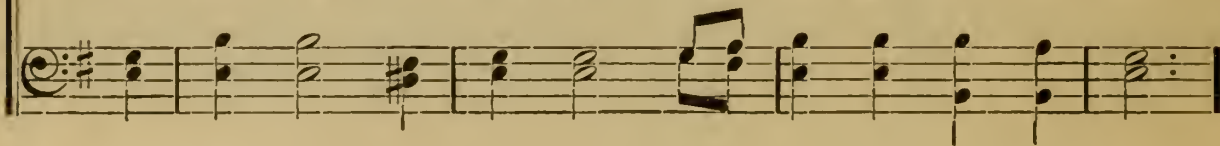
WILL L. THOMPSON.



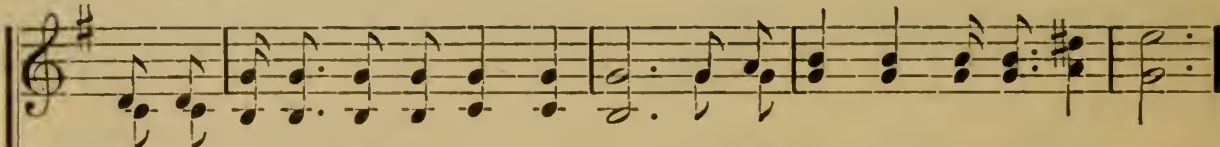
1. Come ye that thirst for cool-ing wa-ter, From crystal streams a-bove,
2. This heav'n-ly dew is of-fered you, As free as the air we breathe;
3. This cool-ing fount is to the heart A source of keen de-light,
4. Now God this fount-ain recommends, As heal-ing to thy soul;



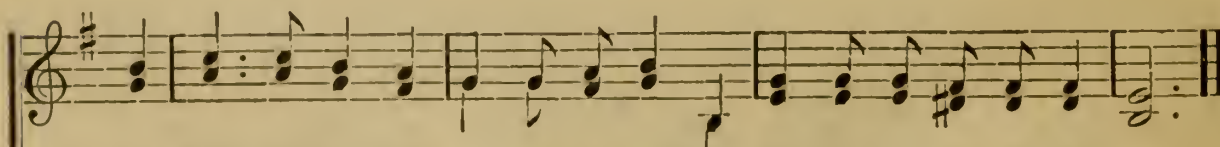
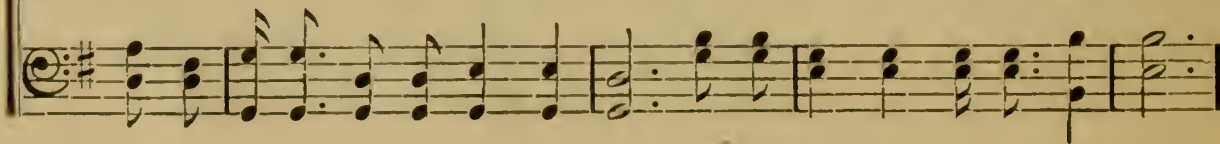
The fount-ain is o-pen, And flow-ing streams of love.  
 'Tis Je-sus who gives it, Just ask and you'll re-ceive.  
 Re-fresh-ing—re-new-ing, And bless-ing day and night.  
 Then why not come, drink ye? 'Twill heart and mind con-sole.



## REFRAIN.



And the Spir-it and the Bride say, come, And let him that hear-eth say, come;



And who-so-ev-er will let him come, And take of the wa-ter of life.



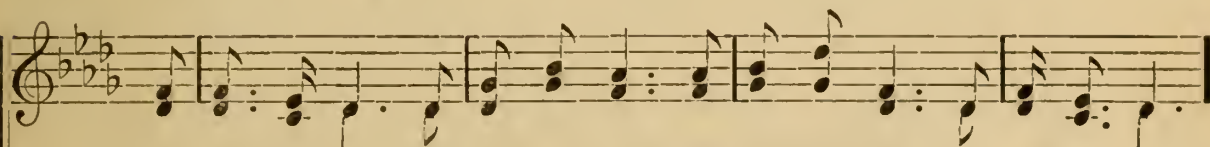
# No. 33. MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

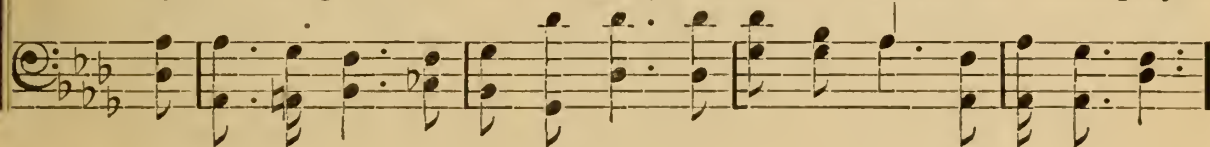
W. S. WEEDEN.



1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my moth - er kind - ly say,
2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That al - ways made my heart re - joice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't for - get Those words of love— I hear them yet;
4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Sav - iour's cleansing pow'r,



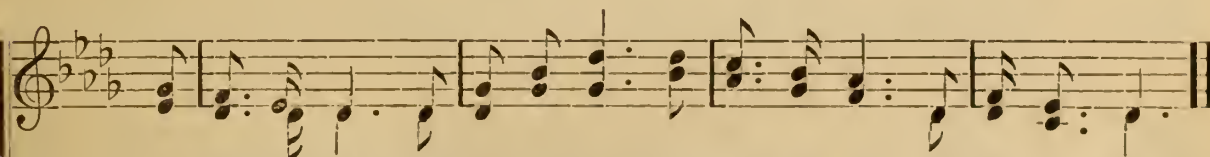
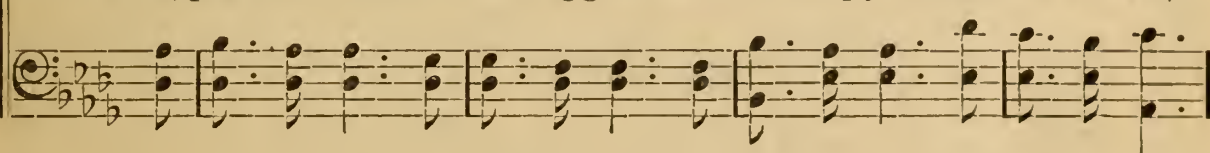
"You're leaving now my ten - der care; Remember, child, your mother's pray'r."  
 Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I re - mem - ber mother's pray'r.  
 I see her by the old arm chair, My moth - er dear, in hum - ble pray'r.  
 My sin and guilt He canceled there, 'Twas there He answered mother's pray'r.



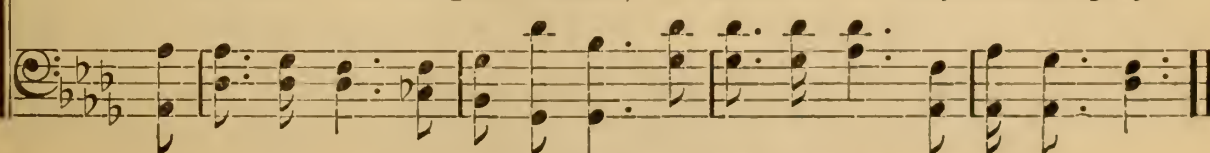
## CHORUS.



- 1, 2, 3. Whee'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;
4. Oh, praise the Lord for sav - ing grace! We'll meet up yon - der face to face,



A voice comes floating on the air, Re - mind - ing me of mother's pray'r.  
 The home a - bove to - geth - er share, In an - swer to my mother's pray'r.






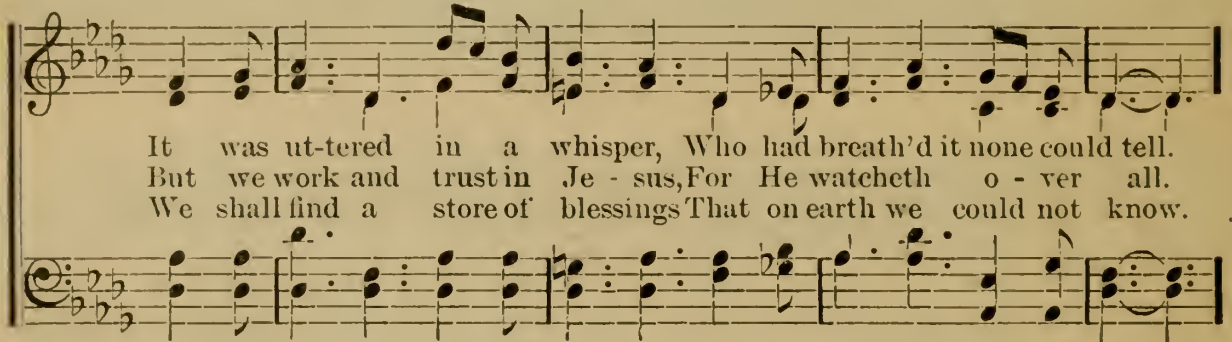
# No. 34. IT WAS SPOKEN FOR THE MASTER.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

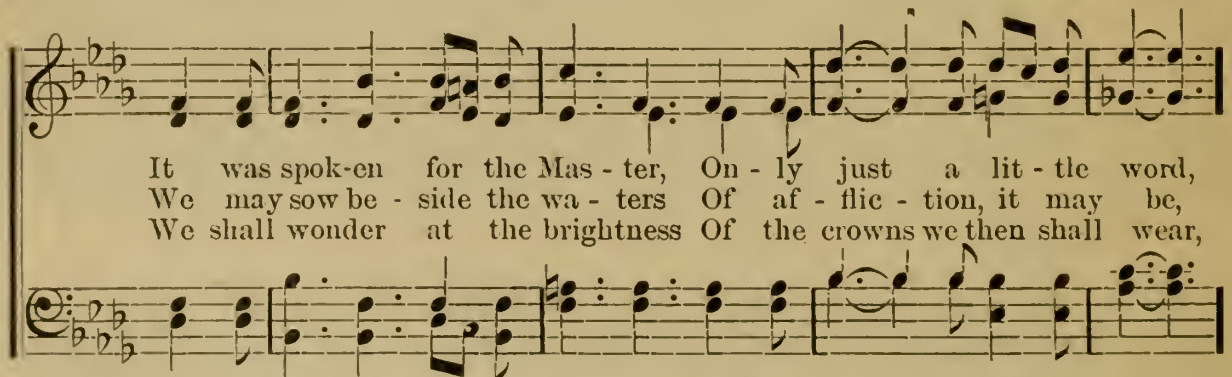
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



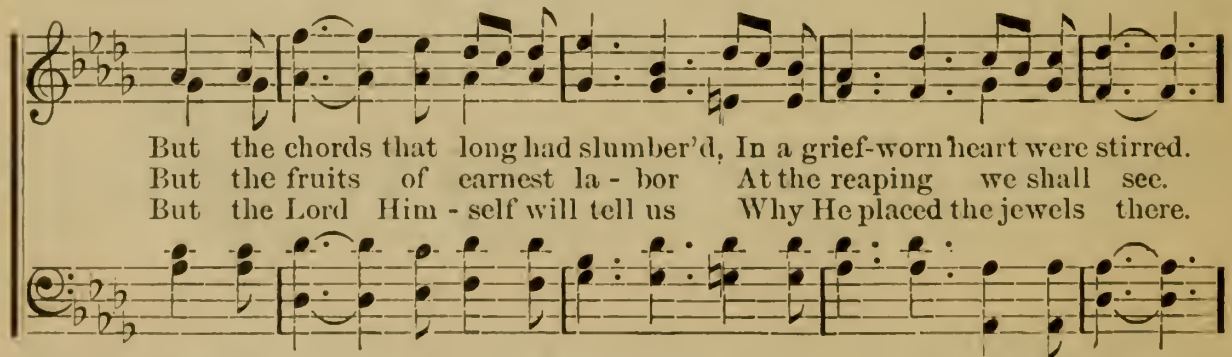
1. It was spok-en for the Mas-ter, O how lov-ing - ly it fell!  
 2. O we know not when we scat - ter, Where the pre-cious seed will fall,  
 3. When our bus-y toil is o - ver, From the vineyard when we go,



It was ut-tered in a whisper, Who had breath'd it none could tell.  
 But we work and trust in Je - sus, For He watcheth o - ver all.  
 We shall find a store of blessings That on earth we could not know.

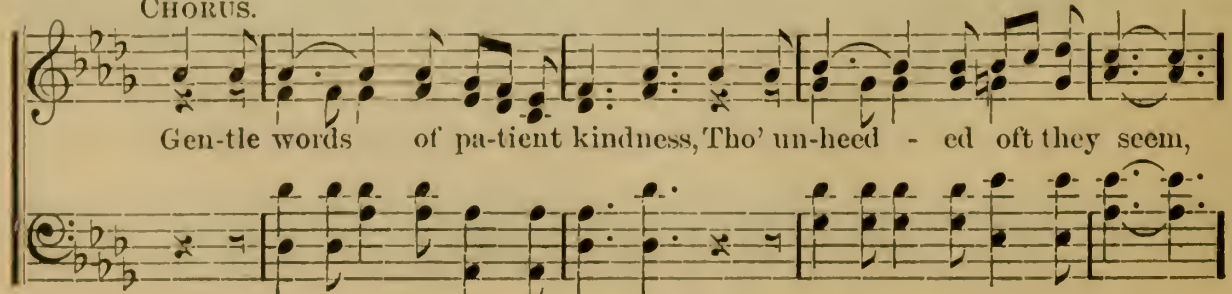


It was spok-en for the Mas-ter, On - ly just a lit - tle word,  
 We may sow be - side the wa - ters Of af - flic - tion, it may be,  
 We shall wonder at the brightness Of the crowns we then shall wear,



But the chords that long had slumber'd, In a grief-worn heart were stirred.  
 But the fruits of earnest la - bor At the reaping we shall see.  
 But the Lord Him - self will tell us Why He placed the jewels there.

## CHORUS.



Gen-tle words of pa-tient kindness, Tho' un-heed - ed oft they seem,

# IT WAS SPOKEN, etc.—Concluded.

*ad lib.*

To the fold of grace may gather Souls of which we little dream.

## No. 35. MORE LIKE MY SAVIOUR.

R. H. W.

R. H. WILLIS.

DUET.

1. More like my Sav-iour ev - er to be, Hear me, O Father, this is my plea;  
 2. More like my Sav-iour, Lord help Thou me To con - se-crate now my all to Thee;  
 3. Hear me, O Father, turn not a-way, Give me Thy Spir-it, I will o - bey;

Simp-ly like Je - sus, so kind and true, Make me more humble His work to do.  
 Take me and use me, lost ones to win Back to the Saviour who'll save from sin.  
 Near - er and near-er draw me to Thee, Till in Thy likeness I'll ev - er be.

CHORUS.

More like my Saviour, More like my Saviour, This is my earnest plea;

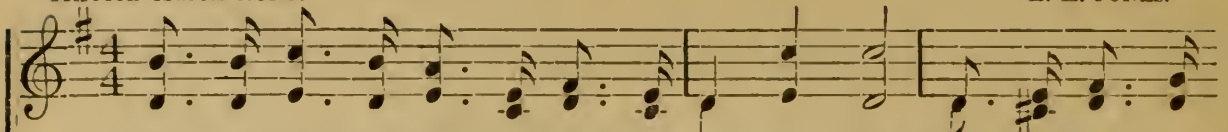
More like my Saviour, This is my plea, More like Je - sus ev - er to be.



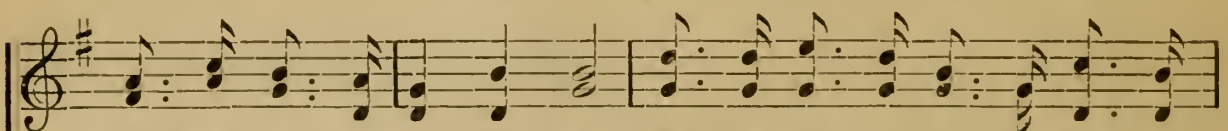
# No. 36. WALKING WITH JESUS.

MATTIE ALICE LONG.

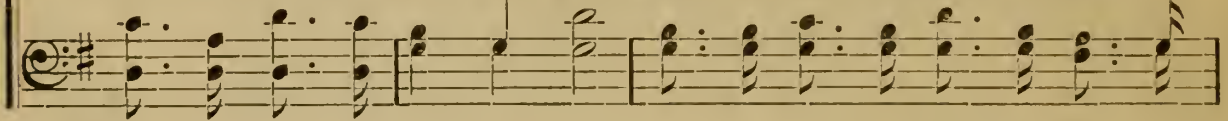
L. E. JONES.



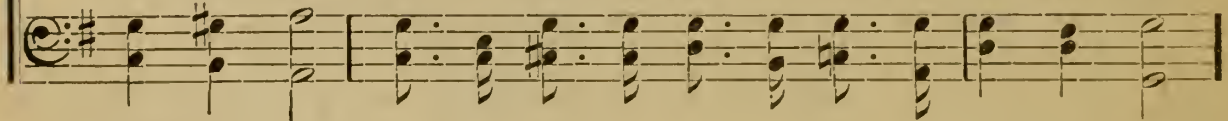
1. Walk - ing with the Sav - iour, Walking in the light, Keep - ing in the
2. Walk - ing close to Je - sus, With Him ev - er near, I have but to
3. Walk - ing with the Sav - iour, May I do His will, With His love and



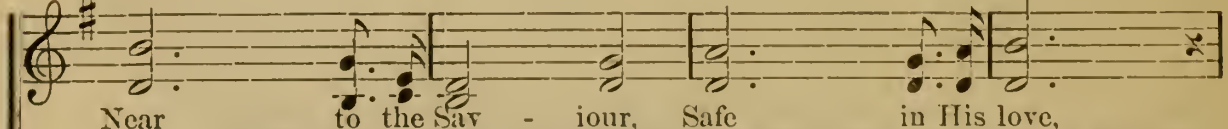
path - way Of the truth and right; Lead - ing out of dark - ness When I  
trust Him, There is naught to fear; And His love shall shield me, In Him  
mer - cy, He my heart will fill; Walk - ing in His path - way, Life is



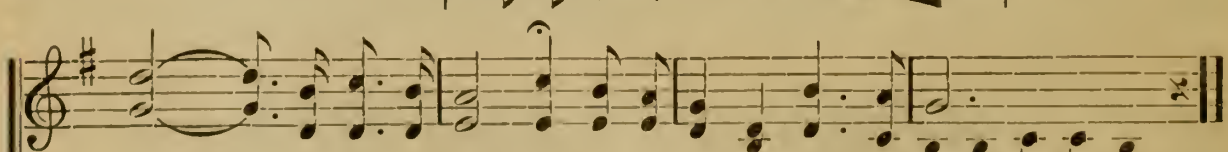
go a - stray, I will walk with Je - sus, He will show the way.  
life is all, With His arms a - bout me I can nev - er fall.  
ev - er bright, All is peace and glo - ry, Love and joy and light.



## CHORUS.



Near to the Sav - iour, Safe in His love,  
Near to the Sav-iour, Near to the Saviour, Safe in His love, yes, safe in His love,



Near - er to the Fa - ther In the home for all a - bove.  
Near - er, near - er the Fa - ther In the home for all, the home for all a - bove.



# No. 37. SOFTLY AND TENDERLY.

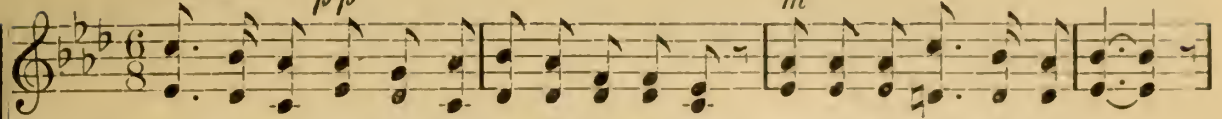
W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

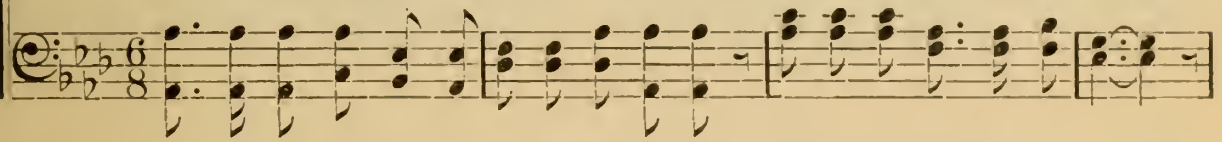
*Very slow.*

*pp*

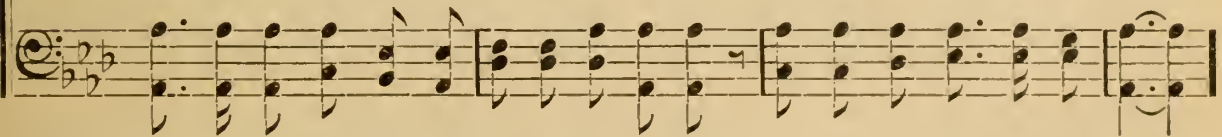
*m*



1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonder-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me,



See, on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?  
Shad-ows are gath-er-ing, death warnings coming, Coming for you and for me.  
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

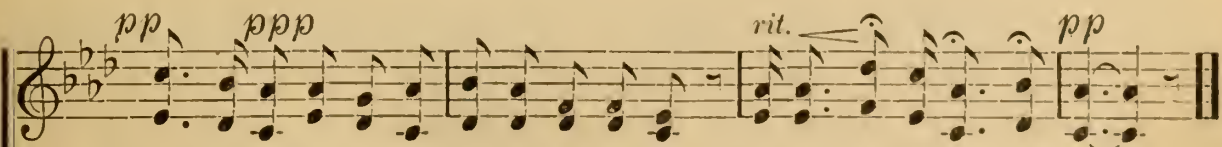


CHORUS.

*cres.*



Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,  
Come home, come home,



Ear-nest-ly, tender-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, O sinner, come home!





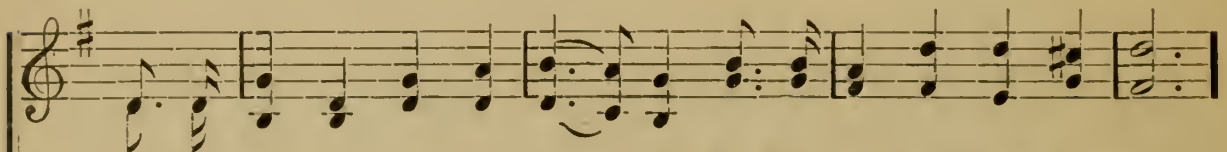
# No. 38. HALLELUJAH, PRAISE JEHOVAH.

(Psalm 146.)

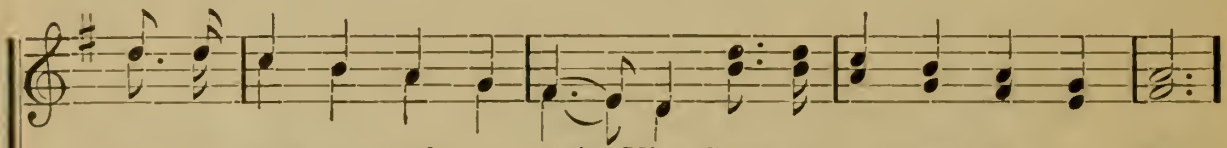
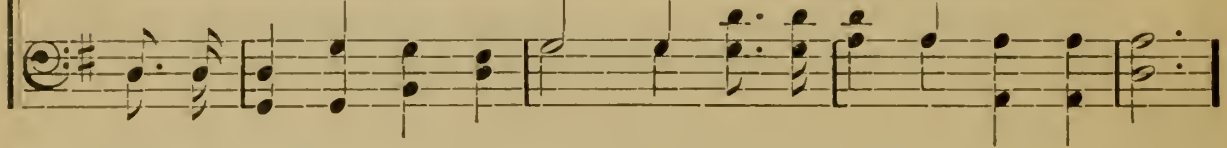
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



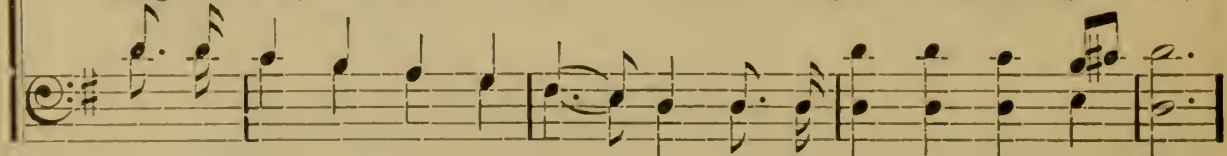
1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah, From the heavens praise His name;
2. Let them prais-es give Je - ho - vah, They were made at His com-mand,
3. All ye fruit-ful trees and ced - ars, All ye hills and mountains high,



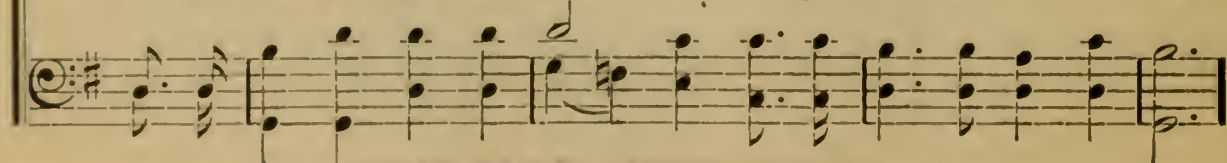
Praise Je - ho - vah in the high - est, All His an - gels praise pro-claim.  
Them for - ev - er He es - tab-lished; His de - cree shall ev - er stand.  
Creep-ing things, and beasts and cat - tle, Birds that in the heav - ens fly.



All His hosts, to - geth - er praise Him, Sun, and moon, and stars on high;  
From the earth, O praise Je - ho - vah, All ye floods, ye dra - gons all;  
Kings of earth, and all ye peo - ple, Prin - ces great, earth's judg-es all;



Praise Him, O ye heav'ns of heav - ens, And ye floods a-bove the sky.  
Fire, and hail, and snow, and va - pors, Stormy winds that hear His call.  
Praise His name, young men and maid - ens, A - ged men, and children small.



# HALLELUJAH, PRAISE JEHOVAH.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, For His name a - lone is high,  
 Let them prais-es

And His glo - ry is ex - alt - ed, And His glo - ry is ex - alt - ed,  
 And His glo-ry *pp* *p*

And His glo - - ry is ex - alt - ed Far a - bove the earth and sky.  
 And His glo-ry *ff*

## No. 39. FATHER, WHATE'ER OF EARTHLY.

(NAOMI. C. M.)

ANNE STEELE.

Arr. from HANS G. NÄGELI, by LOWELL MASON.

1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies,  
 2. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;  
 3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at - tend;

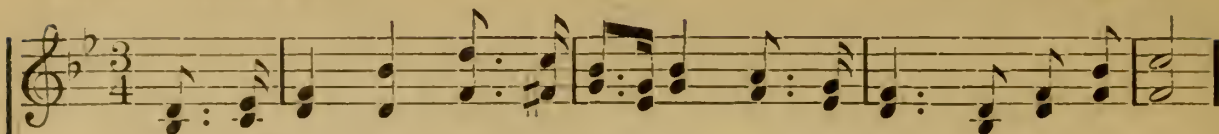
Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:  
 The blessings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee.  
 Thy presence through my jour - ney shine, And crown my journey's end.



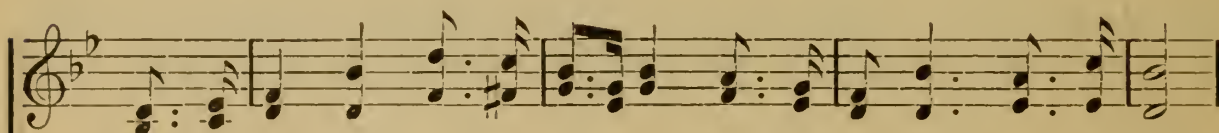
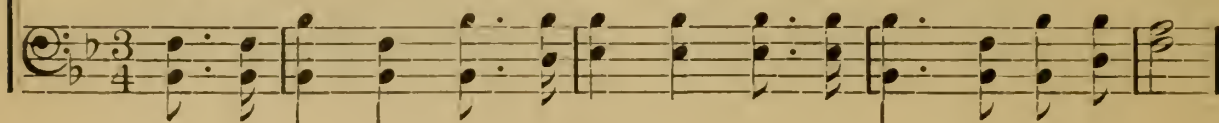
# No. 40. BLESSED QUIETNESS.

Mrs. M. P. FERGUSON, alt.

Arr. by J. H. FILLMORE.



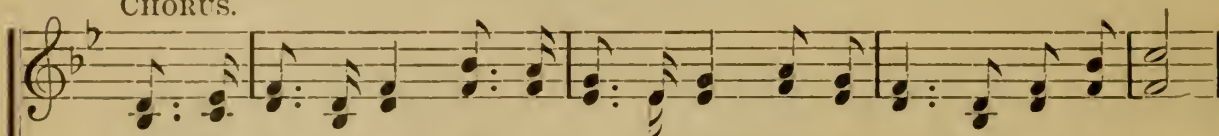
1. Joys are flow - ing like a riv - er, Since the Com - fort - er has come;
2. Ev - 'ry - thing is turned to glad - ness, All a - round this glorious Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heav - en, Like the sun - light from the sky,
4. What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion Where we al - ways see His face!



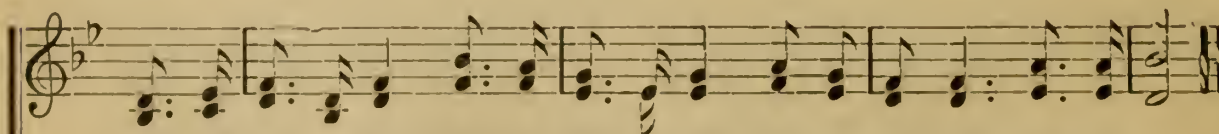
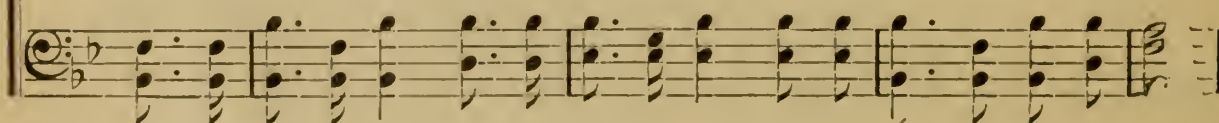
He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trusting heart His home.  
 Banished un - be - lief and sad - ness, All is per - fect peace and rest.  
 So the Ho - ly Spir - it giv - en, Falls up - on us from on high.  
 What a peace - ful hab - i - ta - tion! What a qui - et rest - ing place.



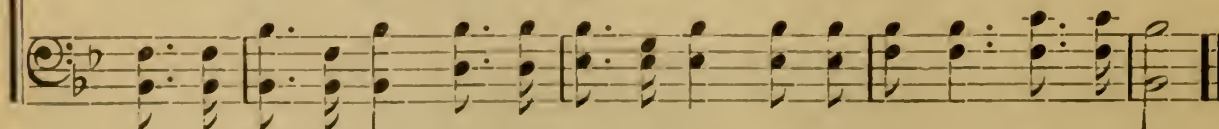
## CHORUS.



Bless - ed qui - et - ness, ho - ly qui - et - ness, Blest as - sur - ance in my sow!



On the stormy sea, Je - sus speaks to me, And the bil - lows cease to roll.



# No. 41. EVERY HOUR I NEED THY BLESSING.

ELIZABETH J. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

DUETT—Sop. and Tenor or Sop. and Alto.

1. { Ev'-ry hour I need Thy blessing, Ev'ry mo - ment need Thy care, }  
 { Lord, to Thee I come con-fess-ing, All the sins that me en - snare. }

Bless the thoughts that come each mo - ment, Make them  
 Bless the thoughts that come each mo - ment,

true and pure and fair, Like to Thine our great a -  
 Make them true and pure and fair, Like to Thine our

tone - ment, Beau - ti - ful..... be - yond com - pare.  
 great a - tone - ment, Beau - ti - ful be - yond com - pare.

2 Every hour I need Thy blessing,  
 Daily need Thy wondrous love,  
 Love so tender, so protecting,  
 Coming from Thy throne above.  
 For Thy loving care and blessing,  
 Make me thankful day by day,  
 By my walk and daily living,  
 Praising Christ the Living Way.

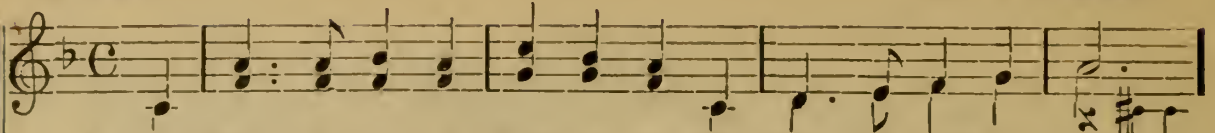
3 Every hour I need Thy blessing,  
 Every moment need Thy care,  
 Until Thou my soul possessing,  
 Shall reflect Thine image there.  
 Then to Christ the King of Glory,  
 He who bought me with great price,  
 I shall sing the old, old story,  
 Christ my Lord, my sacrifice.



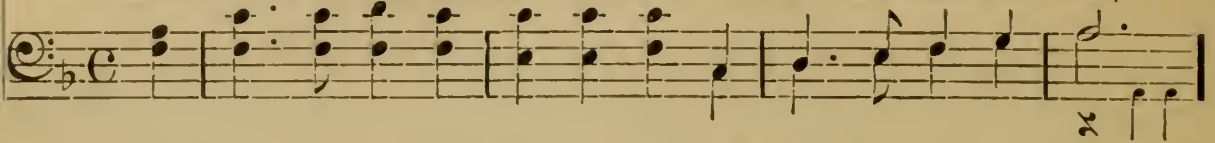
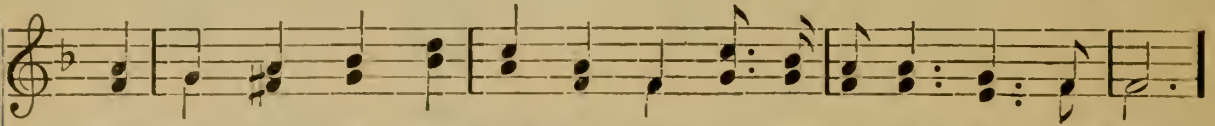
# No. 42. PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

W. L. T.

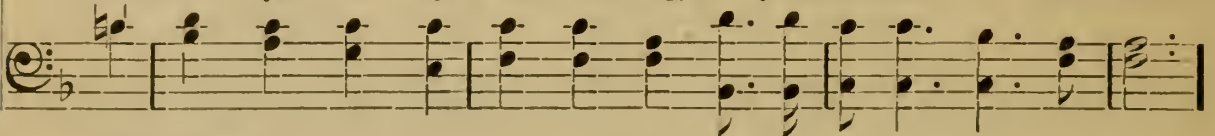
WILL L. THOMPSON.



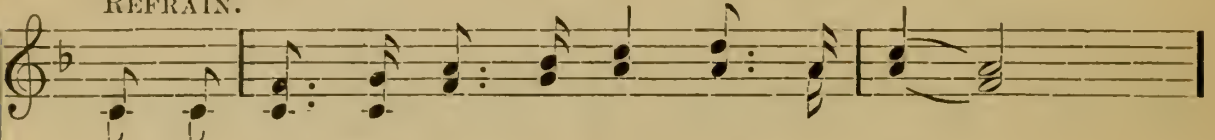
1. The world has need of Christ-ian men, Who wear the work-er's seal,
2. The church has need of help-ing hands, And hearts that know and feel,
3. Then don't stand i-dly look-ing on, The fight with sin is real;
4. Then work and watch and fight and pray, With all thy might and zeal;


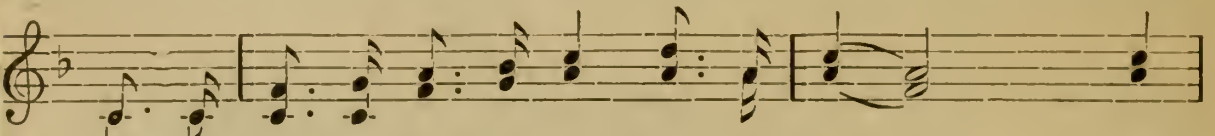
Come, help the good work move a - long, Put your shoulder to the wheel.  
 The work to do is here for you, Put your shoulder to the wheel.  
 It will be long, but must go on, Put your shoulder to the wheel.  
 Push ev - 'ry wor - thy work a - long, Put your shoulder to the wheel.



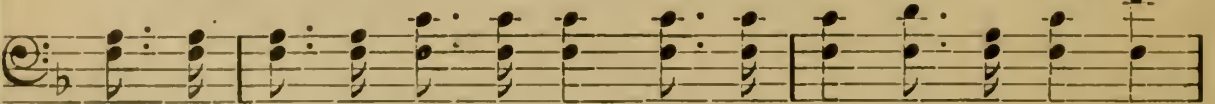
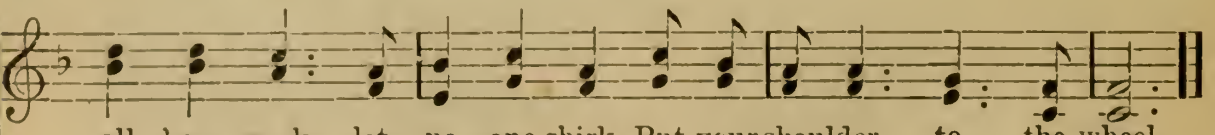
## REFRAIN.



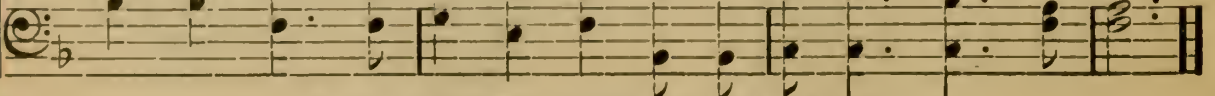
Put your shoul - der to the wheel, push a - long, push a - long,

Do your du - ty with a heart full of song; full of song; We

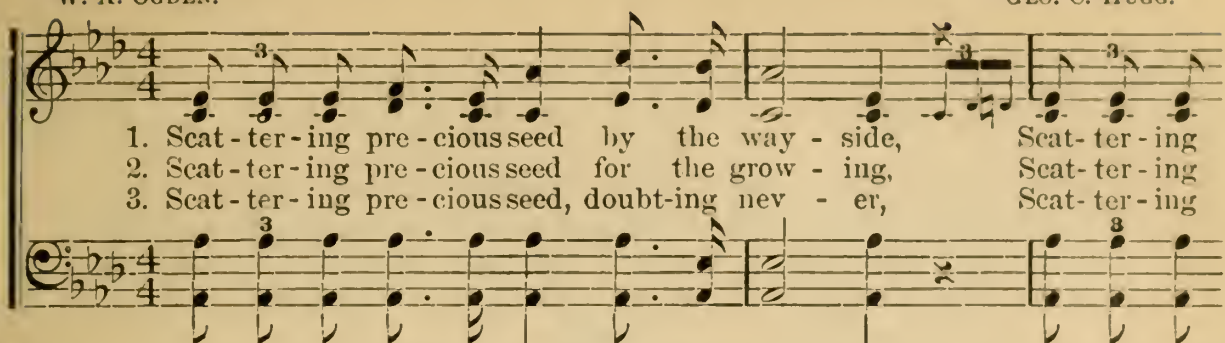
all have work, let no one shirk, Put your shoulder to the wheel.



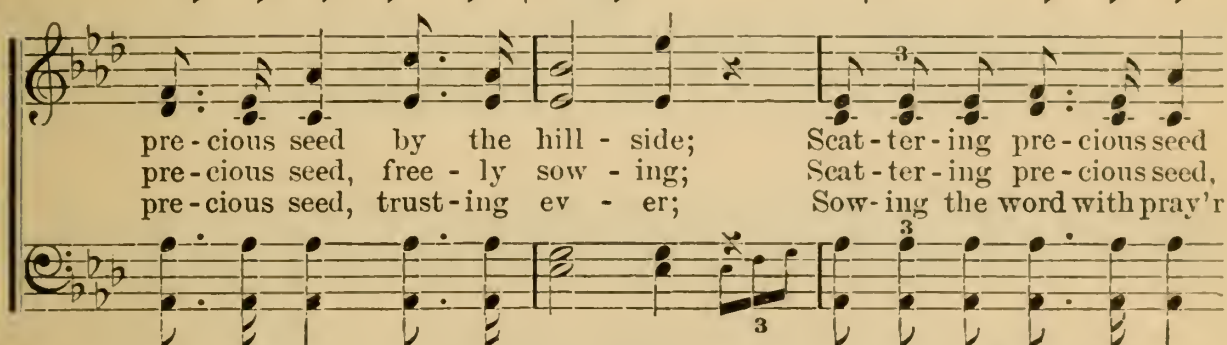
# No. 43. SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.

W. A. OGDEN.

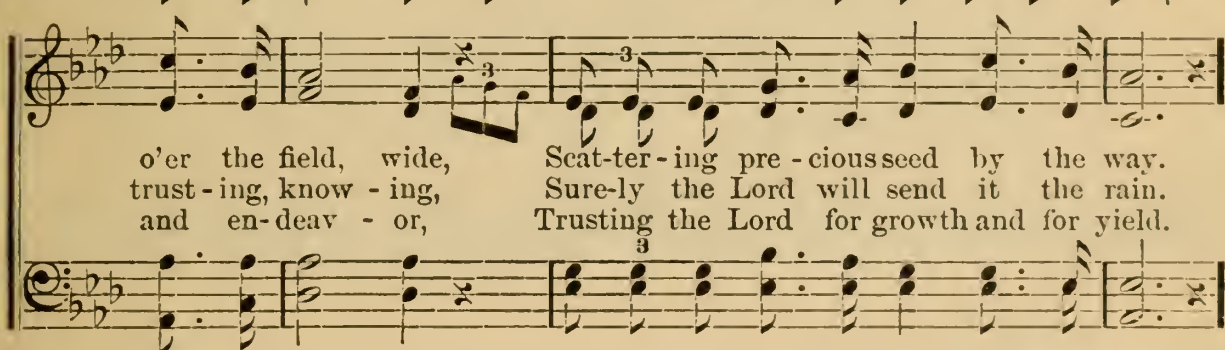
GEO. C. HUGG.



1. Scat-ter-ing pre-ciousseed by the way - side,      Scat-ter-ing  
2. Scat-ter-ing pre-ciousseed for the grow - ing,      Scat-ter-ing  
3. Scat-ter-ing pre-ciousseed, doubt-ing nev - er,      Scat-ter-ing

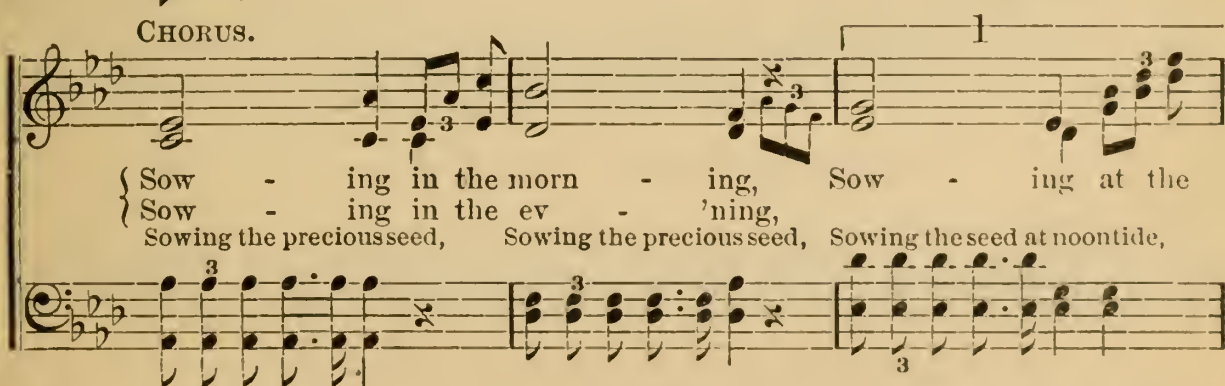


pre-cious seed by the hill - side;      Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed  
pre-cious seed, free - ly sow - ing;      Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed,  
pre-cious seed, trust-ing ev - er;      Sow-ing the word with pray'r

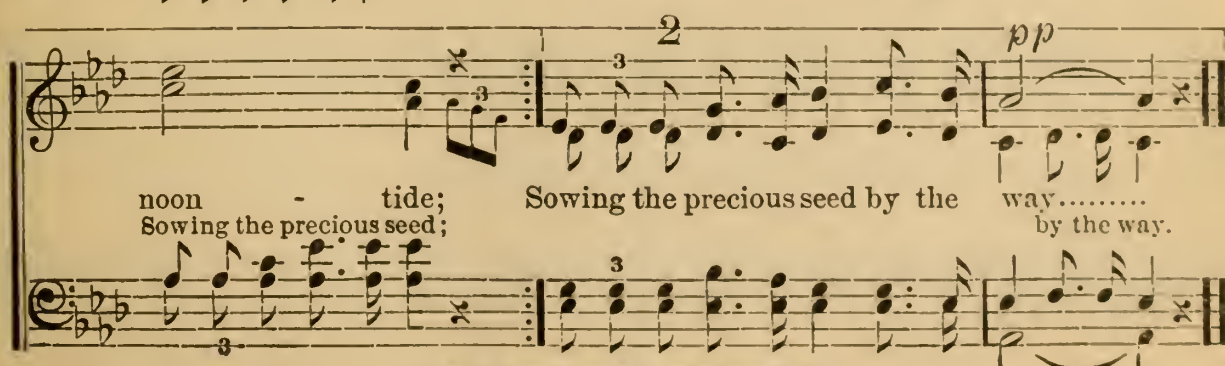


o'er the field, wide,      Scat-ter-ing pre-ciousseed by the way.  
trust-ing, know - ing,      Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain.  
and en-deav - or,      Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.

## CHORUS.



{ Sow - ing in the morn - ing, Sow - ing at the  
Sow - ing in the ev - 'ning,  
Sowing the preciousseed, Sowing the preciousseed, Sowing the seed at noontide,



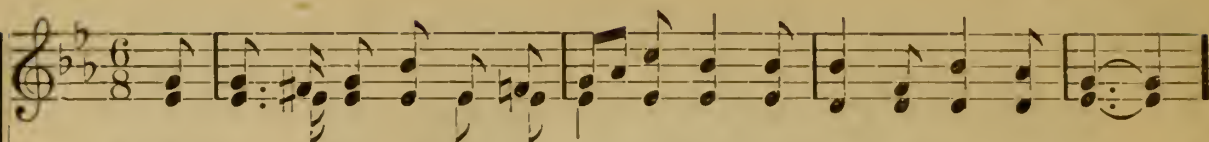
noon - tide;      Sowing the precious seed by the way.....  
Sowing the precious seed;      by the way.



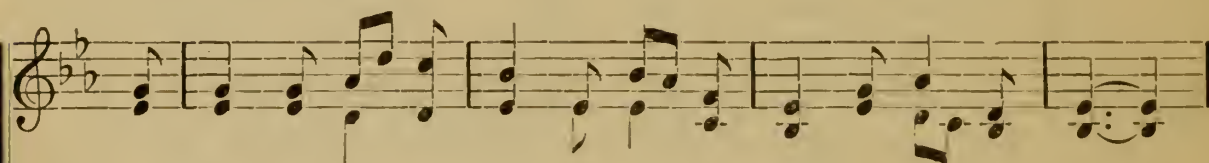
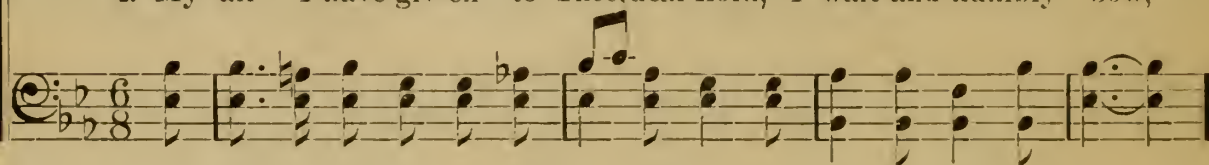
# No. 44. ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

C. M. D.

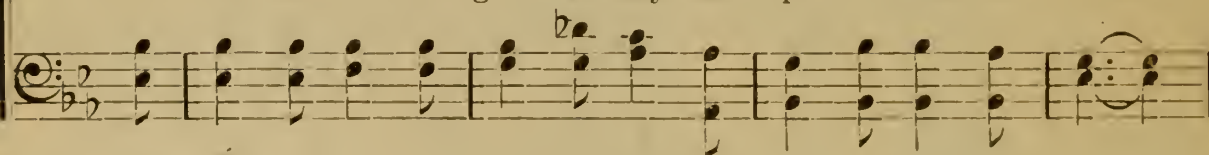
CHAS. M. DAVIS.



1. My life I have giv-en to Thee, dear Lord, 'Tis all I have to give;
2. My heart I have giv-en to Thee, dear Lord, Its love so pure and true,
3. My soul I have giv-en to Thee, dear Lord, The purchase of Thy blood;
4. My all I have giv-en to Thee, dear Lord, I wait and humbly bow,



A liv - ing sac - ri - fice for Thee, The while I have to live.  
 I'll not with-hold Thine own from Thee, Now take and make it new.  
 O wash it now from ev - 'ry stain With-in the crim-son flood.  
 I will not let Thee go a - way Ex - cept Thou bless me now.



## REFRAIN.



My life I have giv'n to Thee, dear Lord, I long to live on-ly for Thee;



Yes, all that I have is Thine, dear Lord, It nev-er be-longed to me.

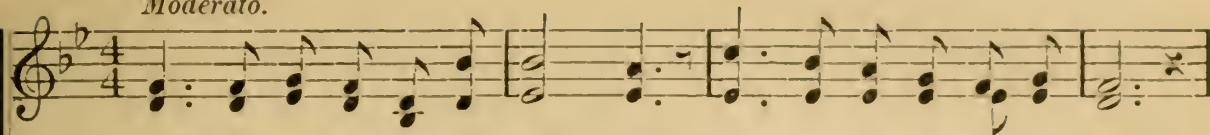


# No. 45. FACE TO FACE.

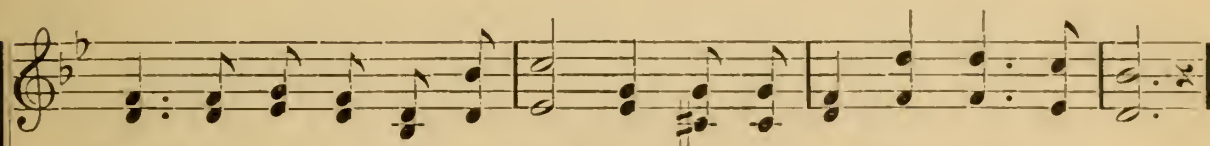
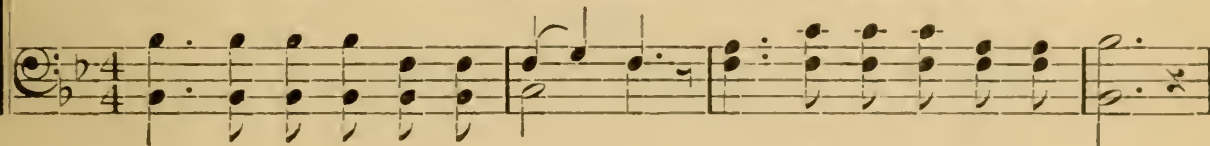
Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

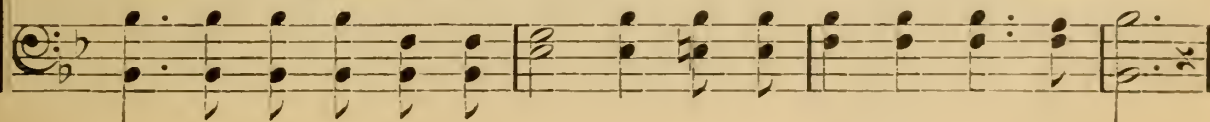
*Moderato.*



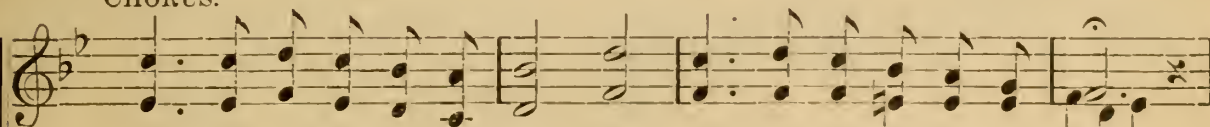
1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - iour, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint-ly now I see Him, With the darkling veil be-tween,
3. What re - joic-ing in His pres - ence, When are banished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! O, blissful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;



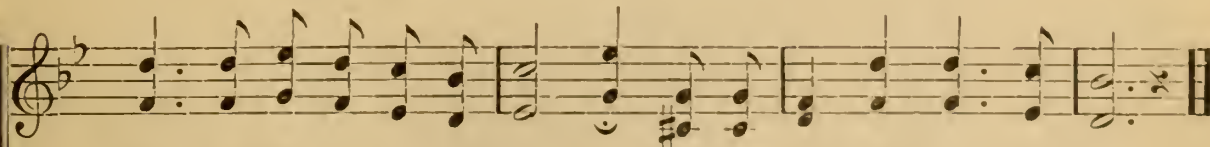
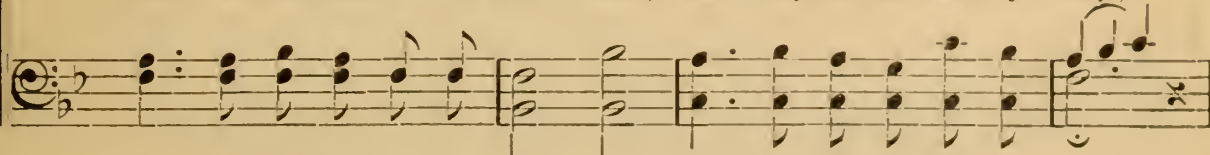
When with rap-ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.  
But a bless-ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.  
When the crook-ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.  
Face to face with my Re-deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.



## CHORUS.



Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far beyond the star-ry sky;



Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!





PETER BILHORN.

PETER BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain,.....	A glad and a joyous refrain,.....
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made,.....	My debt by His death was all paid,.....
3. When Jesus as Lord I had crowned,.....	My heart with this peace did abound,.....
4. In Je-sus for peace I a-bide,.....	And as I keep close to His side,.....

re-frain,

I	sing it a - gain and a - gain,	Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
No	oth - er foun - da - tion is laid	For peace, the gift of God's love.
In	Him the rich blessing I found,	Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
There's	nothing but peace doth betide,	Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der-ful gift from a - bove!..... Oh  
a - bove!

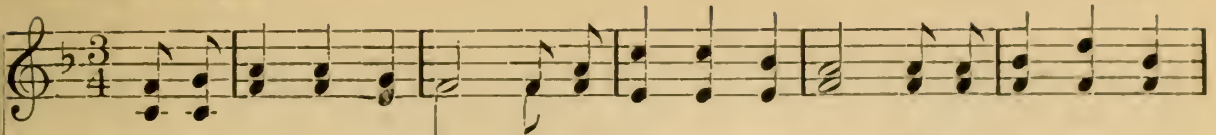
won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

Copyright, by Peter Blithorn. Used by per.

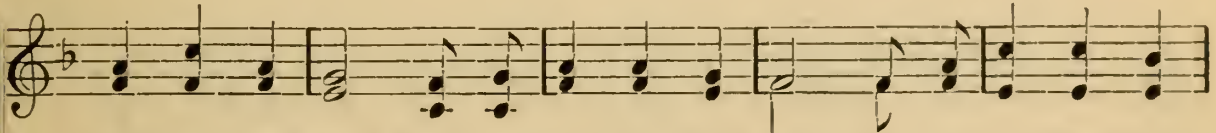
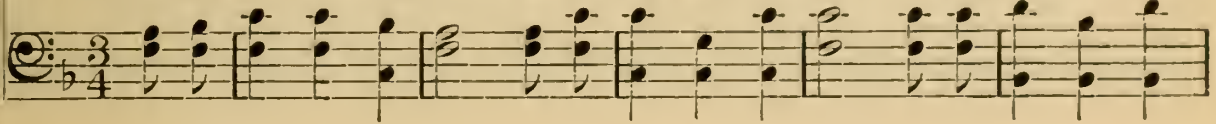
# No. 47. TRUST AND OBEY.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

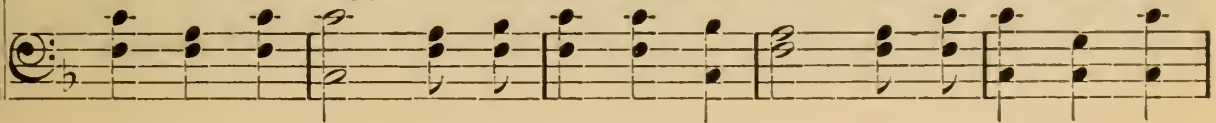
D. B. TOWNER.



1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The delights of His love, Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel - low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His



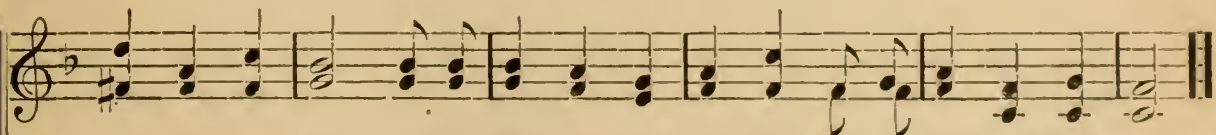
sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us  
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a  
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a  
al - tar we lay, For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be-  
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will



## CHORUS.



still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.  
tear Can a-bide while we trust and o - bey.  
cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey. } Trust and o - bey, for there's  
stows, Are for them who will trust and o - bey.  
go, Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.



no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

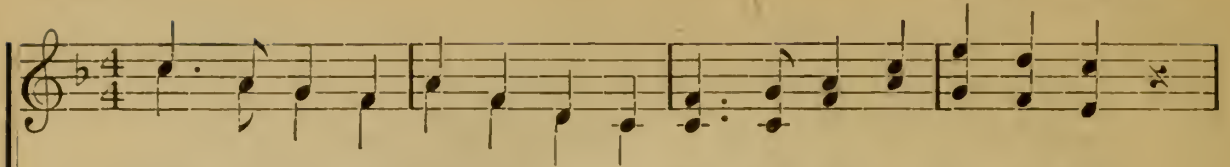




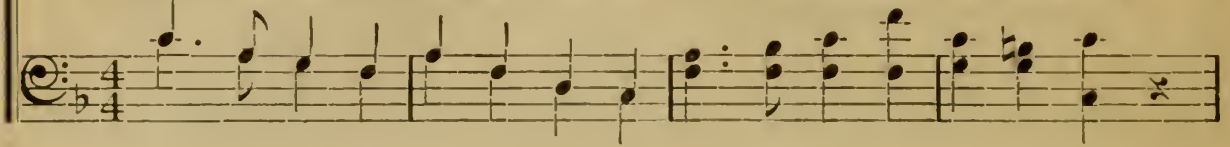
# No. 48. CHRIST IS RISEN.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.



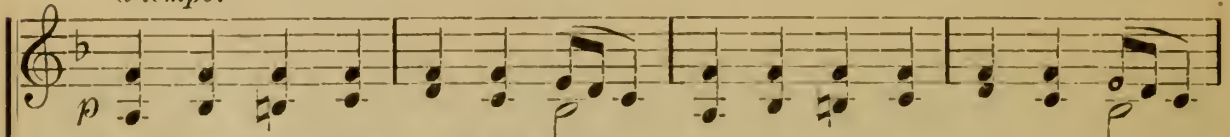
1. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, He hath left the sol - emn grave,
2. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, Cheer thy heart and dry thy tears.
3. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, Sin - ner, come and join the song,



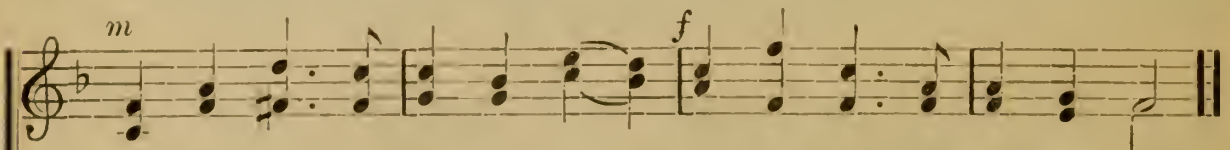
Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, For a dy - ing world to save,  
 Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, He will qui - et all thy fears,  
 Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, You may yet to Him be - long.



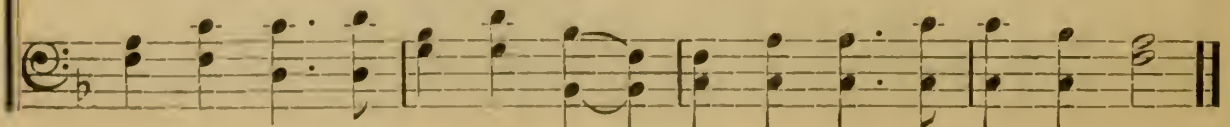
*a tempo.*



Send the ti - dings round the world, Let it reach to ev - 'ry soul,  
 Oh, ye mourners, cease to mourn, Why should life be filled with sighs?  
 We'll for - ev - er sing his praise, Join we now with one ac - cord,



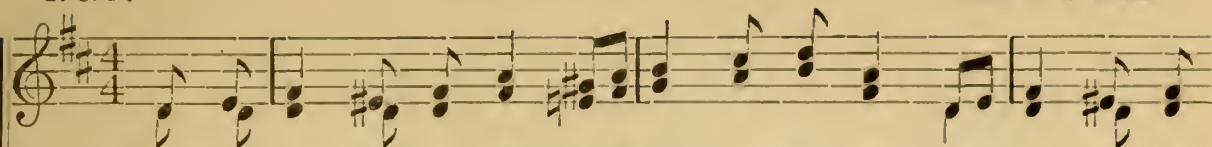
Now His ban - ner is un - furl'd, Spread the news from pole to pole.  
 Christ has all thy sor - rows borne, Now He beckons toward the skies.  
 While we've breath the song to raise, Sing for Christ our ris - en Lord.



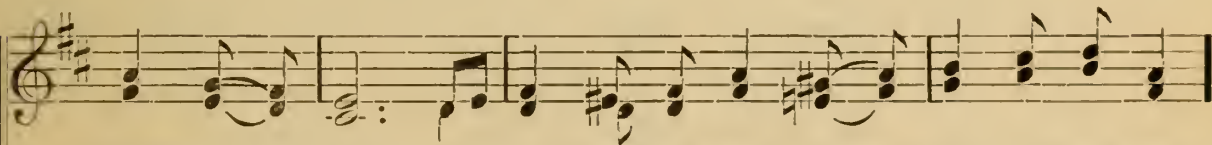
# No. 49. WHEN I LOOK AT THE STARS.

T. C. N.

Rev. T. C. NEAL.



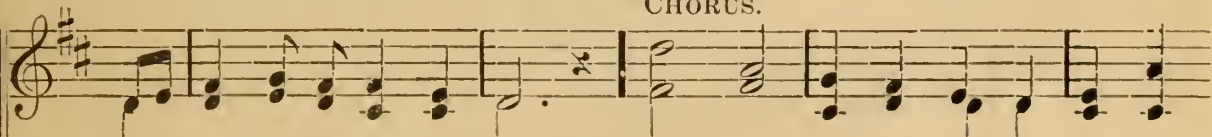
1. When I look at the stars I think of the home That Je - sus has
2. When I look at the stars I think what it cost, My poor dy - ing
3. When I look at the stars I think of the King So wondrous, who
4. When I look at the stars, what joy fills my soul! I sing "all is



gone to pre - pare; Its brightness and beau - ty have nev - er been told—  
soul to save; How Je - sus came down from His home in the skies,  
is my friend; He nev - er has failed, He nev - er can fail,  
mine, all is mine;" For Je - sus will take me to heav - en at last,

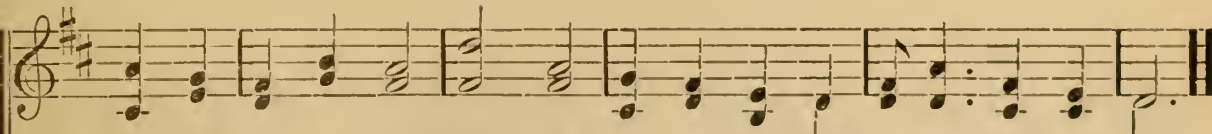
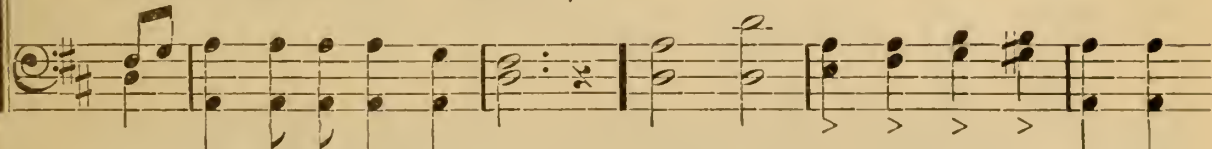


## CHORUS.

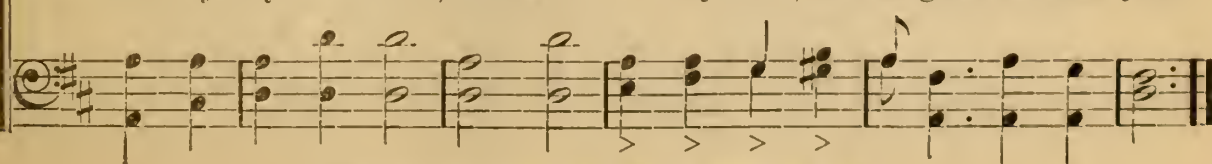


If faith - ful, I shall be there.  
Him - self un - to death He gave.  
On Him I in peace de - pend.  
Where I shall for - ev - er shine.

Shine on, stars of heav - en, In the



love - ly sky so blue; Sometime I may shine, E'en brighter far than you.



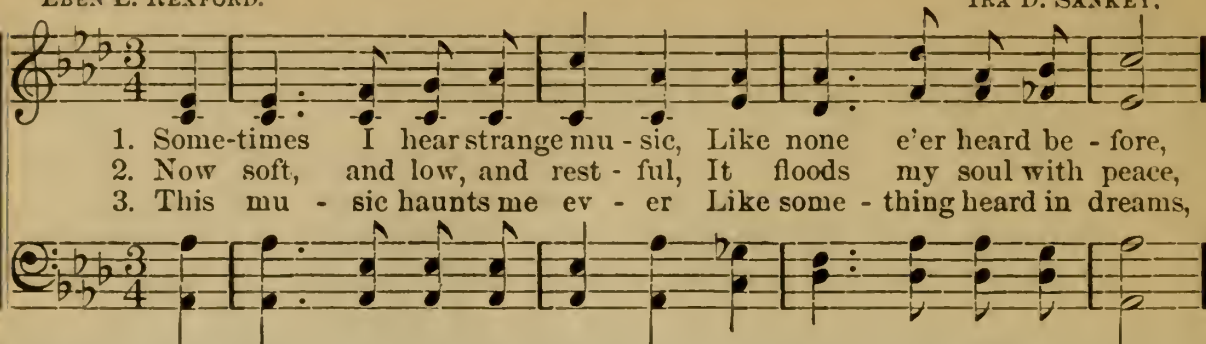


# No. 50. A SONG OF HEAVEN AND HOMELAND.

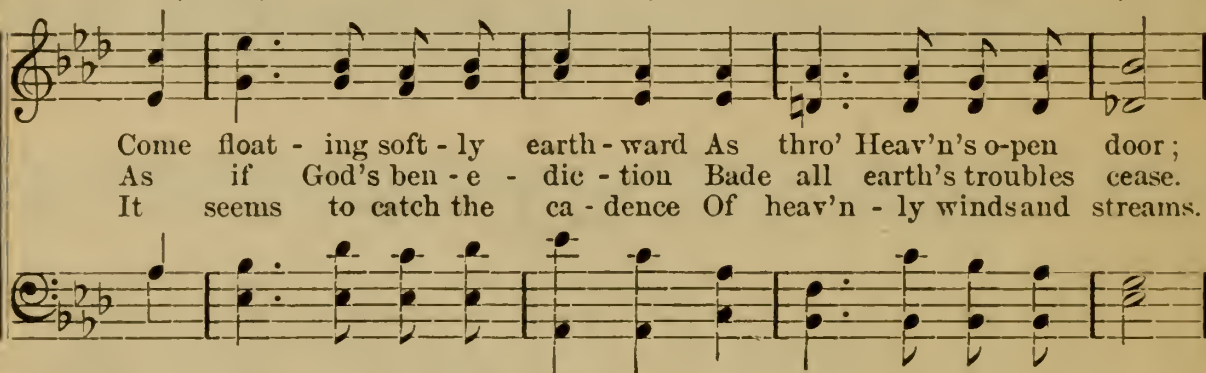
EBEN E. REXFORD.

Written for "The Ladies' Home Journal."

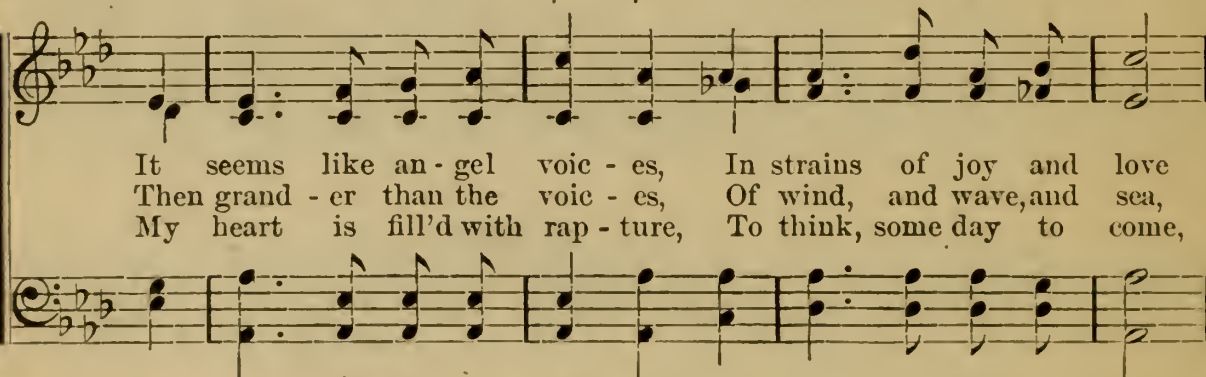
IRA D. SANKEY.



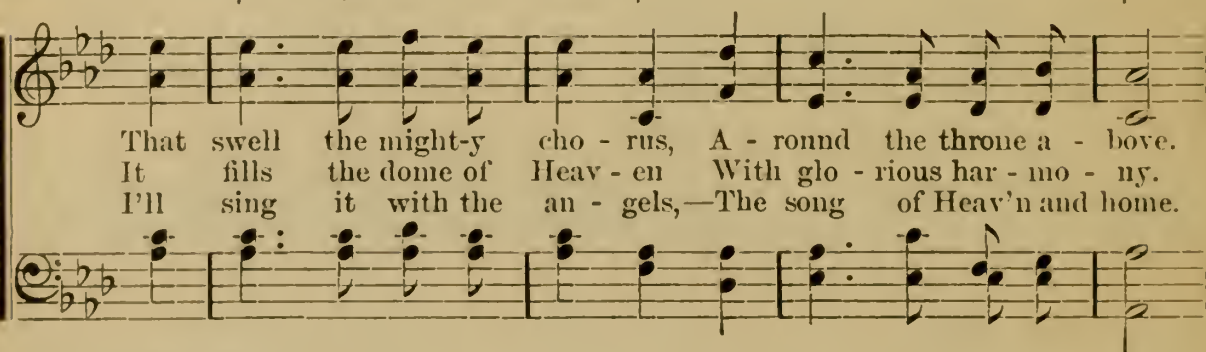
1. Some-times I hear strange mu - sic, Like none e'er heard be - fore,  
 2. Now soft, and low, and rest - ful, It floods my soul with peace,  
 3. This mu - sic haunts me ev - er Like some - thing heard in dreams,



Come float - ing soft - ly earth - ward As thro' Heav'n's o - pen door;  
 As if God's ben - e - dic - tion Bade all earth's troubles cease.  
 It seems to catch the ca - dence Of heav'n - ly winds and streams.

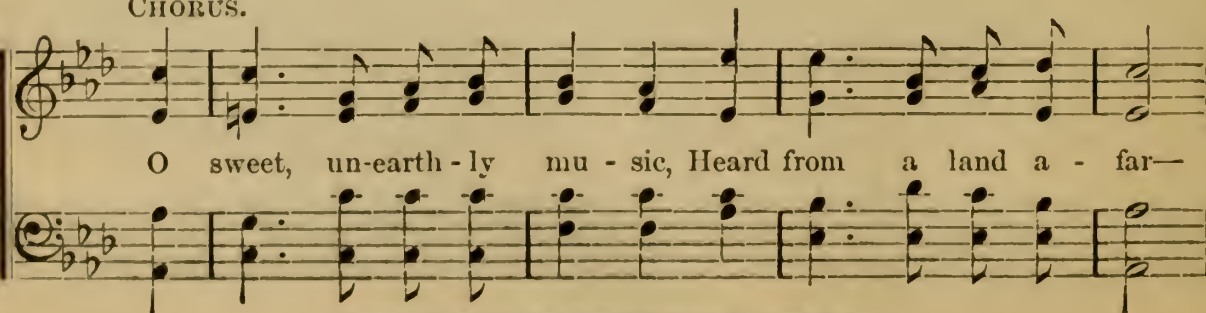


It seems like an - gel voic - es, In strains of joy and love  
 Then grand - er than the voic - es, Of wind, and wave, and sea,  
 My heart is fill'd with rap - ture, To think, some day to come,



That swell the might-y cho - rus, A - round the throne a - bove.  
 It fills the dome of Heav - en With glo - rious har - mo - ny.  
 I'll sing it with the an - gels, — The song of Heav'n and home.

## CHORUS.



O sweet, un-earth - ly mu - sic, Heard from a land a - far—

# A SONG OF HEAVEN, etc.—Concluded.

The song of Heav'n and Home-land, Thro' doors God leaves a - jar.

## No. 51. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the  
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my  
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as  
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re-sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the  
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies  
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

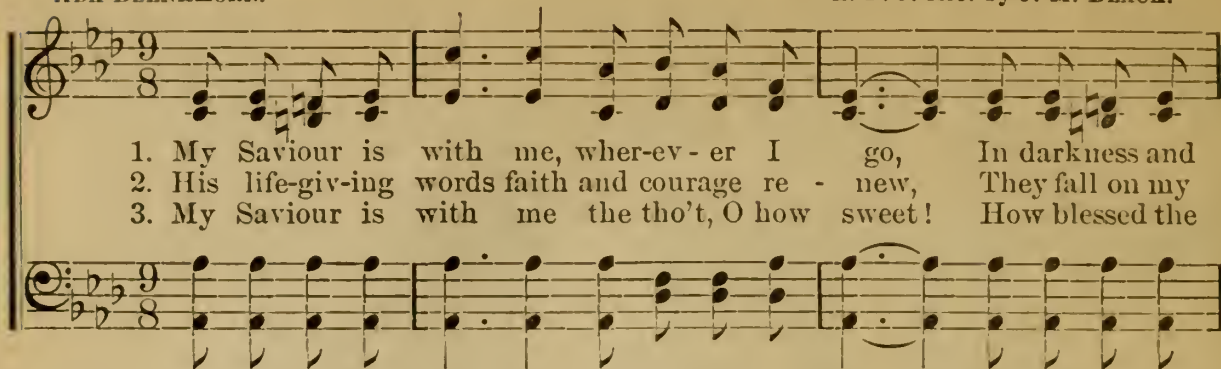
Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er - loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.



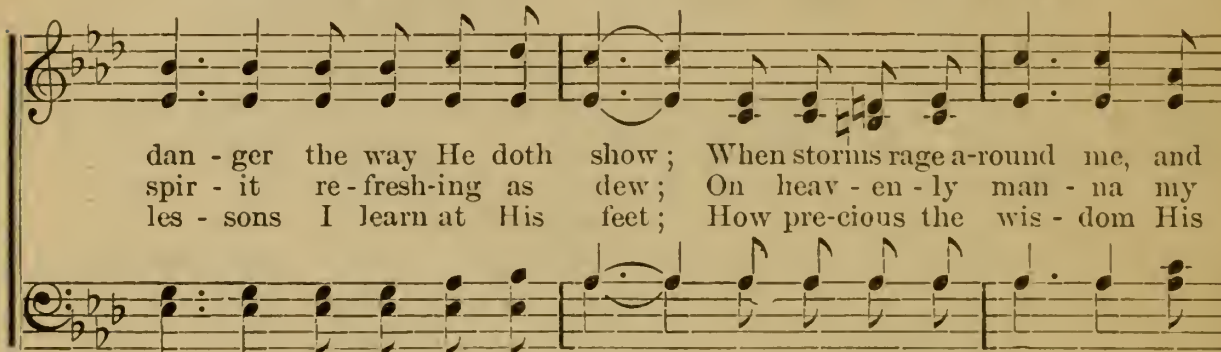
# No. 52. MY SAVIOUR IS WITH ME.

ADA BLENKHORN.

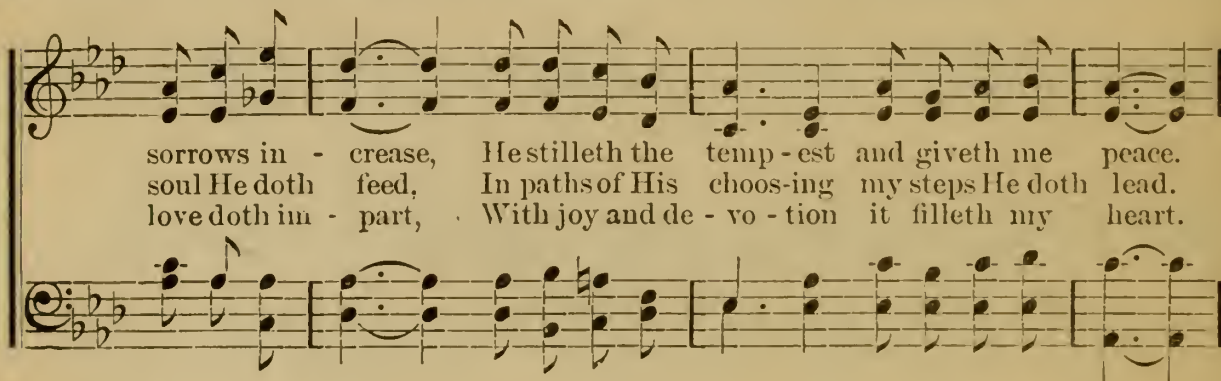
L. F. J. Arr. by J. M. BLACK.



1. My Saviour is with me, wher-ev - er I go, In darkness and  
 2. His life-giv-ing words faith and courage re - new, They fall on my  
 3. My Saviour is with me the tho't, O how sweet! How blessed the

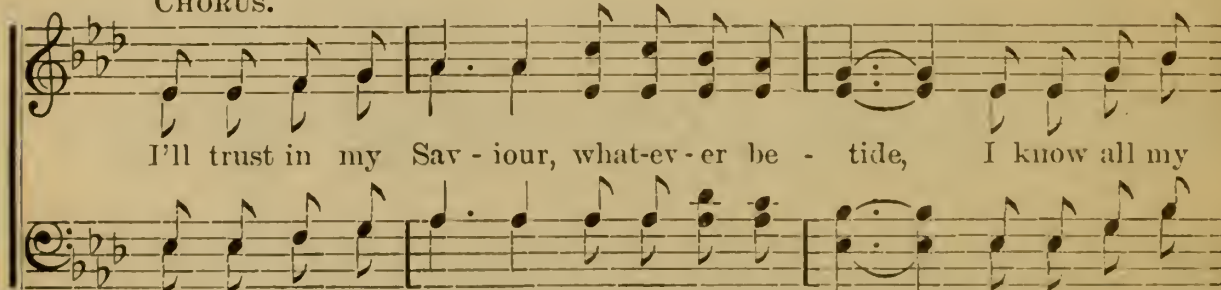


dan - ger the way He doth show; When storms rage a-round me, and  
 spir - it re - fresh-ing as dew; On heav - en - ly man - na my  
 les - sons I learn at His feet; How pre-cious the wis - dom His

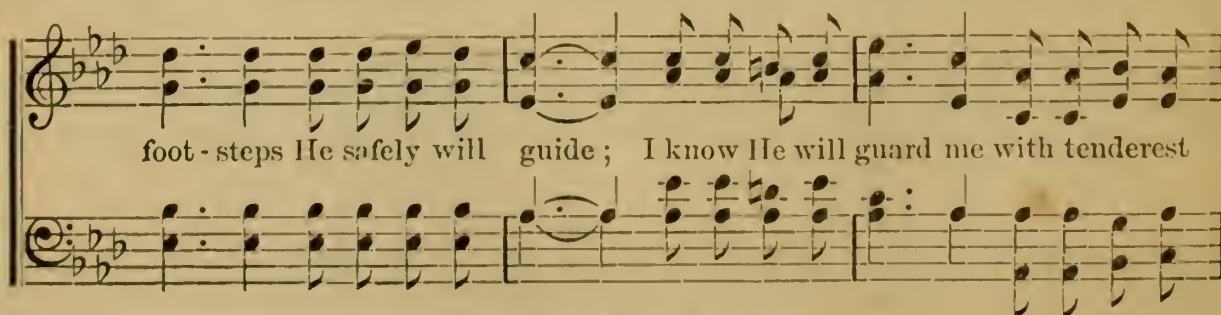


sorrows in - crease, He stilleth the temp - est and giveth me peace.  
 soul He doth feed, In paths of His choos-ing my steps He doth lead.  
 love doth im - part, With joy and de - vo - tion it filleth my heart.

## CHORUS.



I'll trust in my Sav - iour, what-ev - er be - tide, I know all my



foot - steps He safely will guide; I know He will guard me with tenderest

# MY SAVIOUR IS WITH ME.—Concluded.

love, Un - til I shall en - ter His glo - ry a - bove.

## No. 53. GUIDE ME.

W. WILLIAMS.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je-ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar - ren land.  
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the heal-ing streams do flow,  
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anxious fears sub - side,

I am weak but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand,  
 Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my journey through  
 Bear me through the swelling cur-rent, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side,

Bread of heaven, feed me, Feed me till I want, till I want, no more.  
 Strong deliv'rer, guide me, Be Thou still my strength, still my strength and shield.  
 Songs of praises, prais - es, I will ev - er sing, ev - er sing, to Thee.

Feed me, Bread of heaven,  
 Guide me, Strong Deliv'rer  
 Prais es, Songs of praises


Feed me till I  
 Be Thou still my  
 I will ev - er



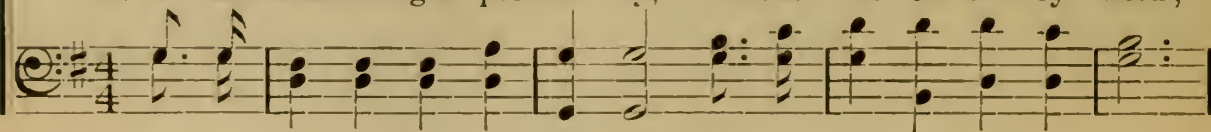
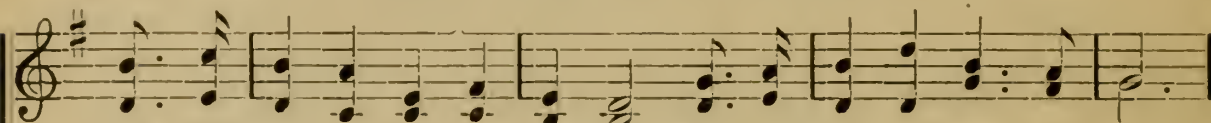
# No. 54. THE STORY MUST BE TOLD.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

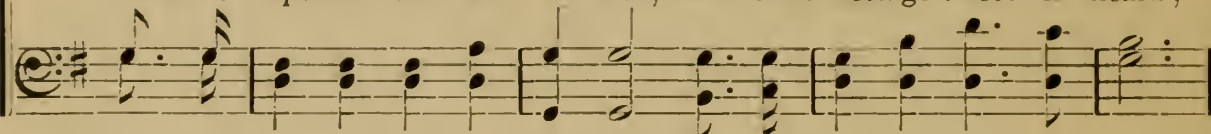
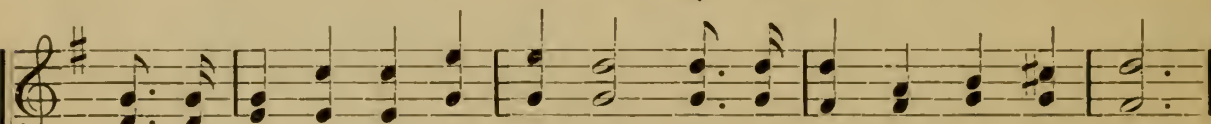
IRA D. SANKEY.



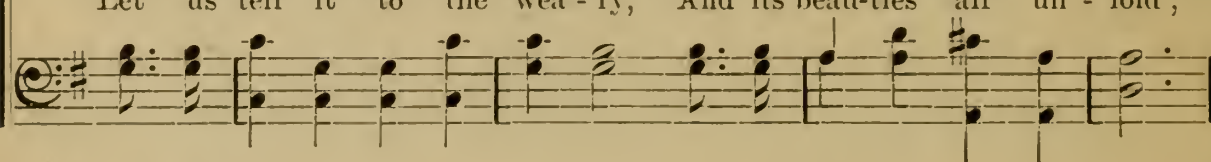
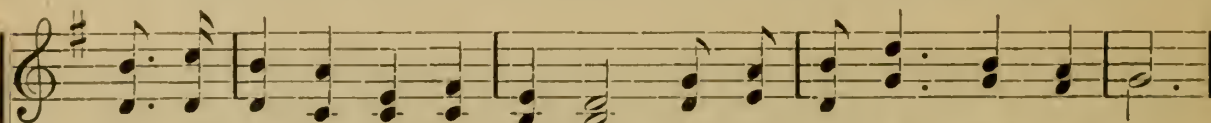
1. O the precious gos - pel sto - ry, How it tells of love to all,  
 2. O the blessed gos - pel sto - ry, Of His meek and low - ly birth,—  
 3. O the wondrous gos - pel sto - ry, There is life in ev - 'ry word;

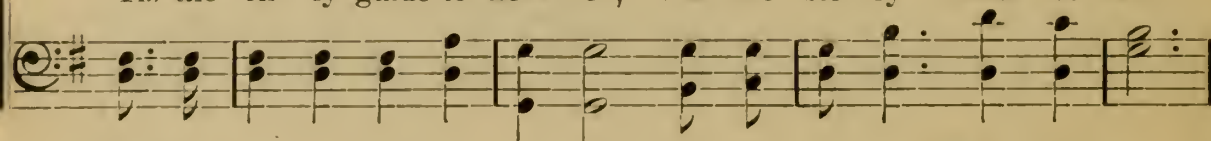
How the Sav - iour in com - pas - sion, Died to save us from the fall;  
 And the welcome of the an - gels When they sang good-will to earth;—  
 There is hope and con - so - la - tion, Where the message sweet is heard;

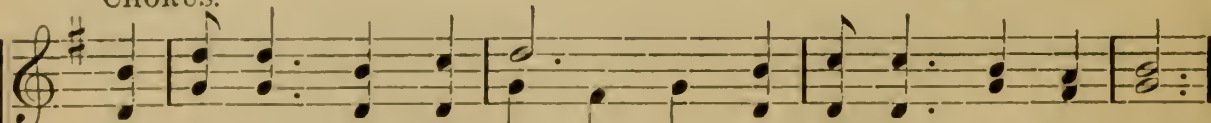
How He came to seek the lost ones, And to bring them to His fold;—  
 Of the cross on which He suffered,—As by proph - ets seen of old,—  
 Let us tell it to the wea - ry, And its beau - ties all un - fold;

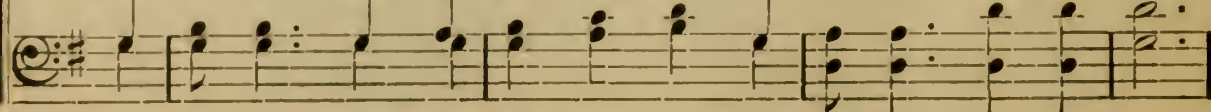
Let us has - ten to pro - claim it, For the sto - ry *must* be told.  
 Of His death and res - ur - rec - tion, Let the sto - ry *now* be told.  
 'Tis the on - ly guide to heav - en, And the sto - ry *must* be told.



## CHORUS.



The sto - ry must be told (be told), The sto - ry must be told,



# THE STORY MUST BE TOLD.—Concluded.

That Je - sus died for sin - ners lost, The sto - ry must be told.

## No. 55. NEARER, STILL NEARER.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Saviour, so
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off'ring to
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, 'Till safe in glo - ry my

pre-cious Thou art ; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shelter me  
 Je - sus my King ; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the  
 glad - ly re-sign ; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but  
 an - chor is cast ; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be, Nearer, my

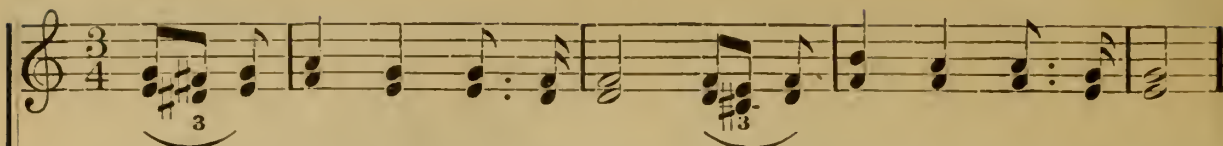
safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."  
 cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.  
 Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci-fied, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.  
 Saviour, still nearer to Thee, Nearer, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee.



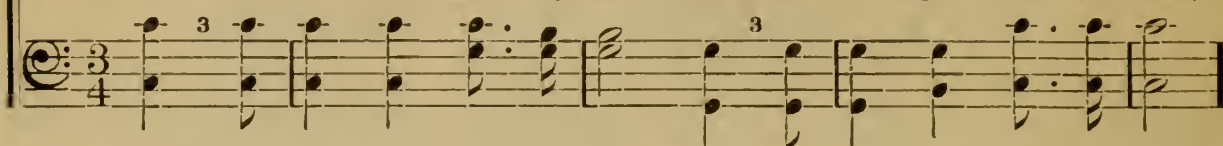
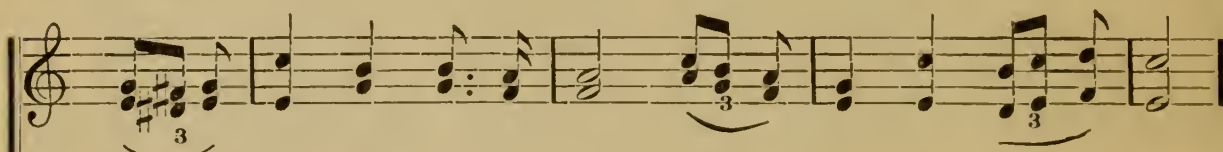
# No. 56. WHEN MY SAVIOUR I SHALL SEE.

Arr. P. P. B.

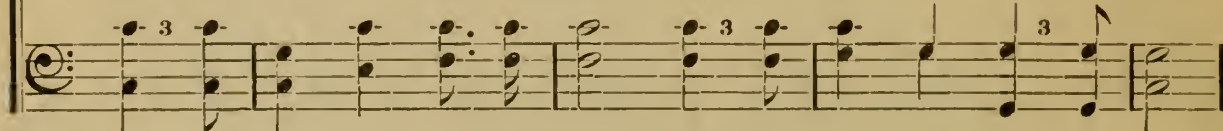
P. P. BILHORN.



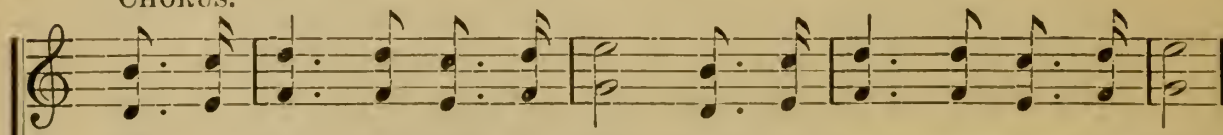
1. When my Sav - iour I shall see, In His glo - rious like-ness be,  
 2. When I'm whol - ly freed from sin, Spot-less, clean and pure with-in,  
 3. When my feet shall press the shore, Trod by an - gels' feet be - fore,  
 4. Oh, till then be this my care, More His im - age blest to bear;

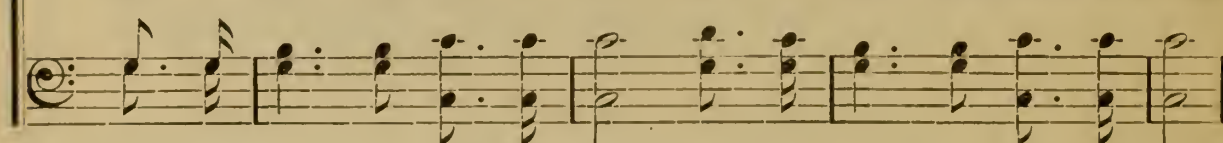
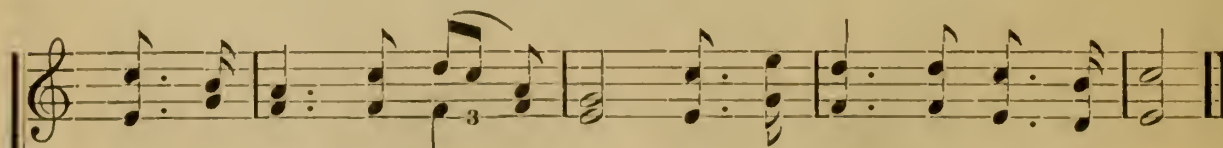
Clad in robes by love supplied, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.  
 Meet to stand by Je - sus' side, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.  
 Near to liv - ing streams that glide, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.  
 More to con - quer self and pride, So shall I be sat - is - fied.



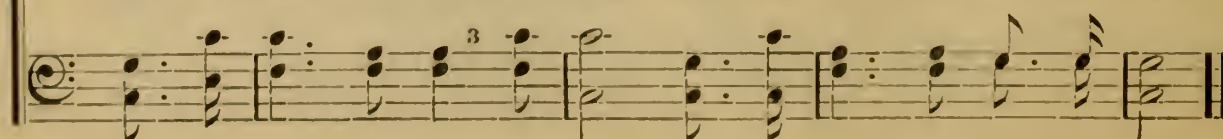
## CHORUS.



Sat - is - fied with love di - vine, Sat - is - fied, since Christ is mine,

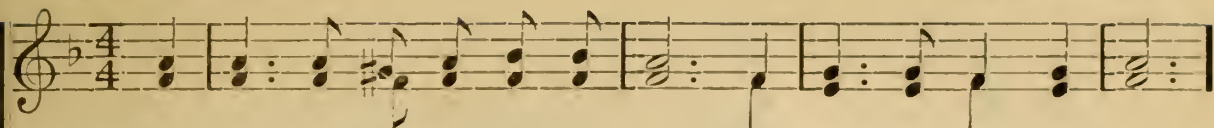
Ev - 'ry need in Him supplied, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.



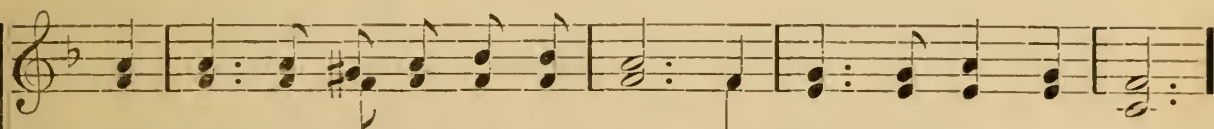
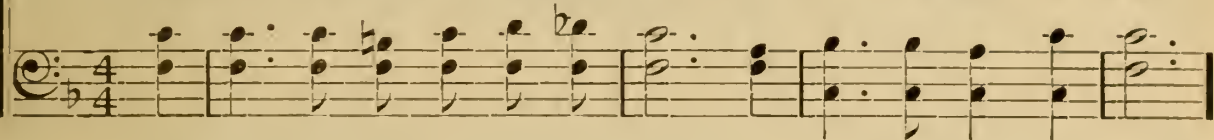
# No. 57. FAITH'S PRAYER.

EMMA GRAVES DIETRICK.

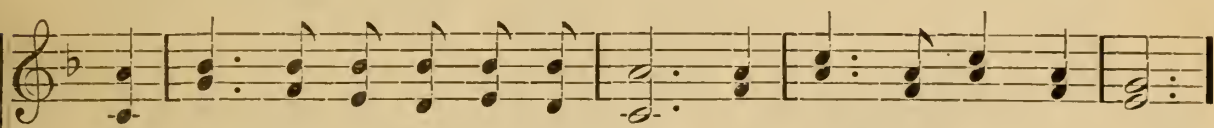
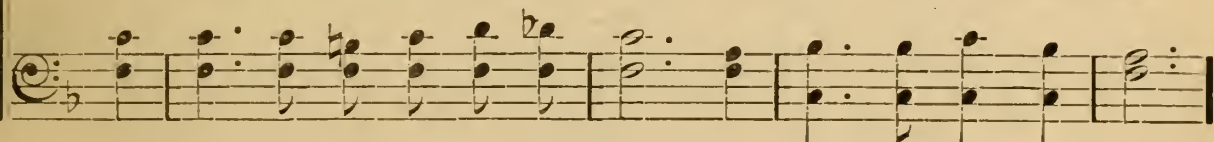
R. HAYES WILLIS.



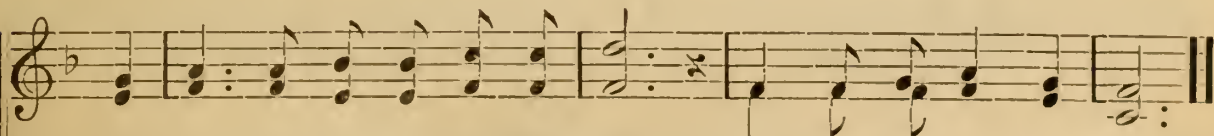
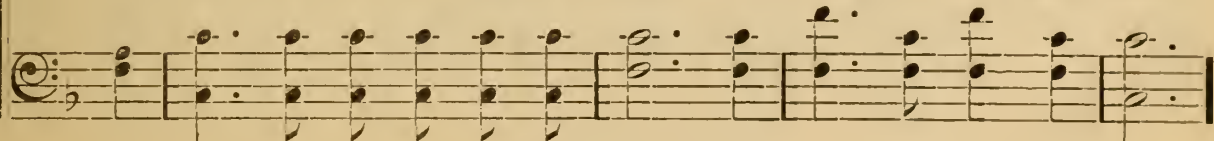
1. Lead me, dear Lord, by Thine own hand, Where'er the path may go ;
2. Teach me, dear Lord, in Thine own way, Whate'er I ought to be ;
3. Guideme, dear Lord, by Thine own eye, In ev - 'ry step I take ;



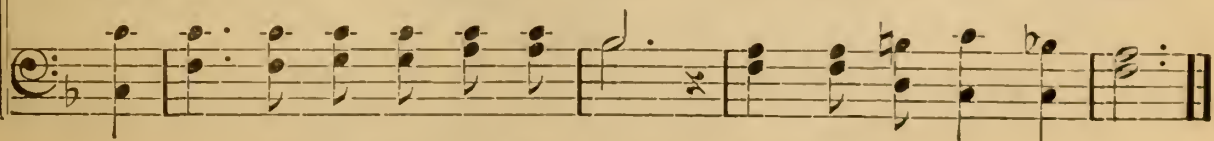
It may be fair or des-ert land, I do not need to know.  
The les - sons may be hard to say, The path too dark to see,  
So shall I feel Thee always nigh, And live for Thy dear sake.



I on - ly need to trust Thy care, To know Thy love is sure,  
But hold - ing fast Thy pierced hand I can - not go a - miss ;  
And look - ing up to Thee, my Guide, Thro' darkness or thro' light,



To let Thee all my 'burdens bear, And in Thy strength endure.  
Un - til I reach the Unseen Land By faith I'll walk in this.  
May I in trust-ful faith a - bide Till faith is lost in sight.

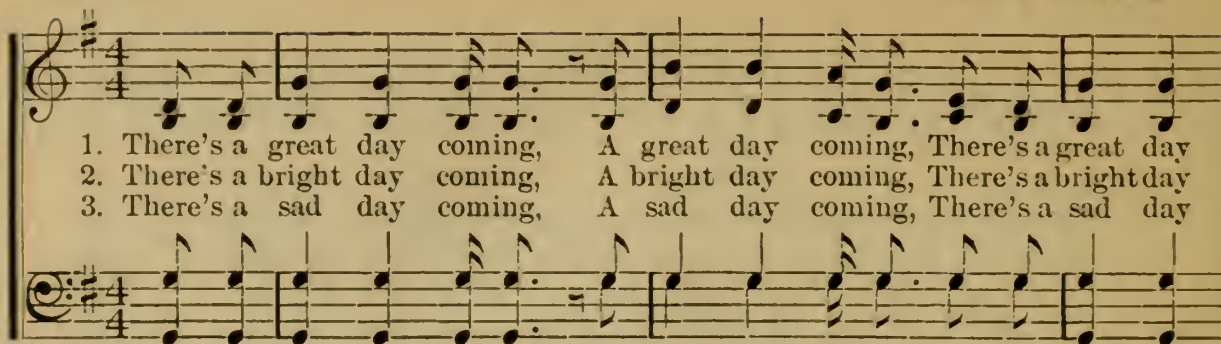




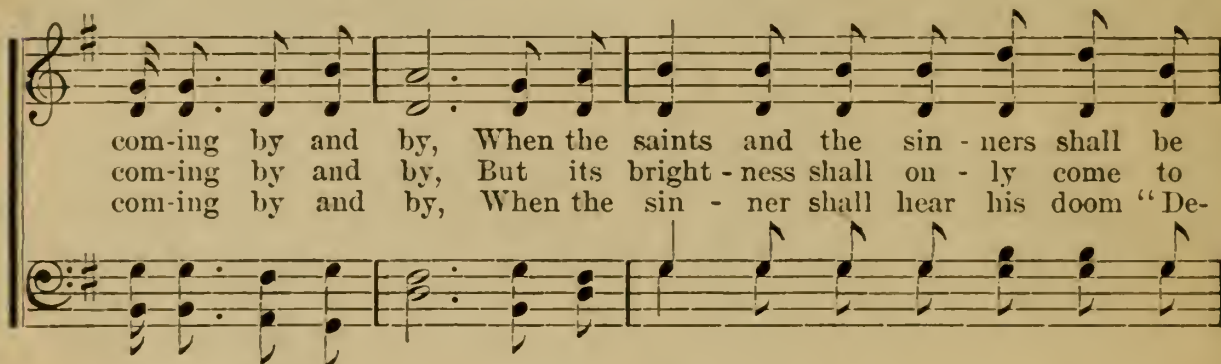
# No. 58. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

W. L. T.

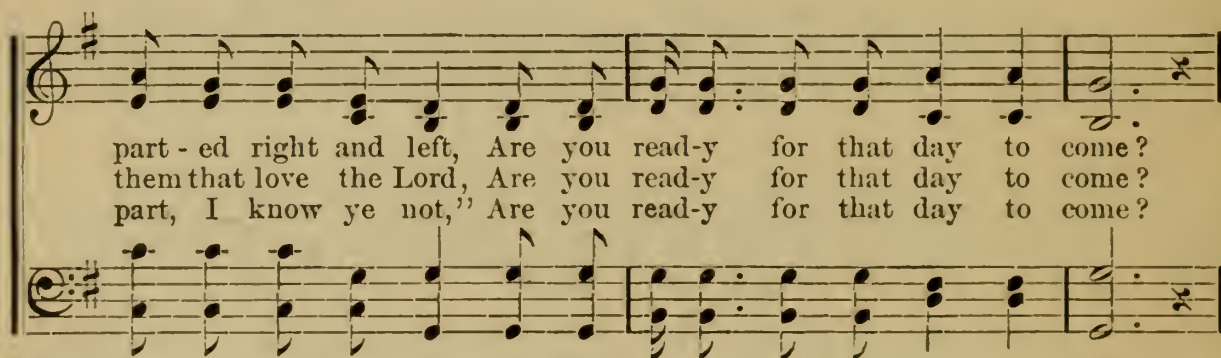
WILL L. THOMPSON.



1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day  
 2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day  
 3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day

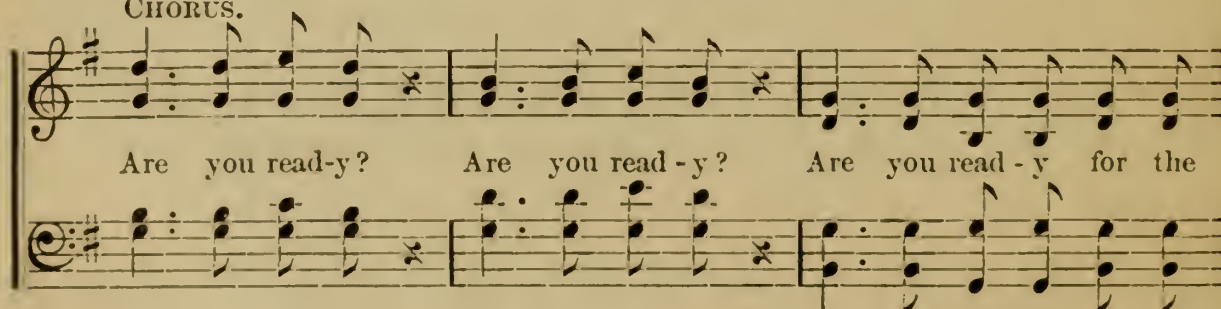


com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be  
 com-ing by and by, But its bright - ness shall on - ly come to  
 com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom "De-

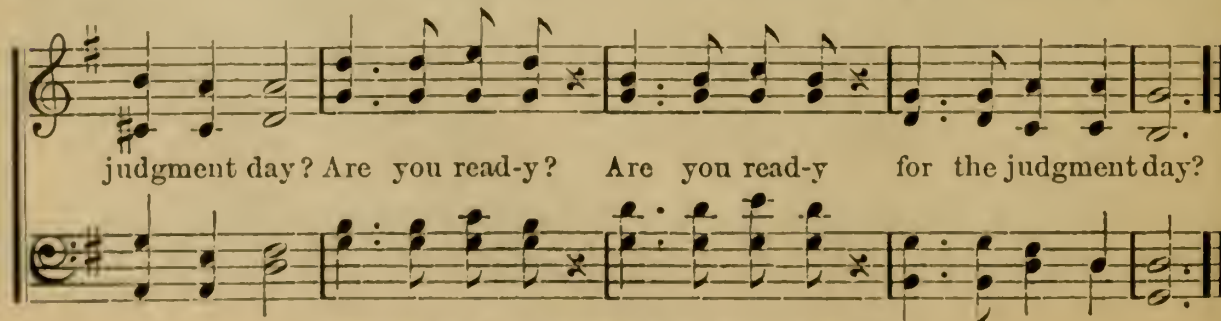


part - ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?  
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?  
 part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

## CHORUS.



Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

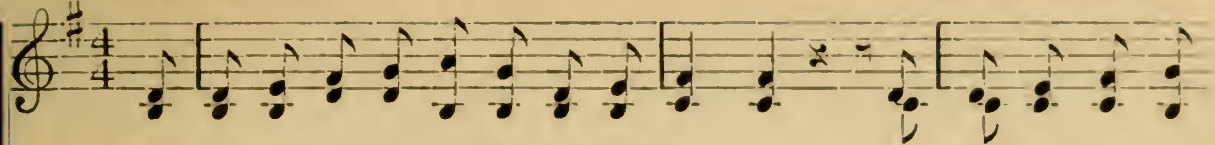


judgment day? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judgment day?

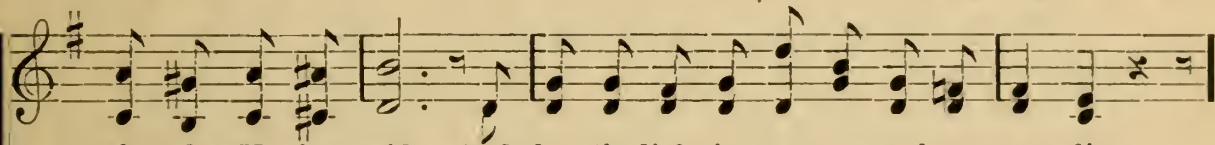
# No. 59. FAITH IN HIS WORD.

Rev. EDGAR C. MASON.

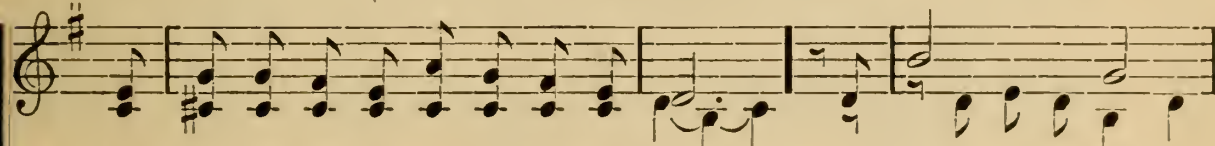
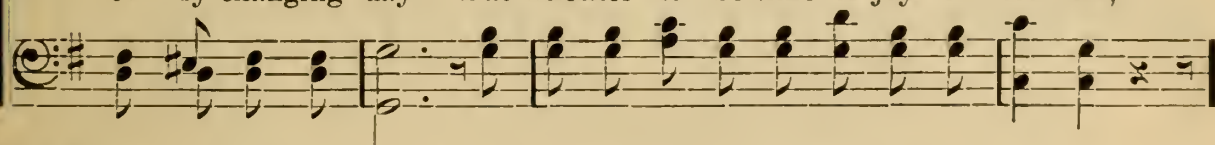
WILL L. THOMPSON.



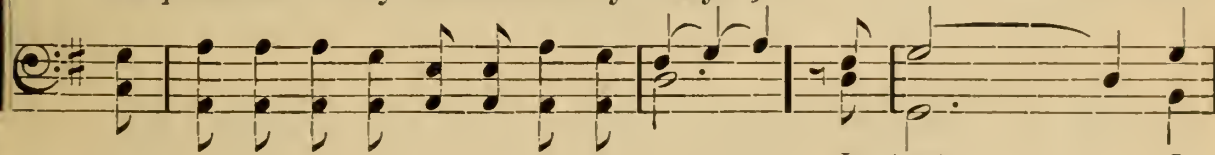
1. I do not ask the Lord for sight or feel - ing, In sim - ple faith I
2. My eyes of flesh are weak and dim with weeping, I would not trust them
3. I may feel glad to-day and sad to - mor - row, — My feelings change with



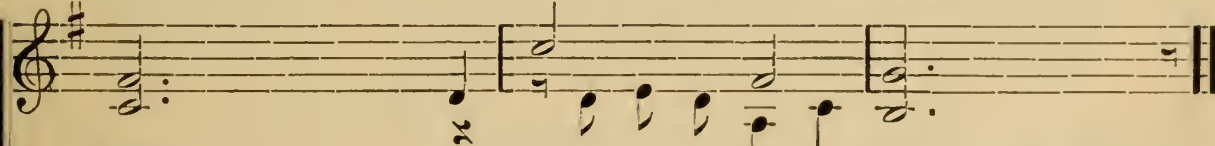
take what He has said; And then the light in - to my soul comes stealing,  
to be - hold His face; But with the eye of faith that knows no sleeping,  
ev - 'ry changing day — But whether it be time of joy or sor - row,



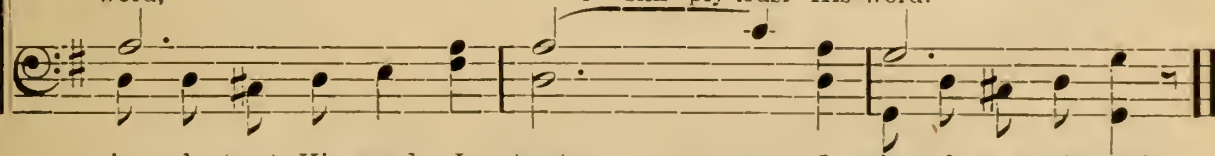
And thus my wea-ry soul is com-fort - ed. I trust His  
I look to Him and trust Him for His grace. I sim-ply trust His  
His prom-ise is my comfort and my stay.



I trust,..... I



word,  
word, I trust His word.  
I sim - ply trust His word.



sim - ply trust His word, I trust, I sim - ply trust His word.

- 4 I'd rather *know* in whom I have believéd —  
I'd rather *know* than see or feel or hear:—  
By things of sense oft-times I am deceivéd,  
But in His Word there is no doubt nor fear.

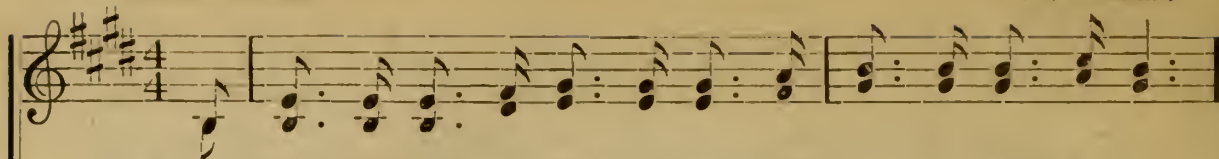
- 5 And so when sight has found itself mistaken,  
And sense of feeling shall have passed away,  
Upon His Word my faith shall stand unshaken,  
And pass from darkness to eternal day.



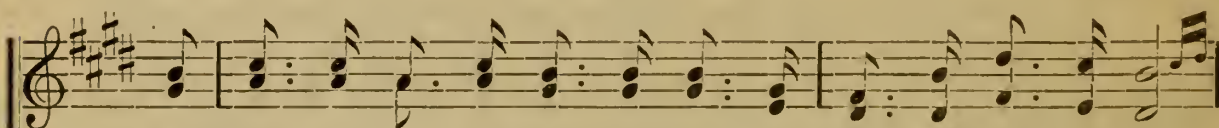
# No. 60. SUNLIGHT.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

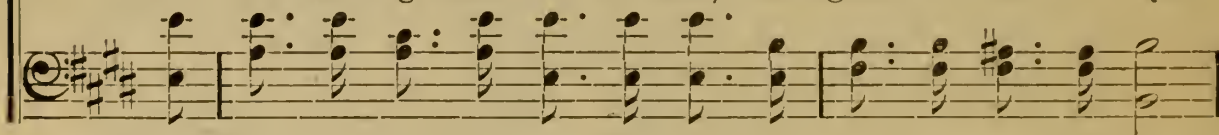
W. S. WEEDEN.



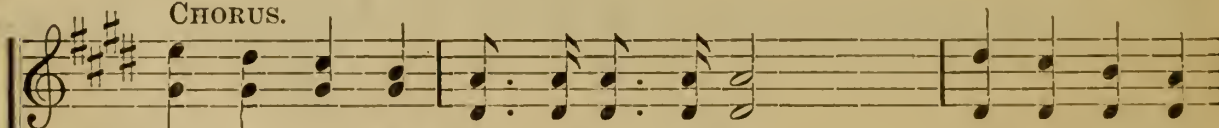
1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
3. While walk - ing in the light of God, I, sweet com - mun-ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex-tend-ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The light that came to me;



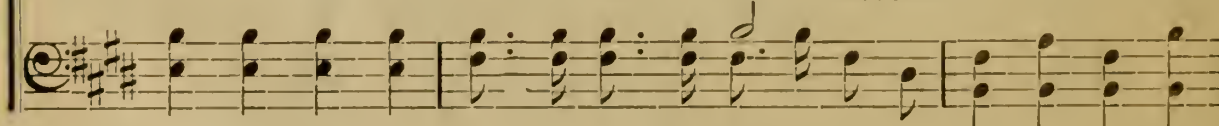
And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark-ness flee.  
 How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun - light in my soul.  
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world be-hind.  
 And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.  
 Be - hold the bright-ness of His face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.



## CHORUS.



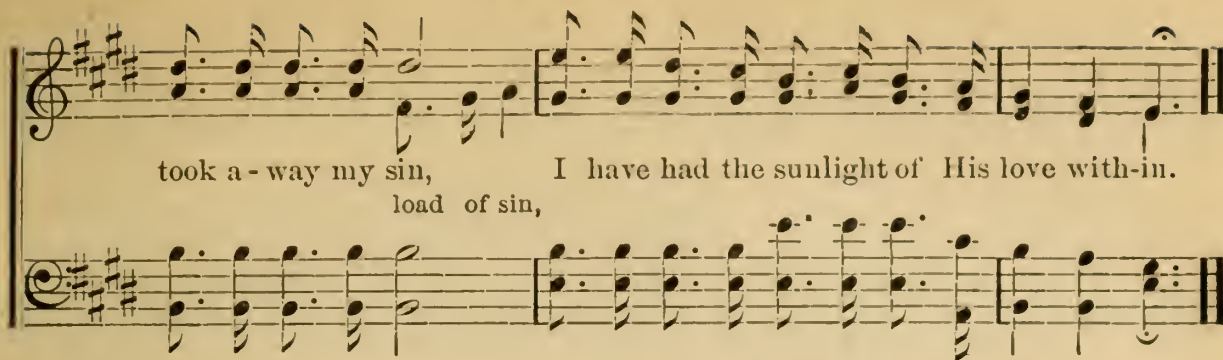
Sun - light, sun-light, in my soul to - day, Sunlight, sunlight,  
 to - day, yes,



all a - long the way, Since the Sav - iour found me,  
 nar - row way,



# SUNLIGHT.—Concluded.

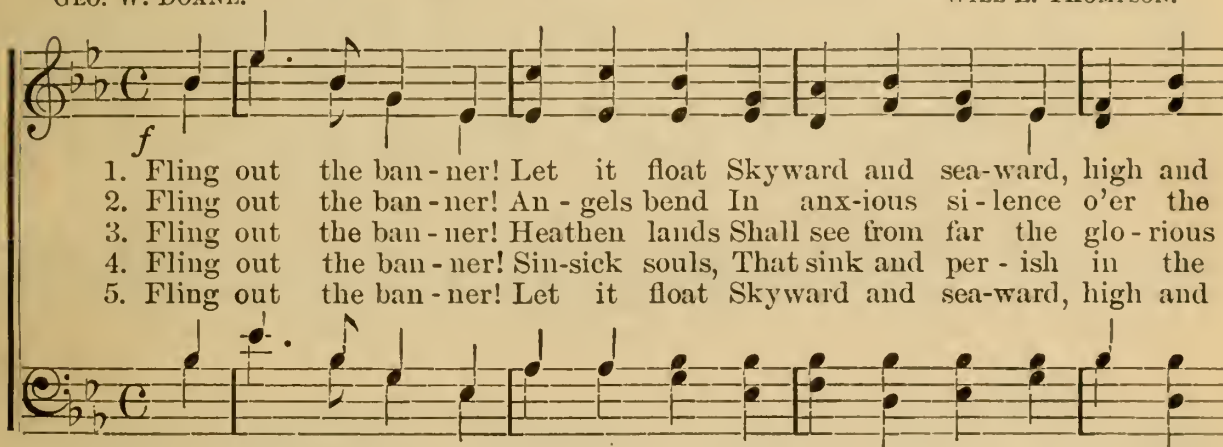


took a - way my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love with-in.  
load of sin,

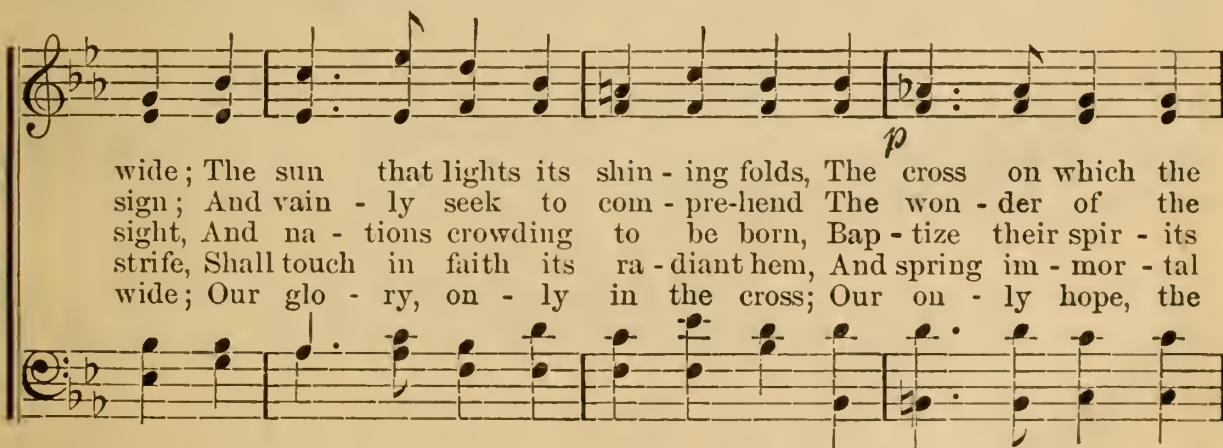
## No. 61. FLING OUT THE BANNER.

GEO. W. DOANE.

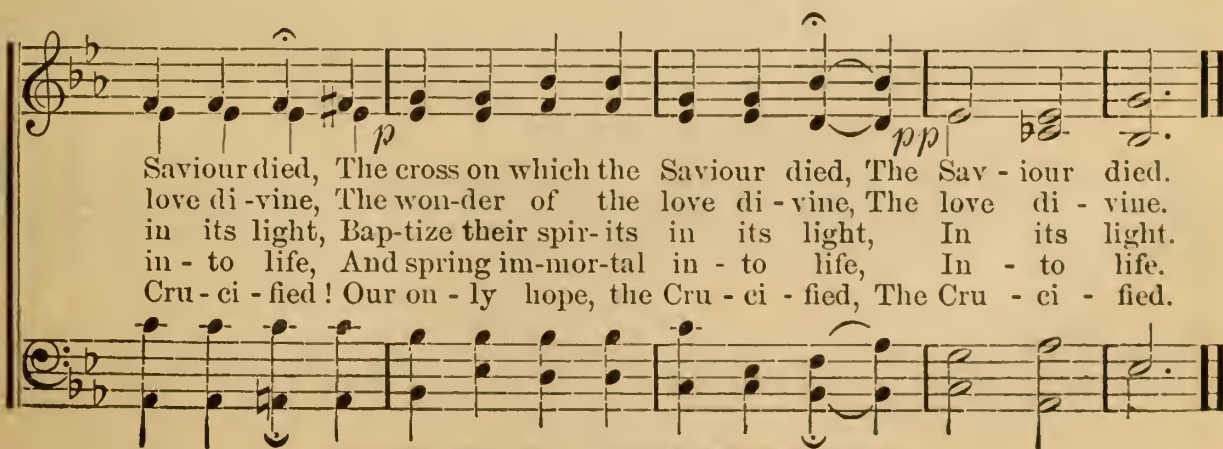
WILL L. THOMPSON.



*f*  
1. Fling out the ban-ner! Let it float Skyward and sea-ward, high and  
2. Fling out the ban-ner! An-gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the  
3. Fling out the ban-ner! Heathen lands Shall see from far the glo-rious  
4. Fling out the ban-ner! Sin-sick souls, That sink and per-ish in the  
5. Fling out the ban-ner! Let it float Skyward and sea-ward, high and



*p*  
wide; The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the  
sign; And vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the  
sight, And na-tions crowding to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its  
strife, Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal  
wide; Our glo-ry, on-ly in the cross; Our on-ly hope, the



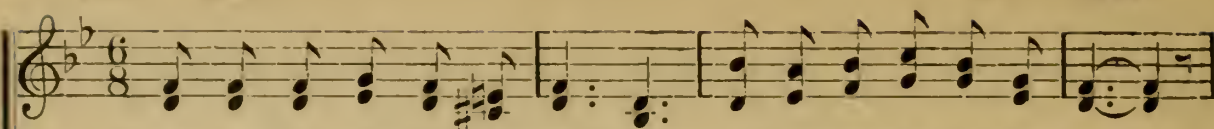
*p* *pp*  
Saviour died, The cross on which the Saviour died, The Sav-iour died.  
love di-vine, The won-der of the love di-vine, The love di-vine.  
in its light, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light, In its light.  
in-to life, And spring im-mor-tal in-to life, In-to life.  
Cru-ci-fied! Our on-ly hope, the Cru-ci-fied, The Cru-ci-fied.



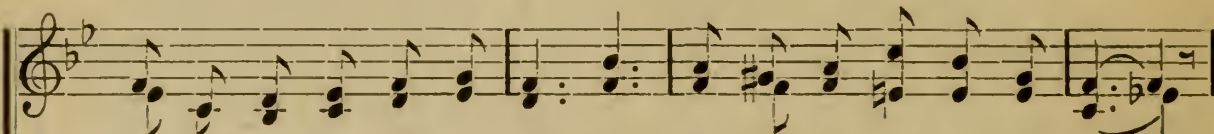
# No. 62. NEVER GIVE UP.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.



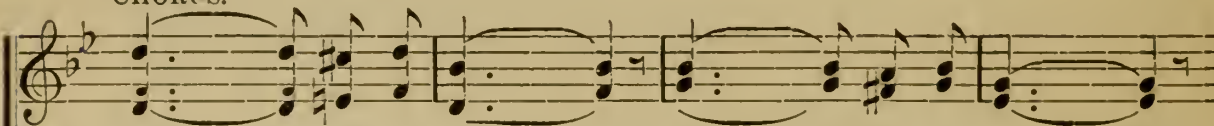
1. Nev - er be sad or de-spond - ing If Thou hast faith to be - lieve ;
2. What if thy burdens op-press thee ; What tho' thy life may be drear ;
3. Nev - er be sad or de-spond - ing, There is a morrow for thee ;



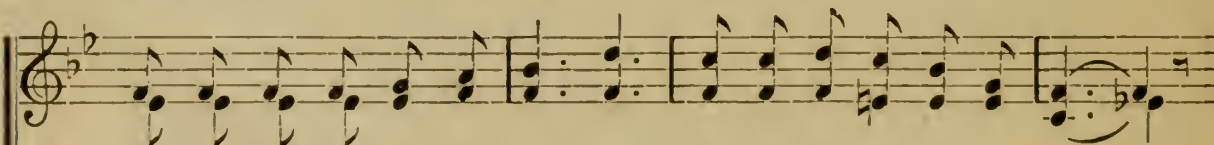
Grace, for the du - ties be - fore thee, Ask of thy God and re - ceive.  
Look on the side that is bright-est, Pray, and thy path will be clear.  
Soon thou shalt dwell in its bright-ness, There with the Lord thou shalt be.



## CHORUS.



Nev - - er give up,..... Nev - - er give up,.....  
Nev - er give up, nev - er give up, Nev - er give up, nev - er give up,



Nev - er give up to thy sor - rows, Je - sus will bid them de - part ;



Trust..... in the Lord,..... Trust..... in the  
Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,



# NEVER GIVE UP.—Concluded.

Lord,..... Sing when your trials are greatest, Trust in the Lord and take heart.

Trust in the Lord,

## No. 63. NO, NOT ONE!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

*Slow, and with feeling.*

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev-er saint find this Friend forsake Him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

*S:*

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!

And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!

No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!

Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!

Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, not one! no, not one!

*D. S.*—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

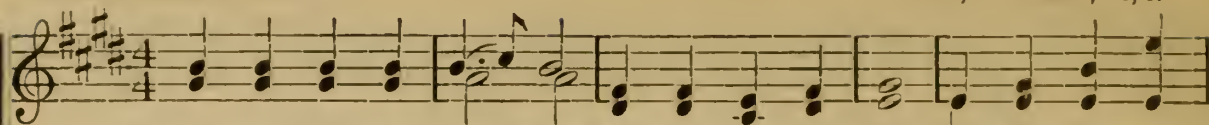
Je-sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;



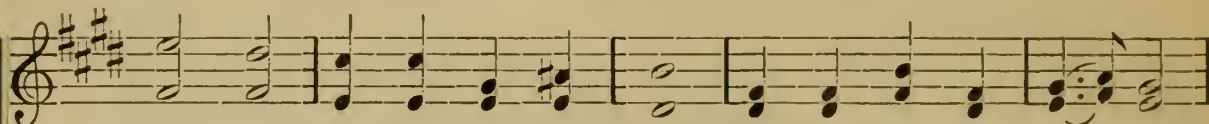
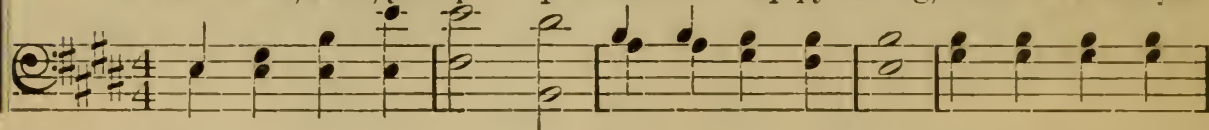
# No. 64. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

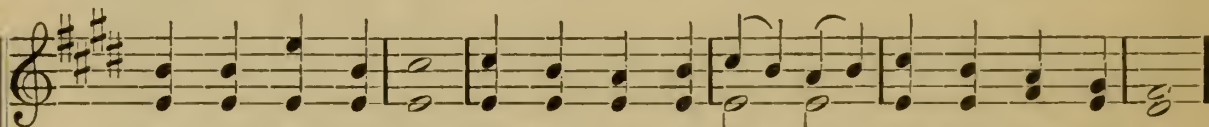
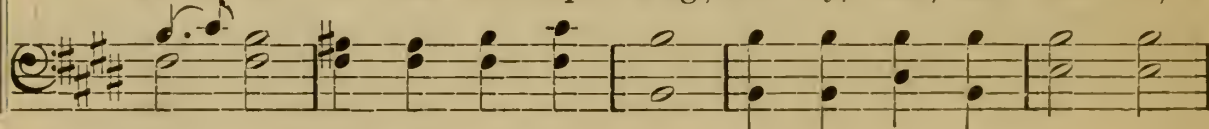
Tune, "Onward," 6, 5.



1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your



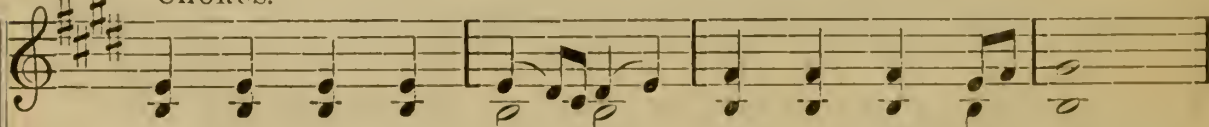
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,  
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,  
Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er  
voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,



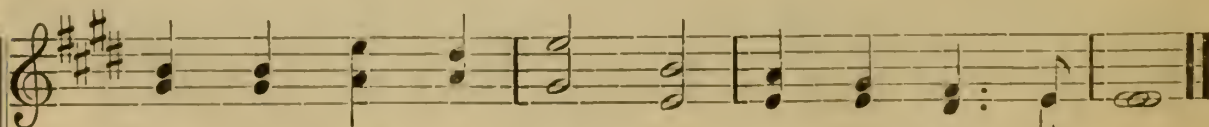
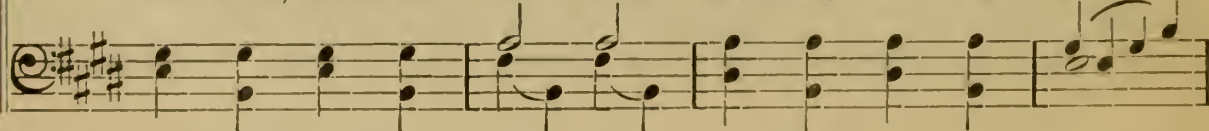
Leads a-against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go!  
All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.  
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.  
Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.



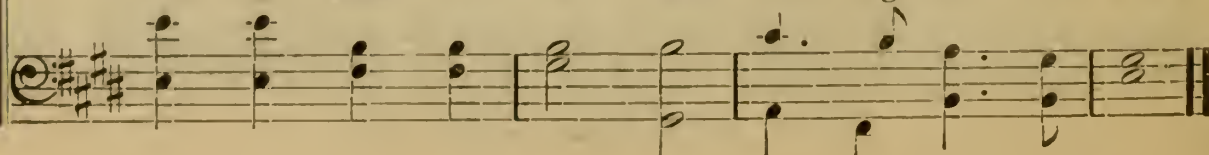
## CHORUS.



On - ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war,



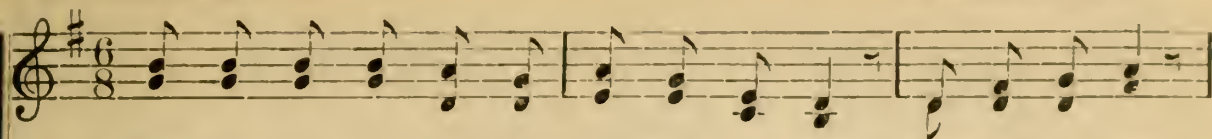
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.



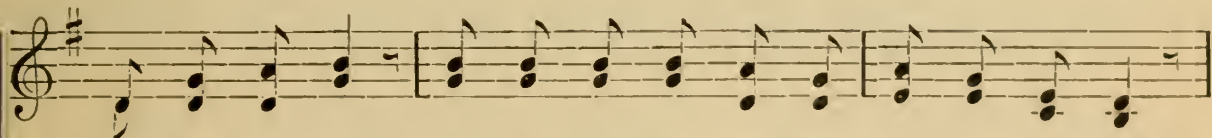
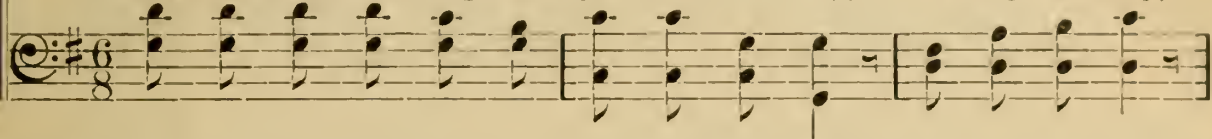
# No. 65. FOLLOWING JESUS.

J. W. CARPENTER.

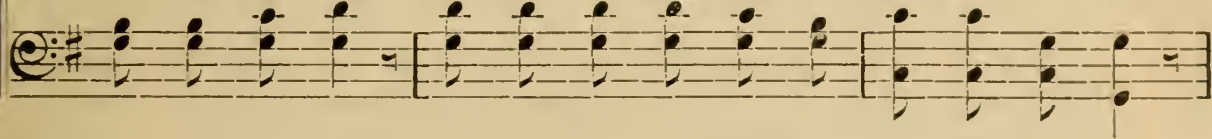
LEONARD DAUGHERTY.



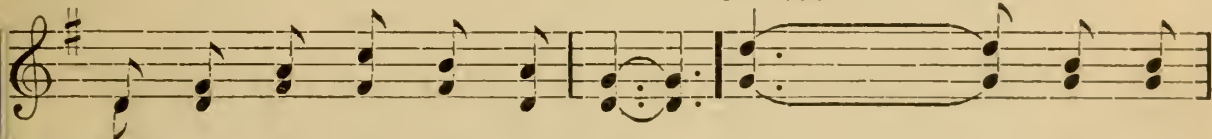
1. Brave lit - tle sol - diers we're marching to - day, Marching to - day,
2. Lit - tle light-bear - ers we're shin - ing to - day, Shin - ing to - day,
3. Cheer - ful and will - ing we're giv - ing to - day, Giv - ing to - day,



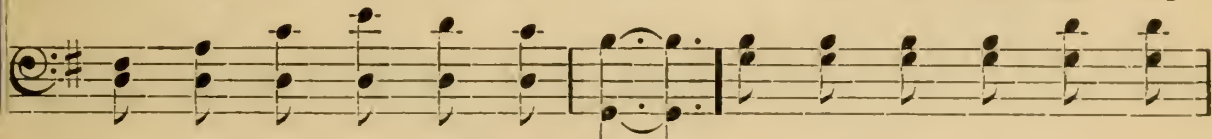
march - ing to - day; Fol - low - ing Je - sus now lead - ing the way,  
shin - ing to - day; Send - ing out sun - shine on love's beaming ray,  
giv - ing to - day; Lov - ing - ly seek - ing His word to o - bey,



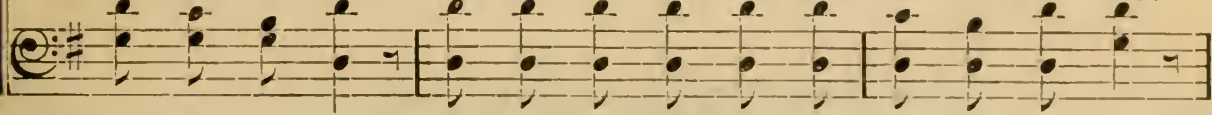
## CHORUS.



March - ing for Je - sus to - day. } Fol - low - ing  
Shin - ing for Je - sus to - day. }  
Giv - ing for Je - sus to - day. } Fol - low - ing, fol - low - ing



Je - sus to - day, Fol - low - ing Him in that beau - ti - ful way,



He will keep us ev - er His own, Safe in the beau - ti - ful way.

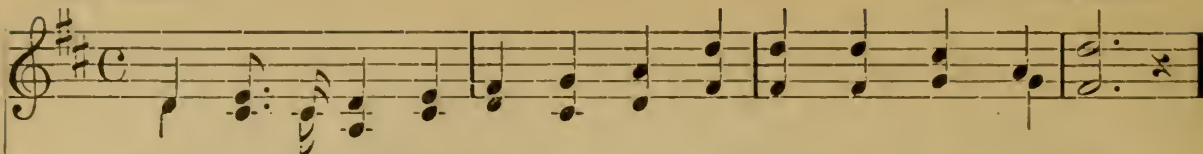




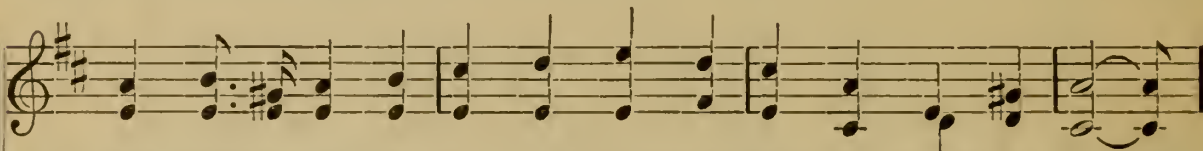
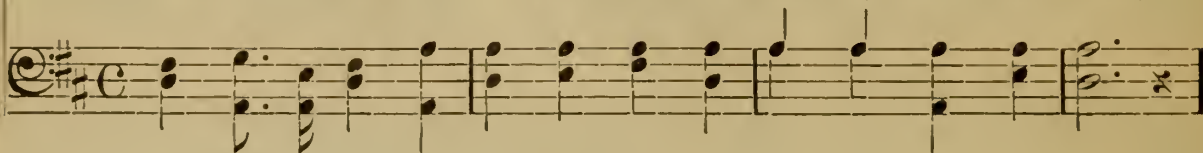
# No. 66. A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS.

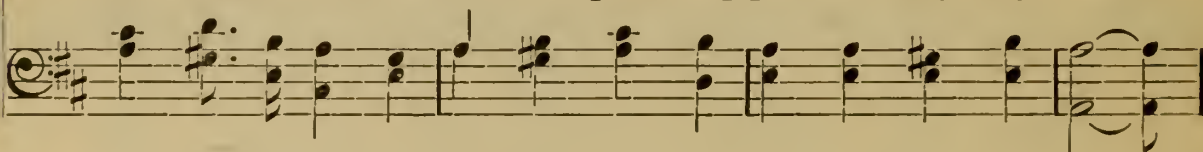
WILL L. THOMPSON.



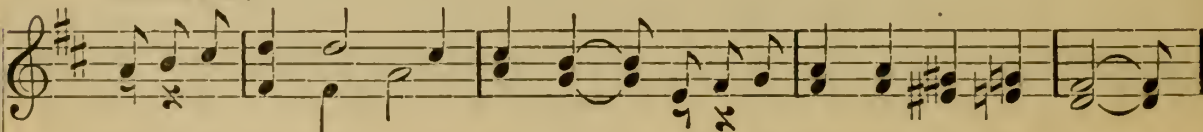
1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies, On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord ;



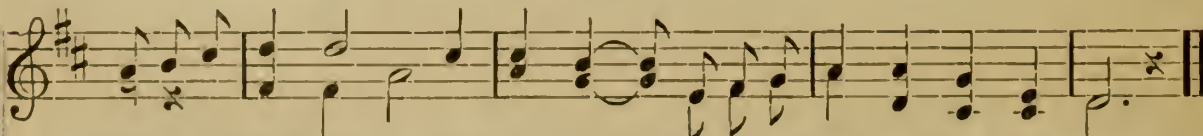
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood - y seas?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.



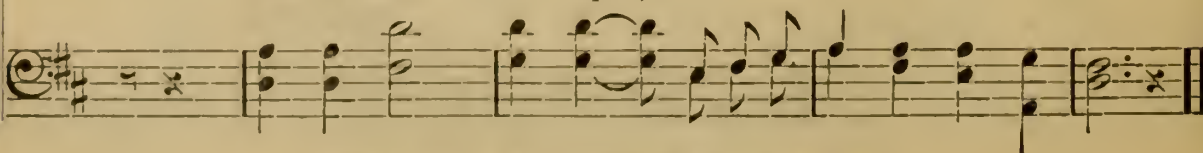
## REFRAIN.



Am I a sol - dier of Je - sus? Am I a sol - dier of the cross?  
Sol - dier of Je - sus,



Then I must bat - tle and con - quer, And never fear to own His cause.  
Bat - tle and con - quer,



# No. 67. LEAD ME GENTLY HOME, FATHER.

W. L. T.

Solo or Duett and Chorus.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Lead me gen - tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, When life's toils are  
 2. Lead me gen - tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, In life's darkest

end - ed, And part - ting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me,  
 hours, Fa - ther, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring,

Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt only lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.  
 Lest from Thee I roam, Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gently home.

## CHORUS.

Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly

Lead me gen - tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,  
*cres. f dim. rit. pp*

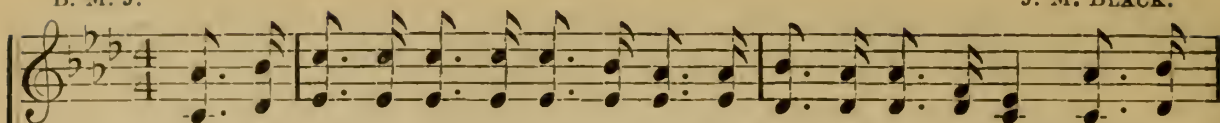
Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.  
 gen - tly home.



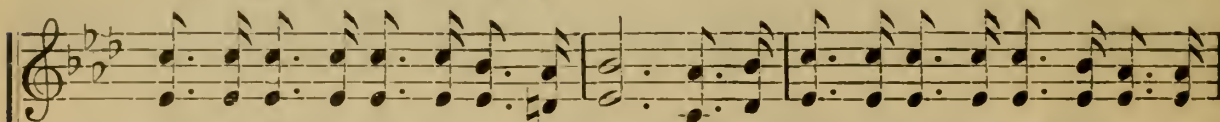
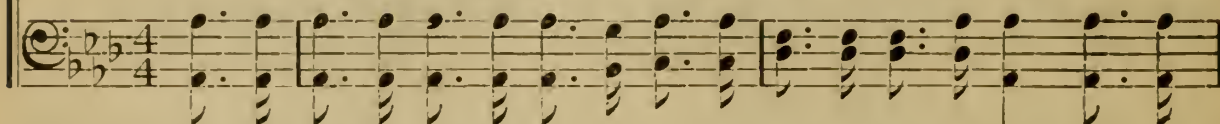
# No. 68. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J.

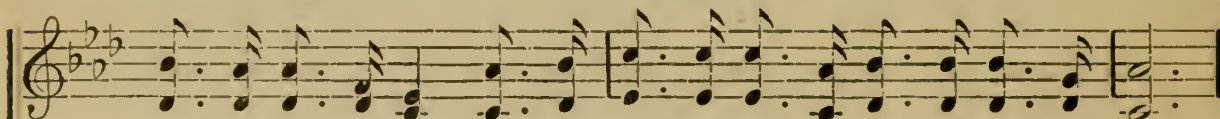
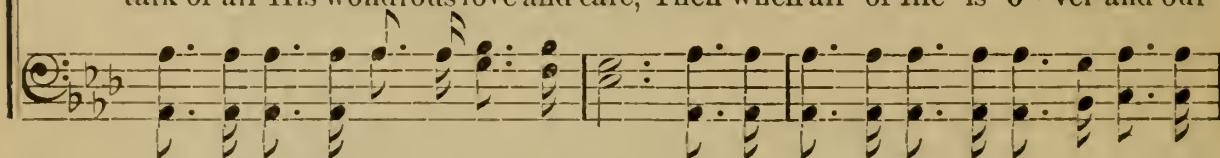
J. M. BLACK.



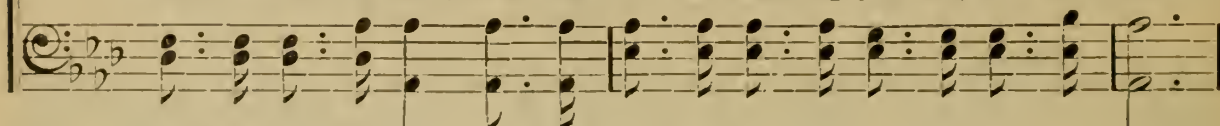
1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise; And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun, Let us



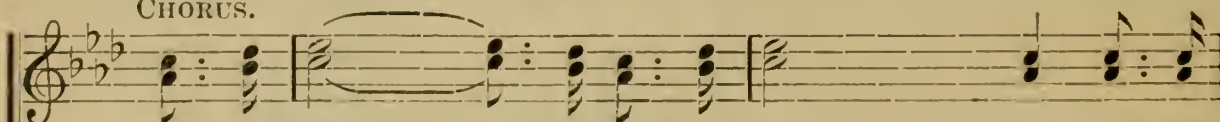
morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather over  
glo - ry of His res - ur - rection share; When His chosen ones shall gather to their  
talk of all His wondrous love and care, Then when all of life is o - ver and our



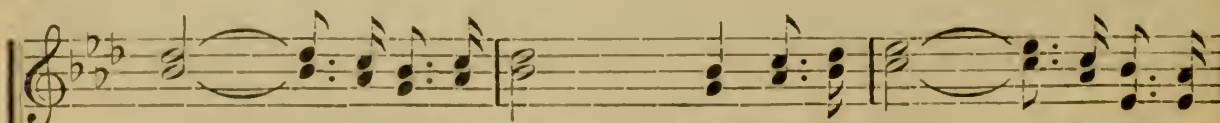
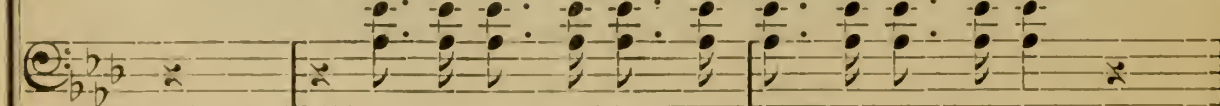
on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.  
home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.  
work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.



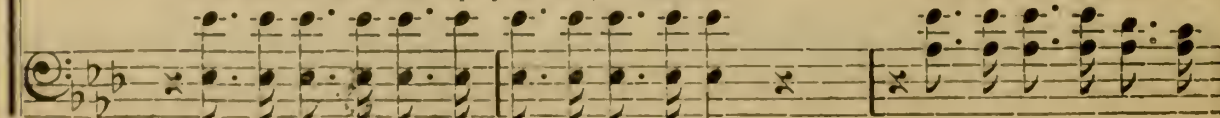
## CHORUS.



When the roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the  
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,



roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up  
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up



# WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED, etc.—Concluded.

you - der, When the roll is called up you - der, I'll be there.

## No. 69. KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Who at my door is stand - ing,— Pa - tient - ly draw - ing near,  
 2. Lone - ly without He's stay - ing: Lone - ly with - in am I.  
 3. All thro' the dark hours drear - y, Knocking a - gain is He.  
 4. Door of my heart, I has - ten! Thee will I o - pen wide.

En - trance with - in de - mand - ing? Whose is the voice I hear?  
 While I am still de - lay - ing, Will He not pass me by?  
 Je - sus, art Thou not wea - ry, Wait - ing so long for me?  
 Tho' He re - buke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.

*D. S.*—If Thou wilt heed my call - ing, I will a - bide with Thee."

REFRAIN.

Sweet - ly the tones are fall - ing:—"O - pen the door for me!"

*D. S.*

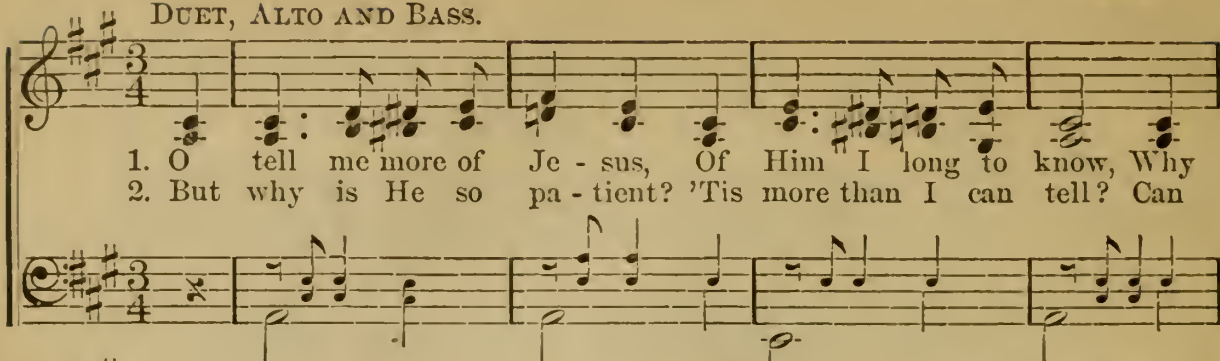


# No. 70. TELL ME MORE OF JESUS.

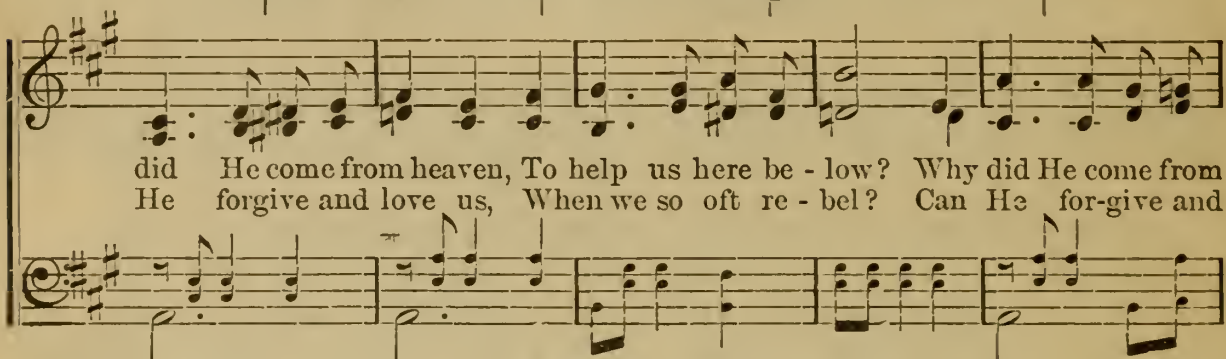
W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

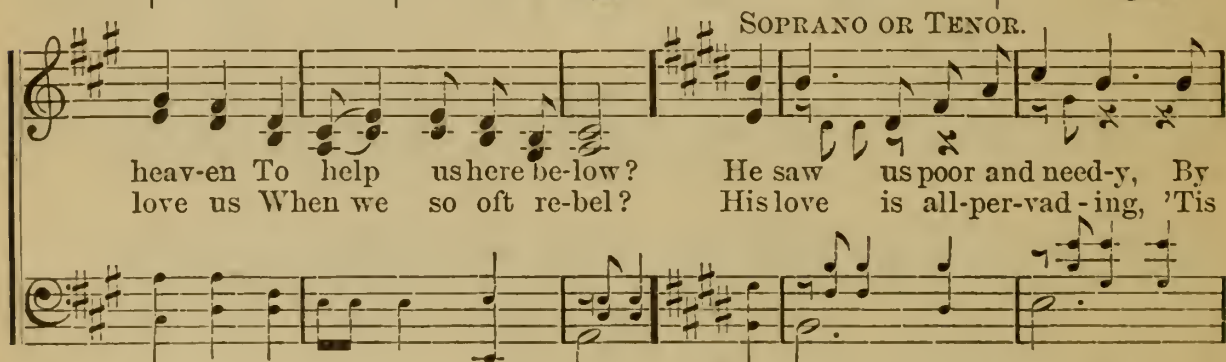
DUET, ALTO AND BASS.



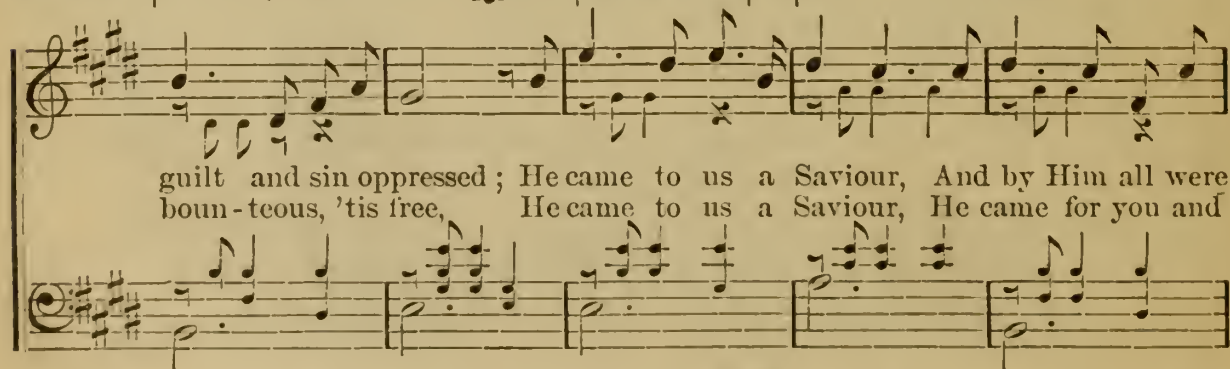
1. O tell me more of Je - sus, Of Him I long to know, Why  
2. But why is He so pa - tient? 'Tis more than I can tell? Can



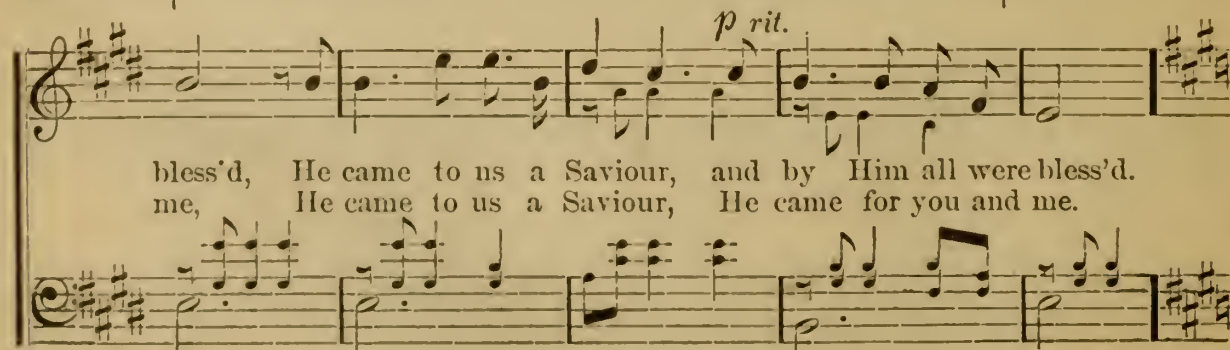
did He come from heaven, To help us here be - low? Why did He come from  
He forgive and love us, When we so oft re - bel? Can He for-give and



heav-en To help us here be-low? He saw us poor and need-y, By  
love us When we so oft re-bel? His love is all-per-vad-ing, 'Tis



guilt and sin oppressed; He came to us a Saviour, And by Him all were  
boun-teous, 'tis free, He came to us a Saviour, He came for you and



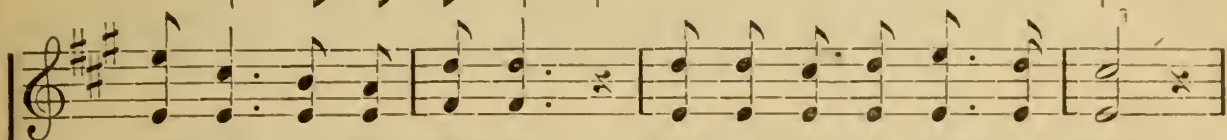
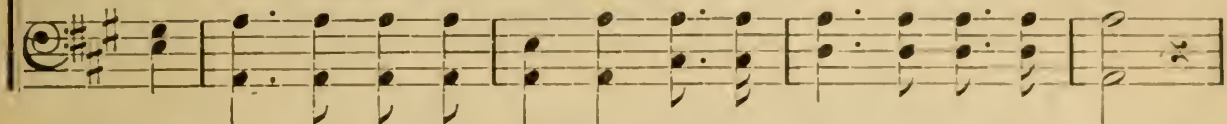
*p rit.*  
bless'd, He came to us a Saviour, and by Him all were bless'd.  
me, He came to us a Saviour, He came for you and me.

# TELL ME MORE OF JESUS.—Concluded.

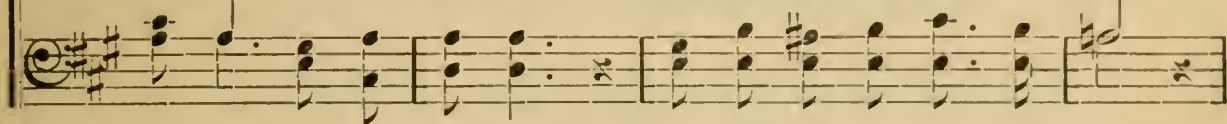
CHORUS. *a tempo.*



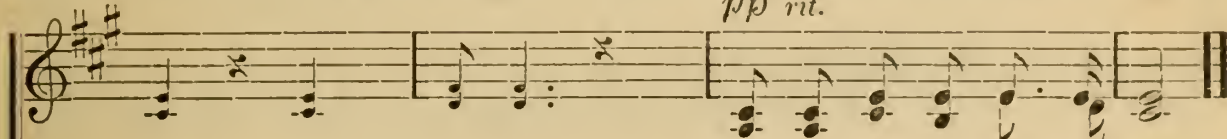
O Je - sus, precious Je - sus, Let me love Thee more and more,



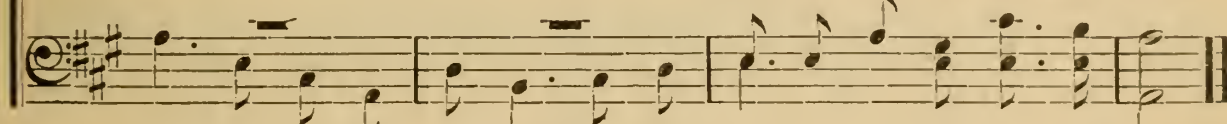
Guide me, O my Saviour, Guide me to the heav'nly shore.



*pp rit.*



Guide me to the heav'nly shore.



Guide me, O my Saviour, safely to the heav'nly shore.

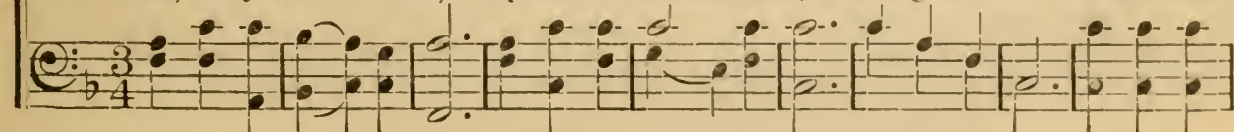
## No. 71. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.)

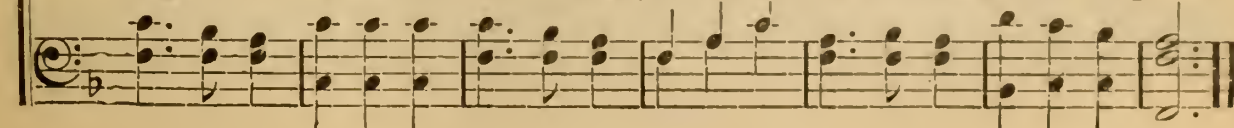
E. GIARDINI.



1. Come, Thou almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father, all
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, holy Com-fort-er, Thy sacred witness bear, In this glad hour: Thou who al-



glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.  
 peo - ple bless, And give Thy word success; Spirit of ho - liness, On us descend.  
 mighty art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of pow'r.

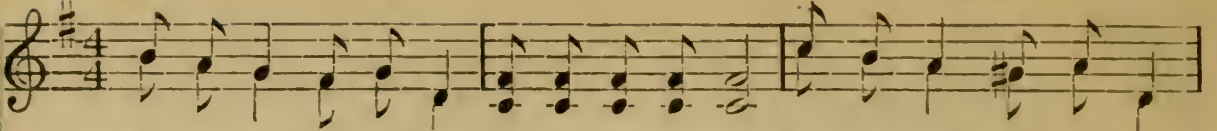




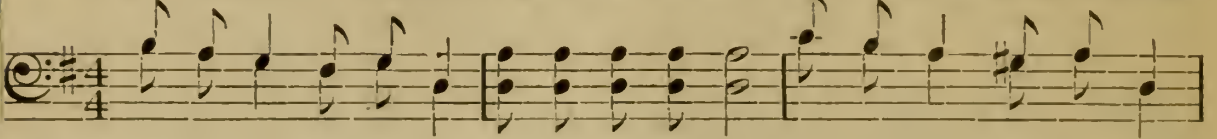
No. 72. MAGNIFY HIS NAME.

E. E. HEWITT.

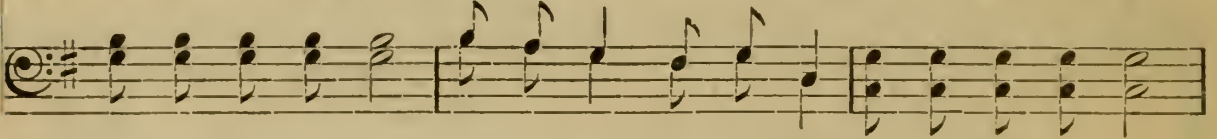
HOWARD E. SMITH.



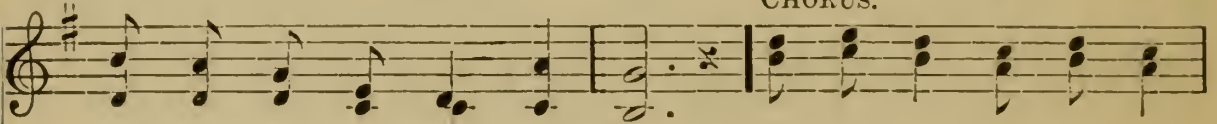
1. He is mine, I am His ; let His praise resound ; By His grace, wondrous grace,  
2. He is mine, I am His ; bound by cords of love ; Rays of hope brightly shine  
3. He is mine, I am His ; let me do His will, In the nook He shall choose,



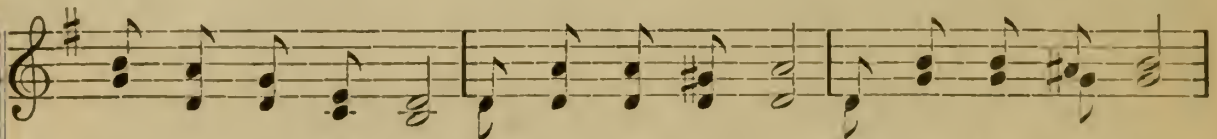
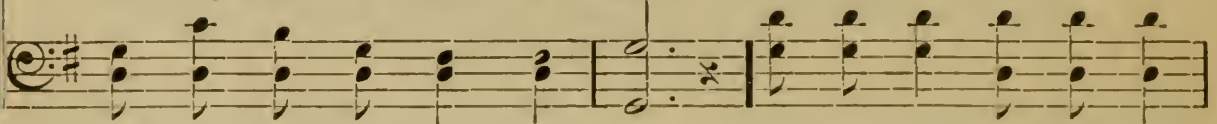
I was sought and found; From His home, far a - way, my Re - deem - er came,  
from the land a - bove; In His steps leading me, safe - ly day by day;  
hum - bly serv - ing still; Lov - ing words, helpful deeds, giv - ing as I go,



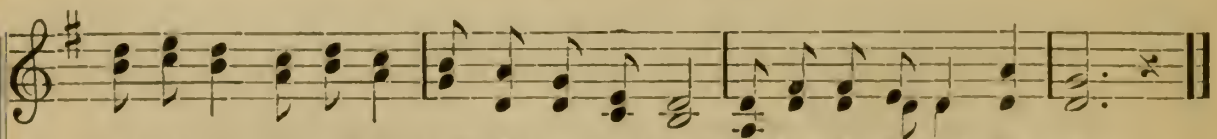
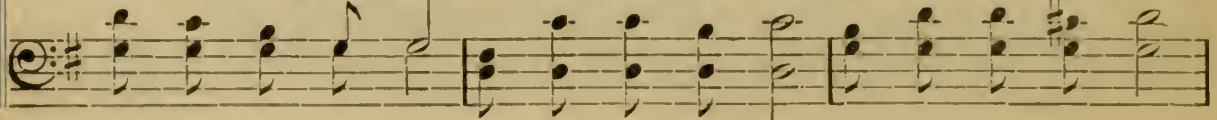
CHORUS.



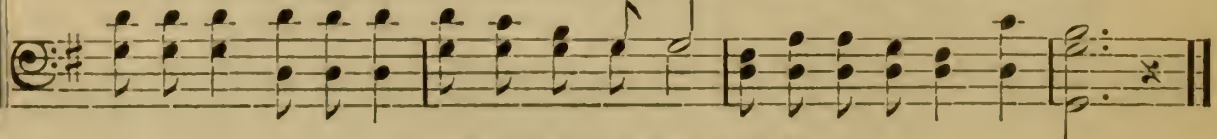
Bless and mag - ni - fy His name. }  
 Cheer-ing all the heav'nward way. } He is mine, I am His  
 Giv - ing from a heart a - glow. }



kept in per - fect peace, Leaning on His breast, till this life shall cease;



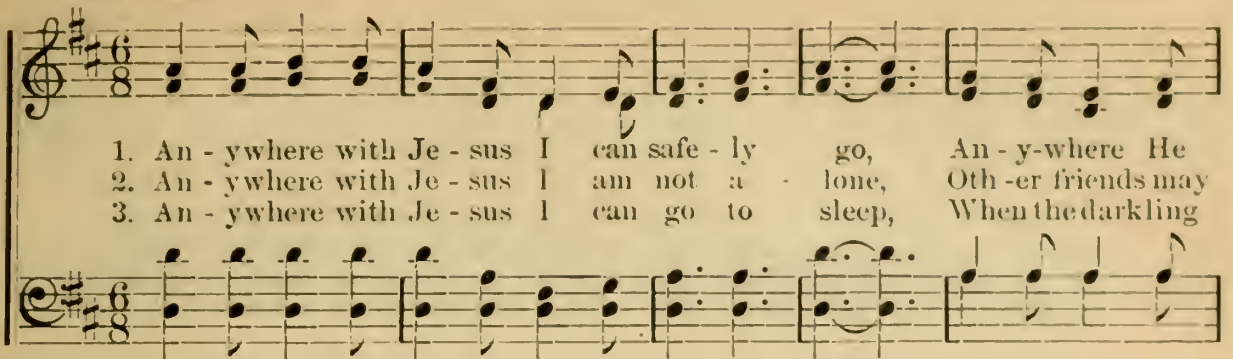
He is mine, I am His; bless His ho - ly name, Bless and magnify His name.



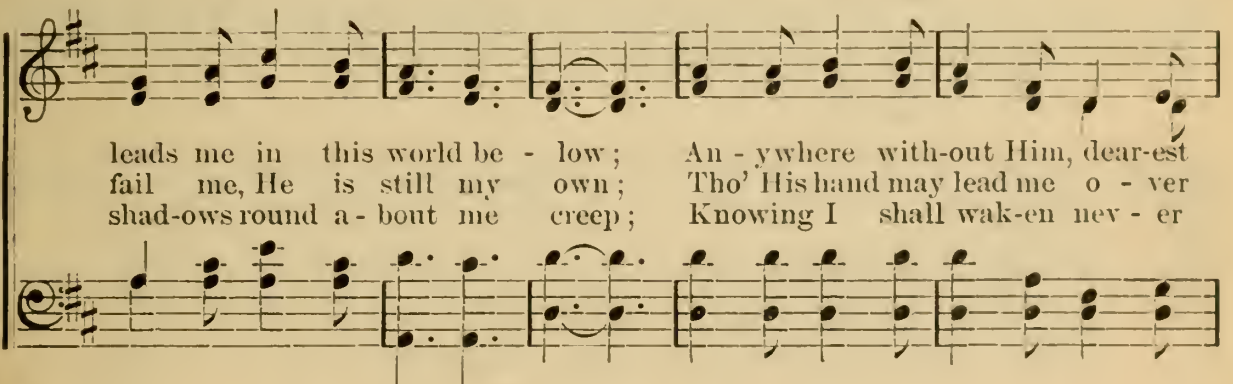
# No. 73. ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

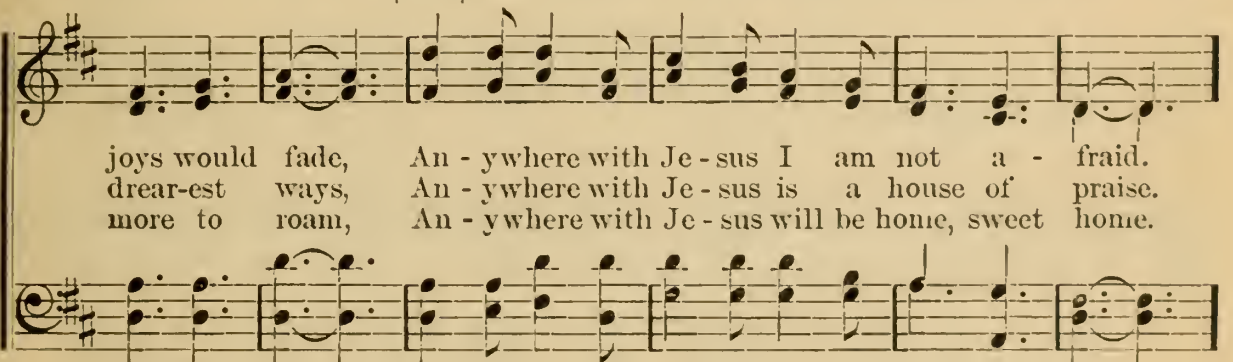
D. B. TOWNER.



1. An - ywhere with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y-where He  
 2. An - ywhere with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Oth - er friends may  
 3. An - ywhere with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the darkling

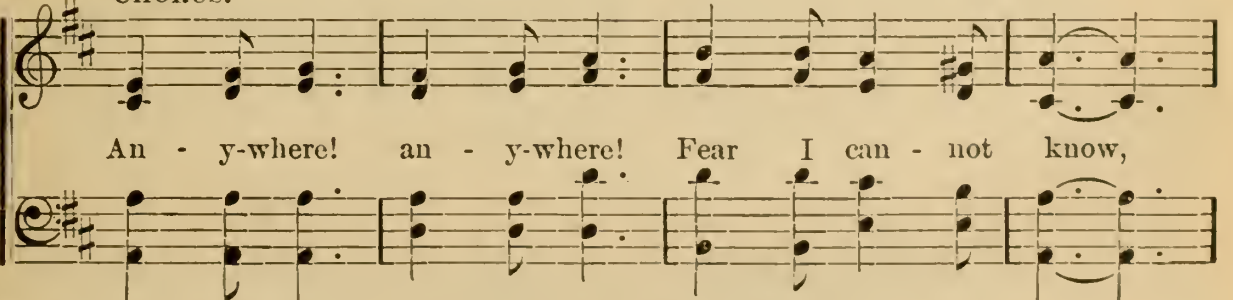


leads me in this world be - low; An - ywhere with-out Him, dear-est  
 fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver  
 shad-ows round a - bout me creep; Knowing I shall wak-en nev - er

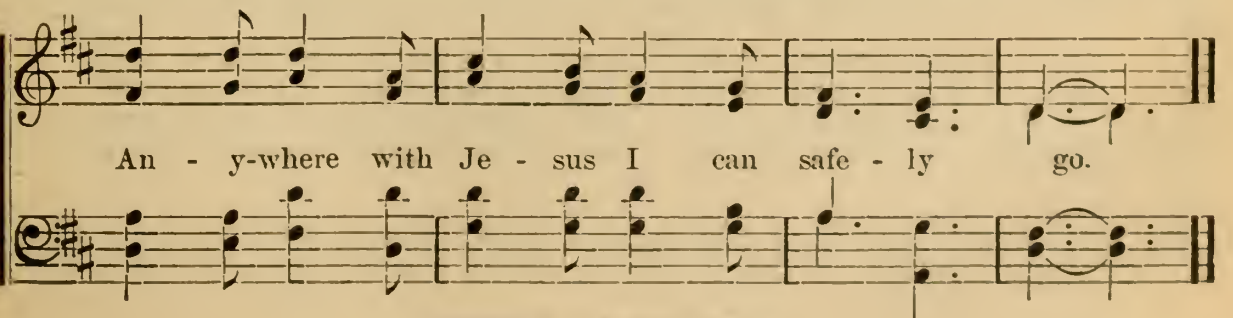


joys would fade, An - ywhere with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.  
 drear-est ways, An - ywhere with Je - sus is a house of praise.  
 more to roam, An - ywhere with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

## CHORUS.



An - y-where! an - y-where! Fear I can - not know,



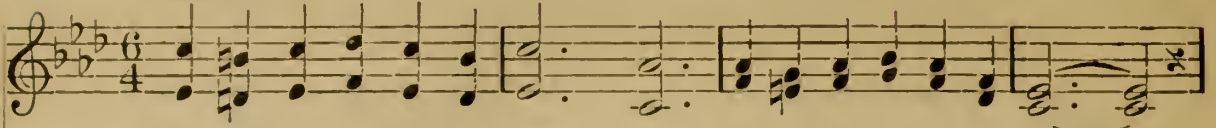
An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.



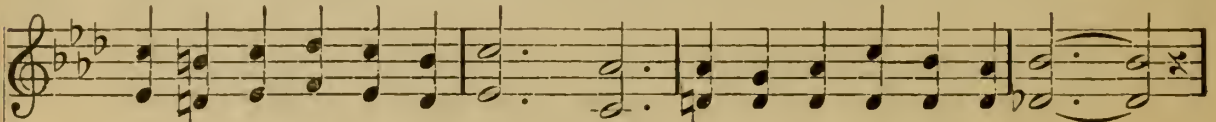
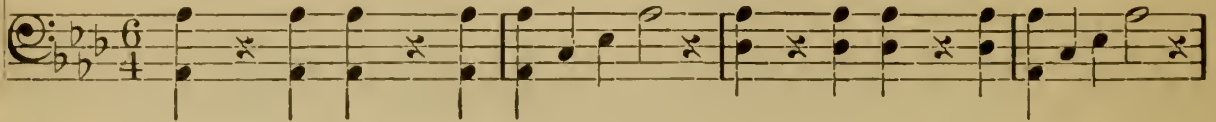
# No. 74. DEAR TO THE HEART OF THE SHEPHERD.

Mrs. MARY B. WINGATE.  
DUET.

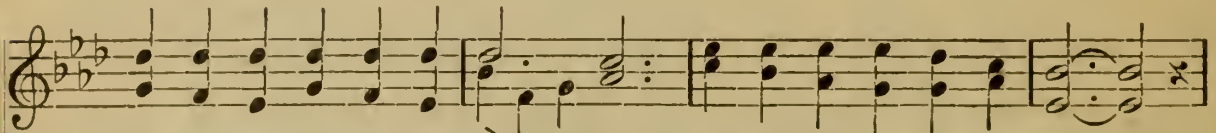
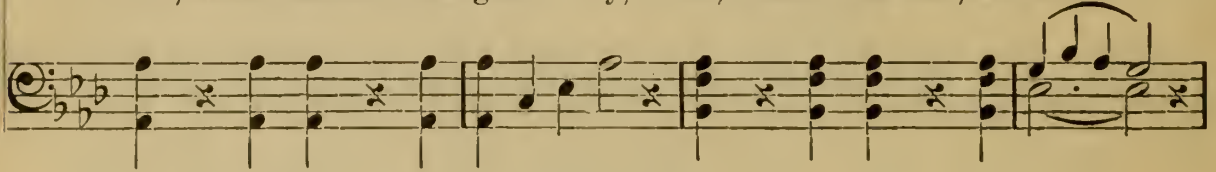
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



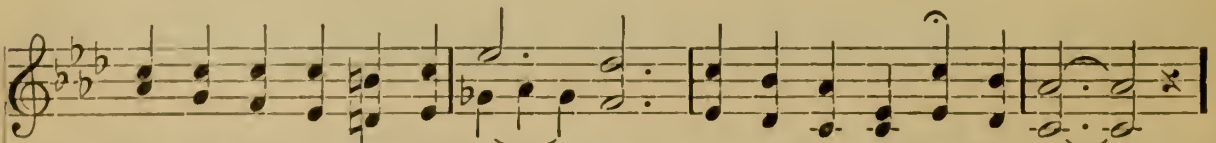
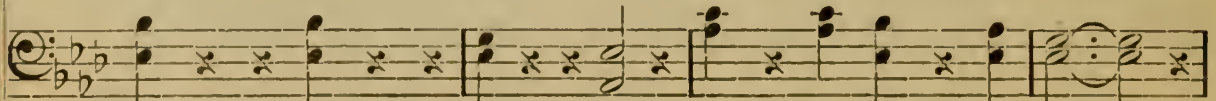
1. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the sheep of His fold;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the lambs of His fold;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the "ninety and nine;"
4. Green are the pastures in - vit - ing, Sweet are the waters and "still;"



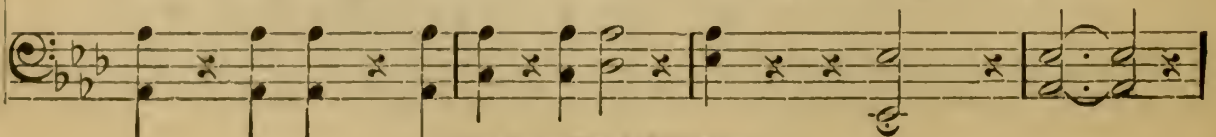
Dear is the love that He gives them, Dear-er than sil - ver or gold.  
Some from the pastures are stray - ing, Hungry and helpless and cold.  
Dear are the sheep that have wan - dered Out in the des - ert to pine.  
Lord, we will answer Thee glad - ly, "Yes, bless-ed Mas-ter, we will!



Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are His "other" lost sheep;  
See, the good Shepherd is seek - ing, Seeking the lambs that are lost;  
Hark! He is ear-nest - ly call - ing, Ten-der - ly pleading to - day;  
Make us Thy true under-shep - herds, Give us a love that is deep;



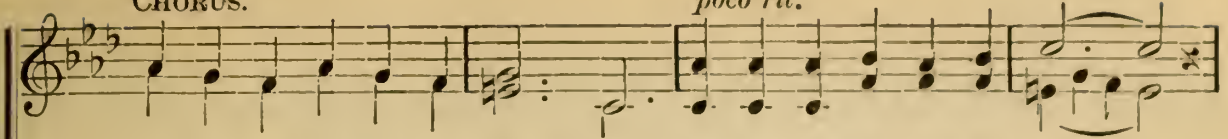
O - ver the mountains He fol - lows, O - ver the wa - ters so deep.  
Bringing them in with re - joic - ing, Saved at such in - fi - nite cost.  
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shel - ter a - stray?"  
Send us out in - to the des - ert, Seek-ing Thy wan-der-ing sheep."



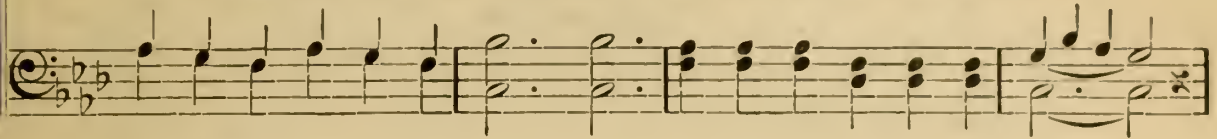
# DEAR TO THE HEART, etc.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

*poco rit.*



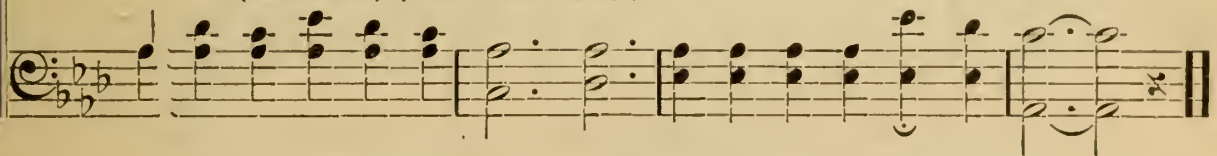
Out in the des-ert they wan-der, Hun-gry and helpless and cold;



*f a tempo.*



Off to the res-cue { He has - tens, } Bringing them back to the fold.  
(4th verse.) { we'll has - ten, }

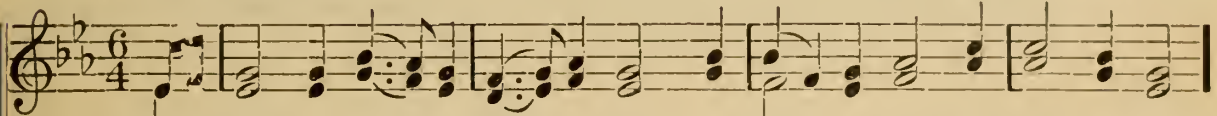


## No. 75. JUST AS I AM.

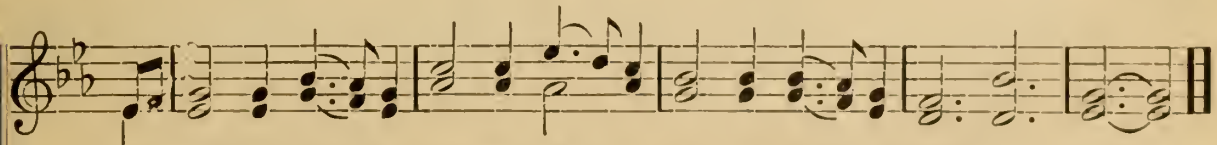
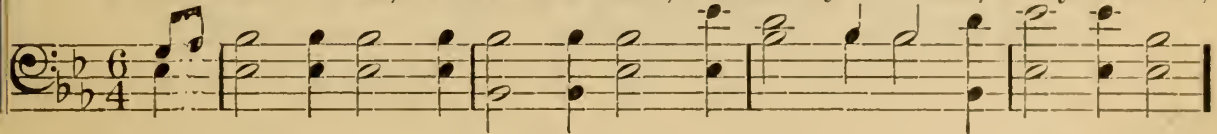
(WOODWORTH. L. M.)

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

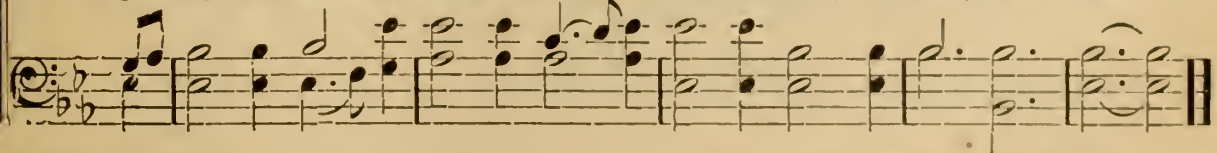
W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout, With many a conflict, many a doubt,



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee; O Lamb of God, I come, I come!  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!  
Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!



4 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!



# No. 76. WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED.

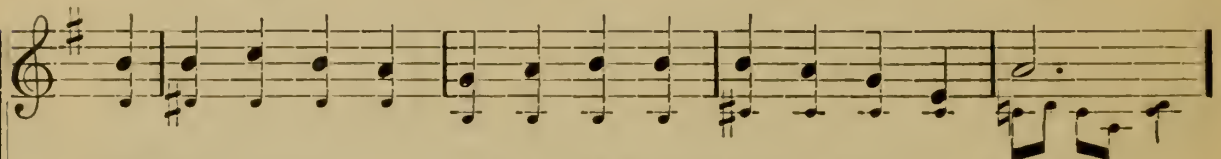
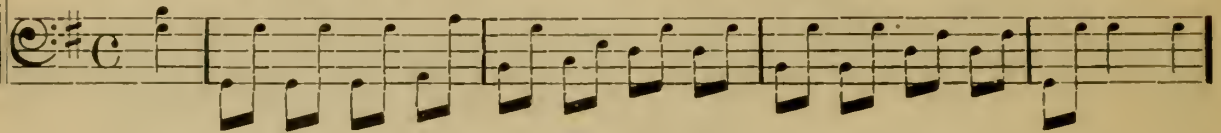
NAHUM TATE, 1702.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

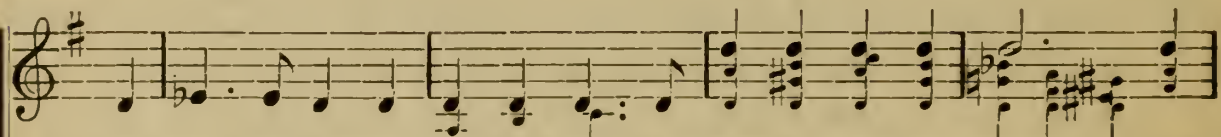
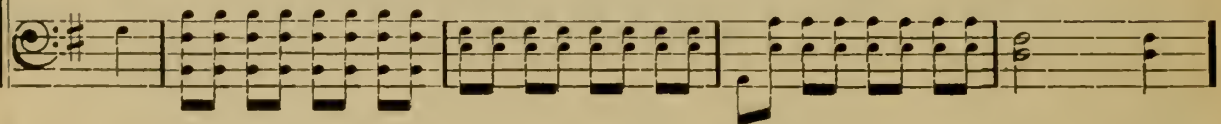
*Unison.*



1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground,
2. "To you, in Da - vid's town this day, Is born of Da - vid's line,
3. Thus spake the ser-aph, and forthwith Ap-peared a shin-ing throng



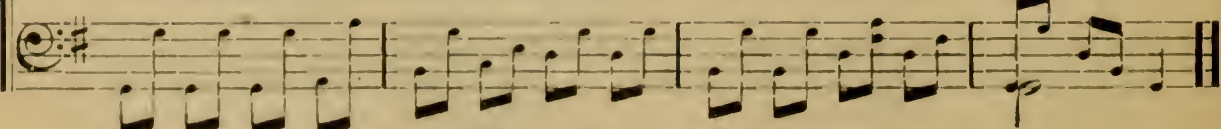
The An - gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone a - round.  
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign:  
Of an - gels praising God, and thus Addressed their joy - ful song.



"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind, "Glad  
The heavenly Babe you there shall find To human view displayed, All  
"All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace, Good-



ti - dings of great joy I bring, To you and all man - kind."  
meanly wrapt in swathing bands, And in a manger laid."  
will henceforth from heav'n to men, Be - gin and nev - er cease."



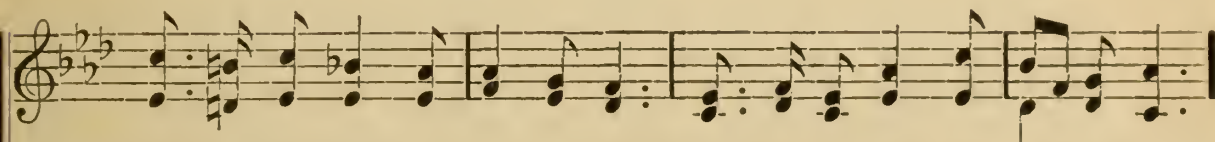
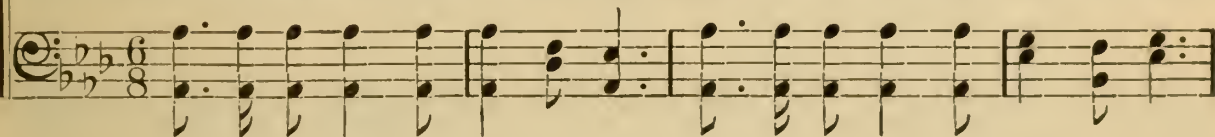
# No. 77. IN JESUS' NAME.

A. T. G.

A. T. GOODSSELL.



1. In His dear name, O Lord, we meet, Now with our hearts low at Thy feet;
2. In His dear name, with praise and pray'r, Telling of all Thy wondrous care,
3. In His dear name good seed we'll sow, And from our hearts more love shall flow;
4. In His dear name, may all we do, Bring now Thy goodness more to view,



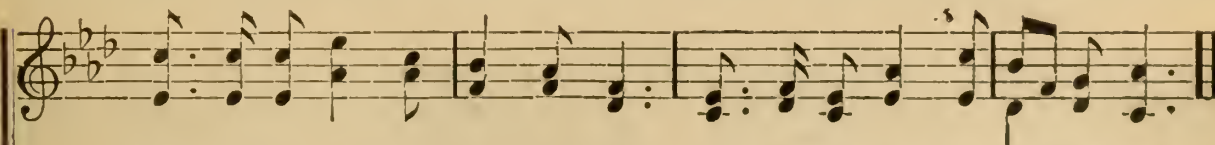
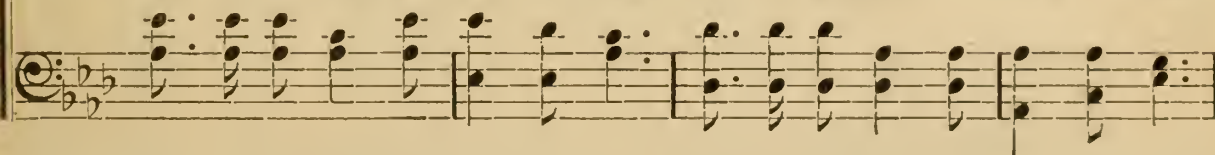
And may Thy Spir - it now at - tend, While here our tho'ts to Thee as - cend.  
We know we can - not meet in vain, For Thine own cause there must be gain.  
Love that is strong for all mankind; Type of the heav'nly love di - vine.  
And may this world the bet - ter be, That we are liv - ing here for Thee.



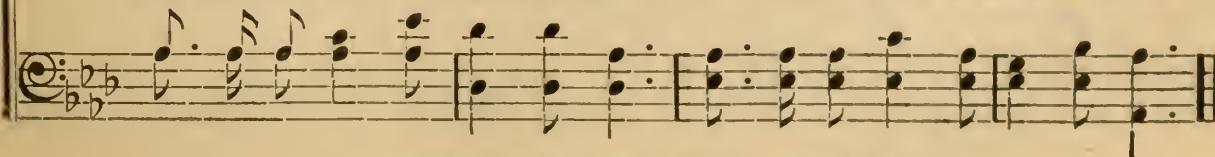
## CHORUS.



Glo - ry to Thee, and to Thy Son, And to the Spir - it, Three in One,



Now may we all be of one mind And in His name some blessing find.

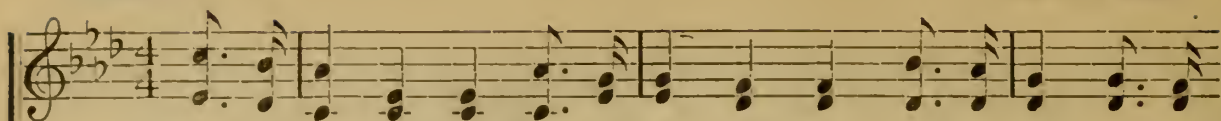




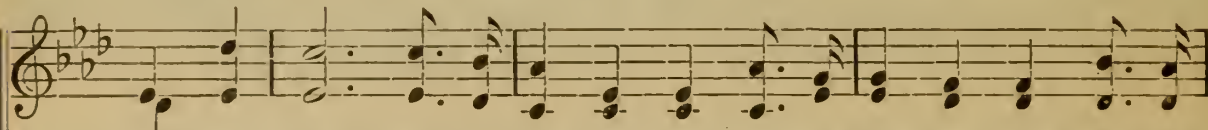
# No. 78. WE'LL NEVER SAY "GOOD-BYE."

G. C. H.

GEO. C. HUGG.



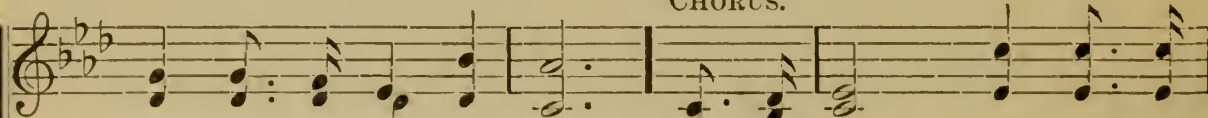
1. In the morn of morns when we all meet there, In the home far a -
2. Nev - er sad - ness there, nei - ther grief nor tear, In that beau - ti - ful
3. With our kin - dred dear, in that home of love, While the a - ges e -



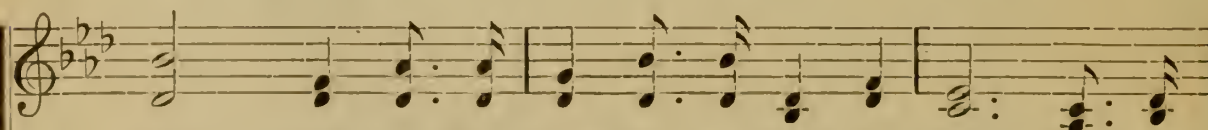
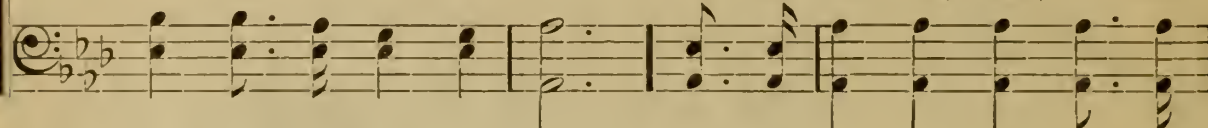
bove the sky, We'll re - call the scenes we have left be - hind, But we  
home on high! But they swell the song, hap - py ransomed thron, And they  
ter - nal fly; We will meet, and sing at the Sav - iour's feet, But we



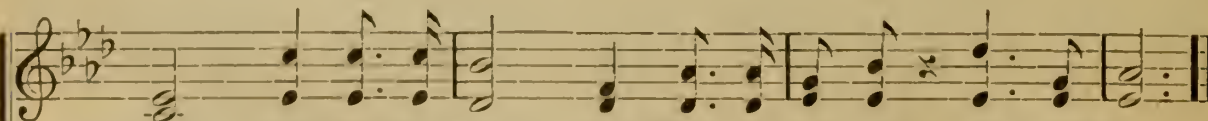
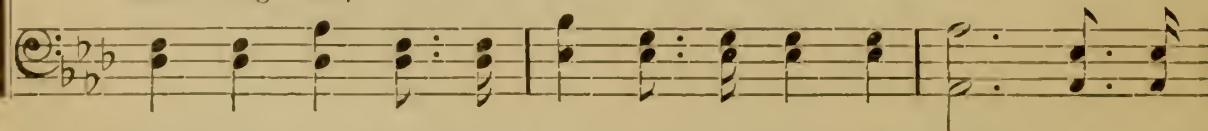
## CHORUS.



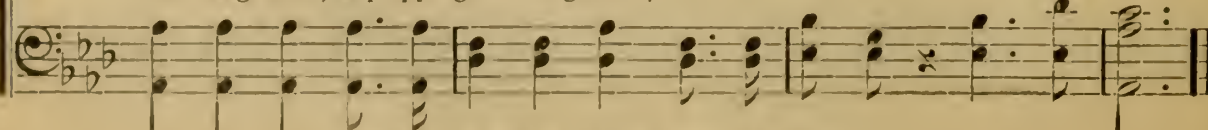
nev - er will say "good - bye." In the dawn - ing of the  
In the dawn - ing clear, of the



morn - ing, In that home far a - bove the sky; Hap - py  
morn - ing fair,



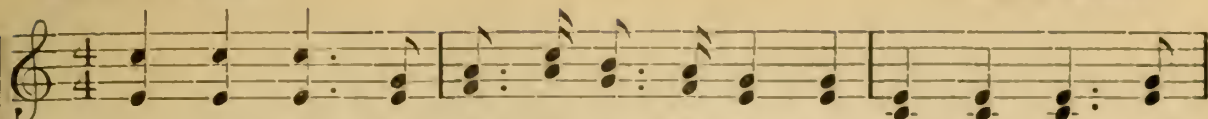
meet - ing, hap - py greet - ing, When we nev - er say "good - bye."  
meet - ing there, hap - py greet - ing there,




# No. 79. LO! A MIGHTY ARMY.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

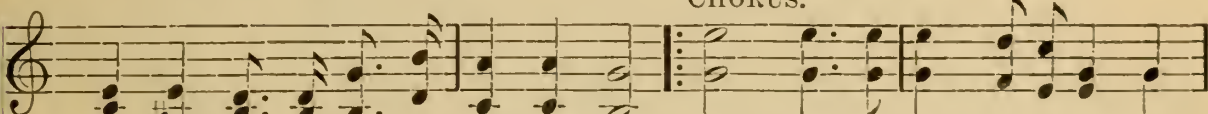


1. Lo! a might - y ar - my now as - sem - bling, Rally - ing to the  
 2. Marshall'd league of ea - ger, youthful sol - diers, Girt with truth they  
 3. Fierce and long may be the dire - ful con - flict With the host of

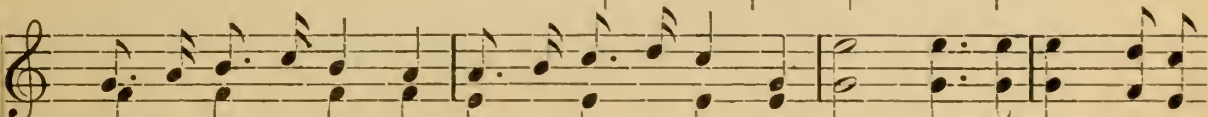


cross, a might-y band, Bold to strive a - gainst the pow'rs of e - vil,  
 bear the Spir-it's sword, Shield of faith and hel - met of sal - va - tion,  
 un - be - lief and sin, Fal - ter not, but swift go forth to bat - tle,


## CHORUS.



Sworn to do or die at God's command. } Forward, ye soldiers of Je - sus,  
 Read - y, wait - ing for the Captain's word. } Forward, ye soldiers of Je - sus,  
 Truth and right with God the fight will win. } Forward, forward march, ye soldiers,



With His ban - ner o'er you, Charge the foe before you; Val - iant - ly fol - low your  
 Faith - ful to your call - ing, Tho' in bat - tle fall - ing, Ye shall with Je - sus vic -  
 For - ward, for - ward march, ye sol - diers, Forward march, ye soldiers,



Captain, Till the fight with sin is o'er; :|| torious Reign in glory evermore.  
 forward, forward,



# No. 80. LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.

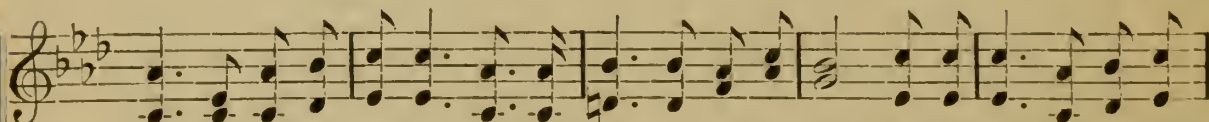
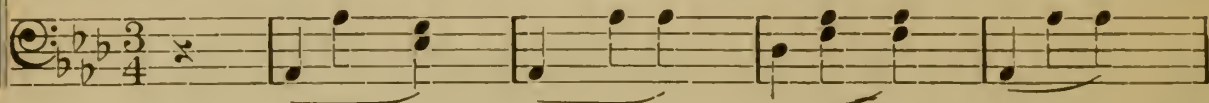
M. E. ABBEY.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

SOLO OR DUET.



1. Life is like a mountain railroad, With an en-gineer that's brave; We must
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al, You will cross the bridge of strife; See that
3. You will al - ways find obstructions, Look for storms of wind and rain; On a
4. As you roll a-cross the tres-tle, Spanning death's dark swelling tide; You be-



make the run successful, From the cra-dle to the grave; Watch the curves, the fills, the  
Christ is your conductor On this lightning train of life; Always mindful of ob -  
fill, or curve, or trestle, They will almost ditch your train; Put your trust alone in  
hold the un-ion de-pot, Into which your train will glide; There you'll meet the Superin-



tunnels, Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er quail; Keep your hand upon the throttle,  
struction, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail; Keep your hand upon the throttle,  
Je - sus, Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fail; Keep your hand upon the throttle,  
tend-ent, God the Fa - ther, God the Son. With the heart-y joy-ous plaudit,

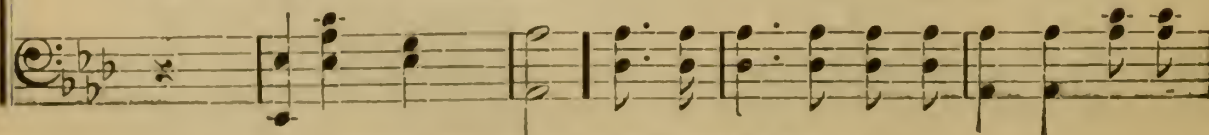


*rit.*

CHORUS.



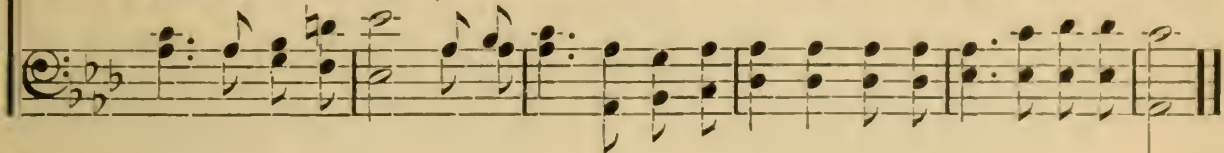
And your eye up - on the rail.  
And your eye up - on the rail.  
And your eye up - on the rail.  
"Wea - ry pilgrim, welcome home." } Blessed Saviour, Thou wilt guide us Till we



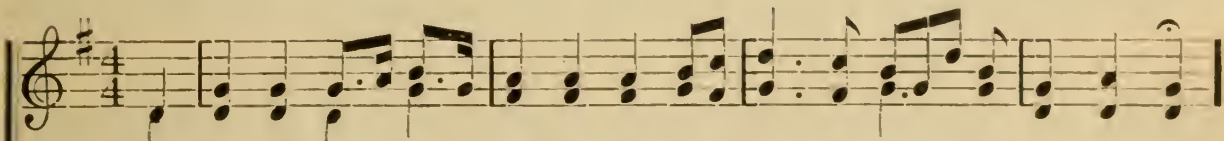
# LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.—Concluded.



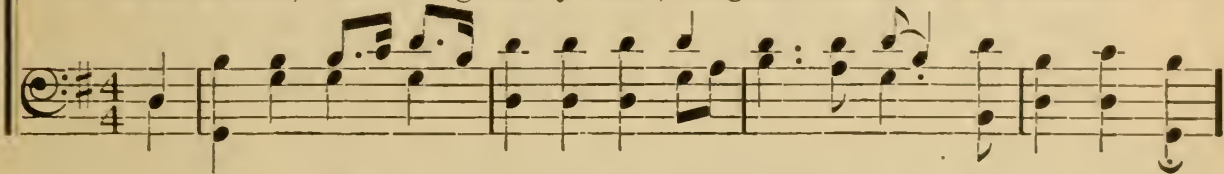
reach that blissful shore, Where the angels wait to join us In Thy praise for evermore.



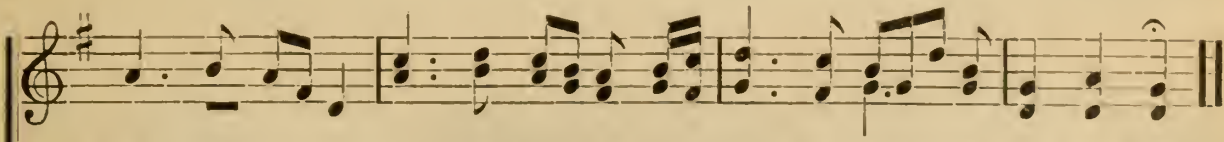
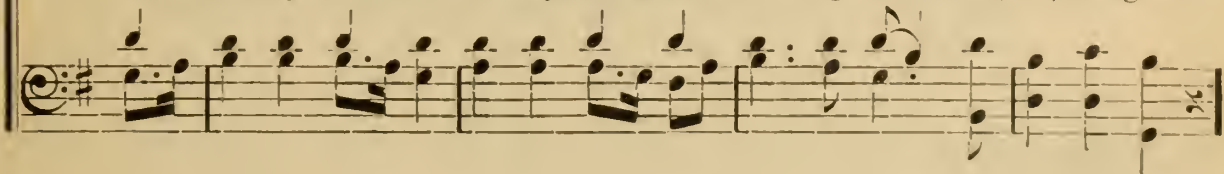
## No. 81. LOVING KINDNESS.



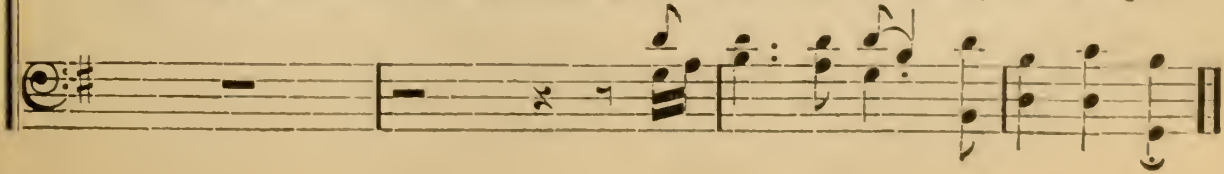
1. A-wake, my soul, to joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeem-er's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not-with-stand-ing all;
3. Tho' numerous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gath-ered thick and thundered loud,



He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how free!  
 He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how great!  
 He safe-ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how strong!  
 He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how good!



Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kindness, oh, how free!  
 Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kindness, oh, how great!  
 Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kindness, oh, how strong!  
 Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kindness, oh, how good!



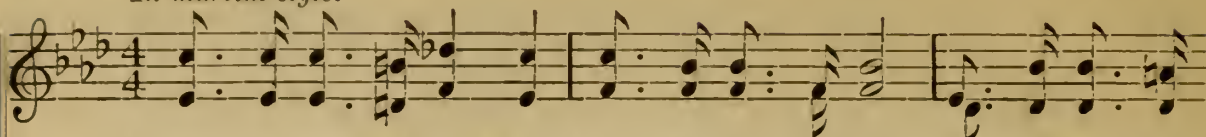


# No. 82. VOLUNTEERS TO THE FRONT!

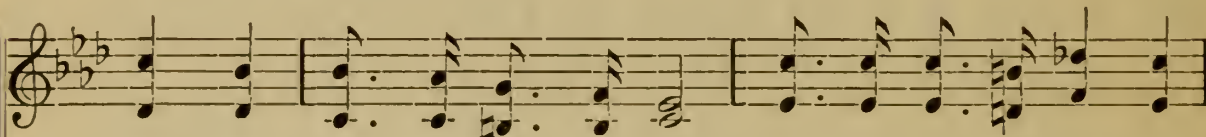
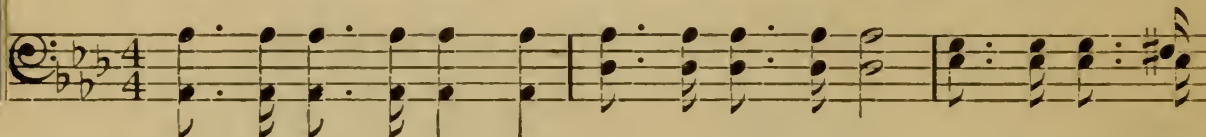
Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS.

M. PAULINE GILMOUR.

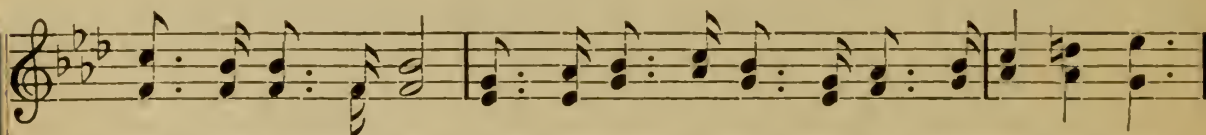
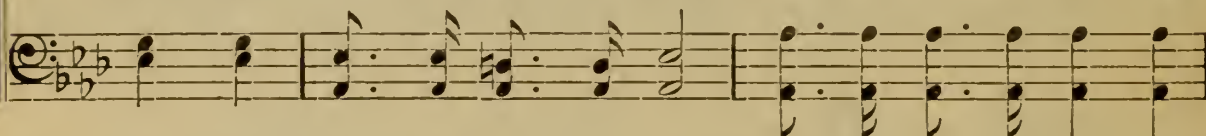
*In martial style.*



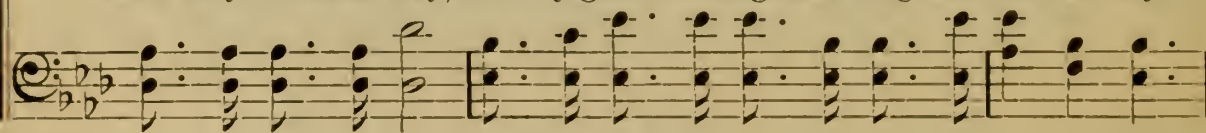
1. Vol - un - teers are want - ed! hear the stir - ring call, O be swift to
2. Vol - un - teers are want - ed! val - iant men and true, In the ranks, my
3. Vol - un - teers are want - ed! for on land and sea Sa - tan's starv - ing
4. Vol - un - teers are want - ed! on the bat - tle - plain, Soldiers brave are
5. Vol - un - teers are want - ed! let the ranks be filled, Soon the din of



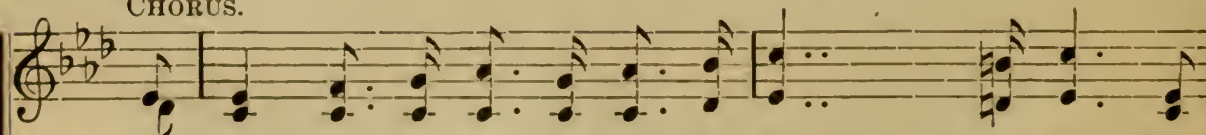
an - swer, com - rades one and all; Gird - ing on your arm - or,  
broth - er, there is room for you; Christ is the Com - mand - er,  
bond - men clam - or to be free; Has - ten to their res - cue,  
fall - ing, ne'er to fight a - gain; Who will take their plac - es  
bat - tle will in peace be stilled; See! the clouds are lift - ing,



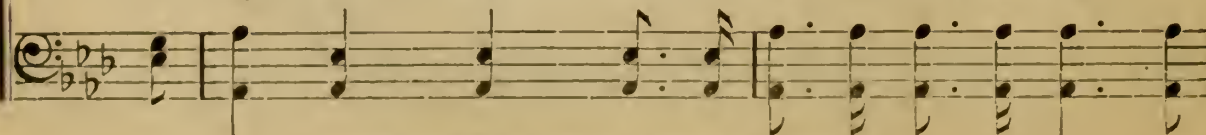
haste to march a - way, For the Lord is call - ing, "to the front to - day!"  
let us all o - bey When He gives the or - der, "to the front to - day!"  
if you still de - lay Blood - bought souls must perish, to the front to - day!  
in the dead - ly fray? Who will march with Je - sus to the front to - day?  
soon they'll clear a - way, Glo - ry gilds the heights a - long the front to - day.



## CHORUS.



A - way to the bat - tle - field, a - way, a - way! The  
A - way, a - way to the bat - tle - field, a - way!



# VOLUNTEERS TO THE FRONT!—Concluded.

King calls for sol-diers in His ranks to-day, Hear the bu-gle call-ing,  
sol - diers in His ranks to-day,

in - to line be fall - ing, Forth to the bat-tle-field, a-way, a-way!

## No. 83. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WM. COWPER.

1. { There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, }  
{ And sinners plunged beneath that flood, (*Omit*.....) }

*D.C.*—And sinners plunged beneath that flood, (*Omit*.....)

2 FINE. *D.C.*

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;  
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,  
Thy flowing wounds supply,

- Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be, till I die.
- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song.  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.



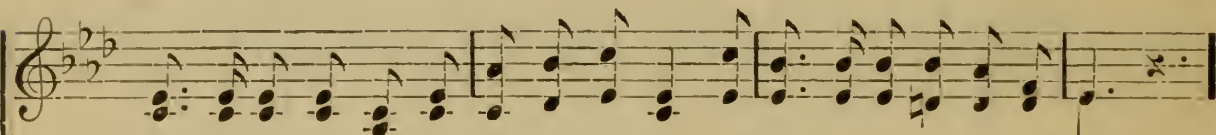
# No. 84. LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR HEART.

C. H. M.

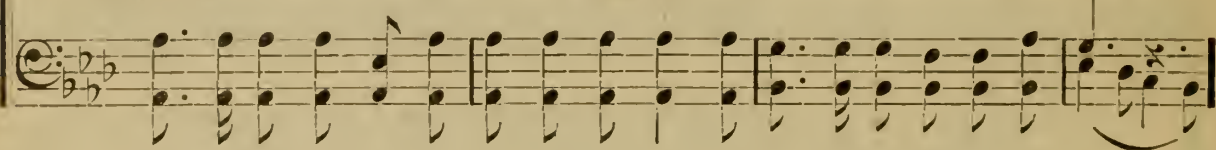
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



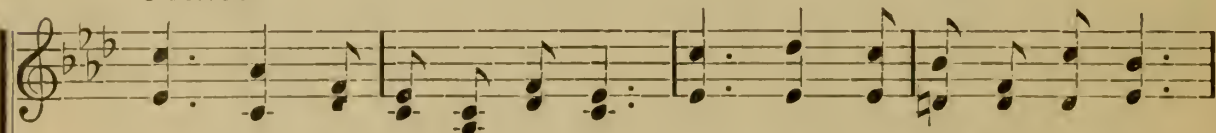
1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come into your heart ;
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come into your heart ;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je-sus come into your heart ;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je-sus come into your heart ;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come into your heart ;



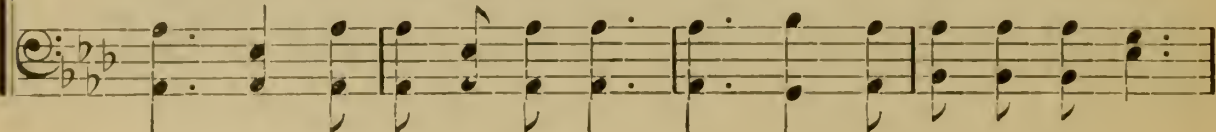
If you de-sire a new life to be - gin, Let Je - sus come into your heart.  
 Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je - sus come into your heart.  
 If there's a void this world never can fill, I et Je - sus come into your heart.  
 Find what a Friend He will be un-to you, Let Je - sus come into your heart.  
 If you would en-ter the mansions of rest, Let Je - sus come into your heart.



## CHORUS.



Just now, your doubtings give o'er ; Just now, re - ject Him no more ;  
 Just now, my doubtings are o'er ; Just now, re - ject - ing no more ;



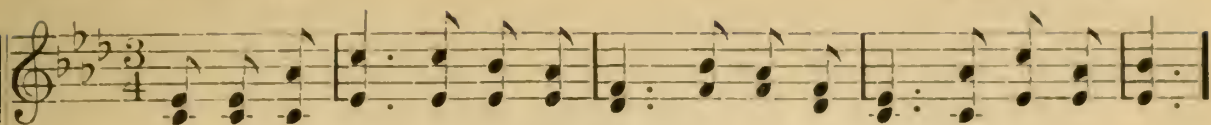
Just now, throw o - pen the door ; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.  
 Just now, I o - pen the door And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.



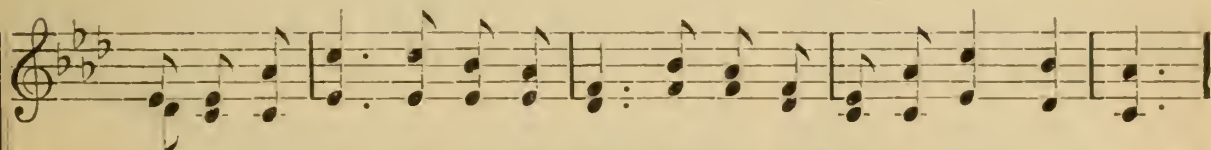
# No. 85. HIGHER GROUND.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

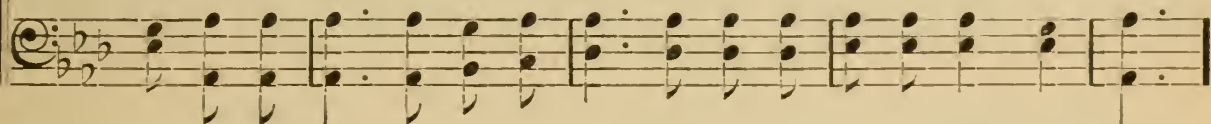
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



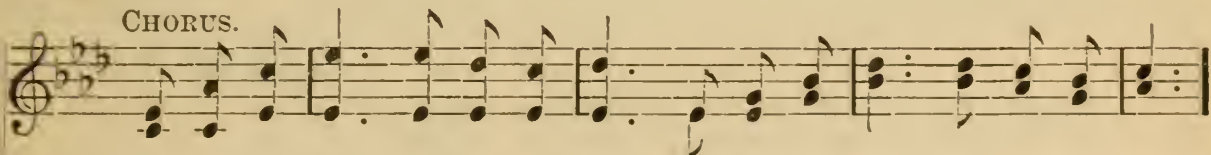
1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



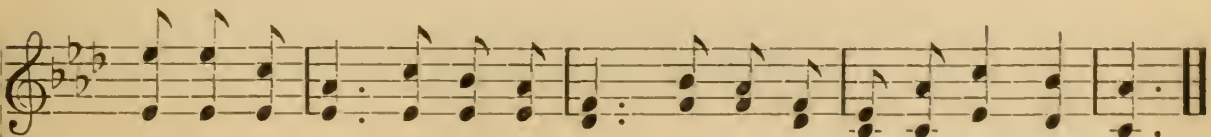
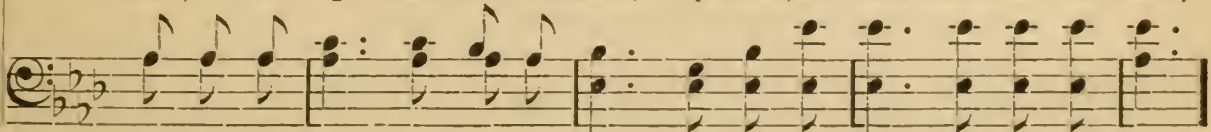
Still praying as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground."  
 Tho' some may dwell where these a-bound, My prayer, my aim is high - er ground.  
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high - er ground.  
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high - er ground."



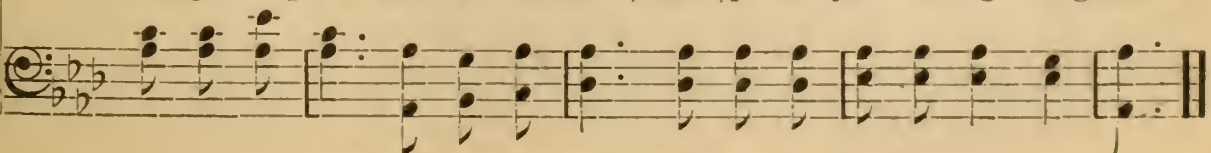
## CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;



A high - er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground.



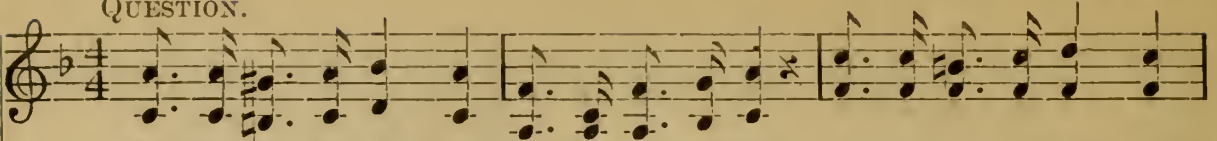


# No. 86. WHITHER ARE YOU GOING?

AMBLESIDE.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

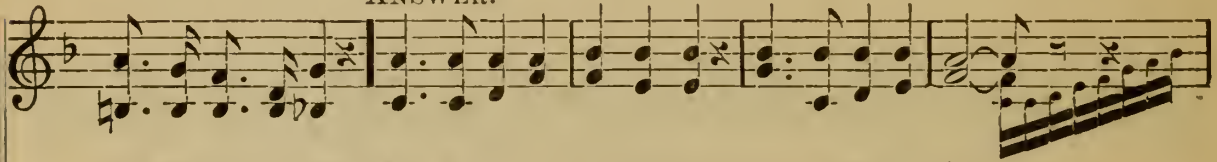
## QUESTION.



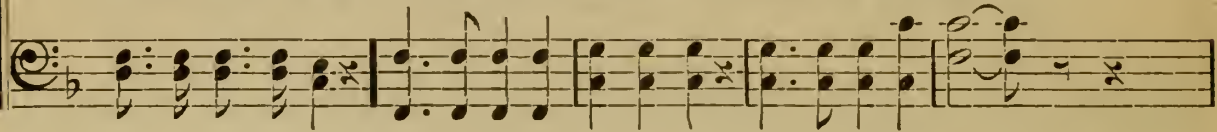
1. Whither are you go - ing, pilgrims of a day? Tar-ry but a mo - ment,
2. You will soon be wea - ry, pilgrims of a day, Tri - als are before you
3. Pilgrims, are you go - ing, where the Angels' song, O'er the fields of glo - ry,
4. May we journey with you, pilgrims of a day? Will you help us on - ward



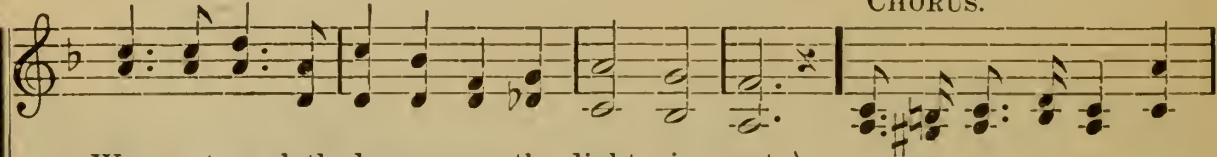
## ANSWER.



rest you on the way; No, we cannot linger here, day is waning fast,  
 dangers in your way; Still by faith we'll journey on, tho' our path be drear,  
 gently flows along? Yes, we seek the better land, lovely, pure and fair,  
 in the heav'nly way? Come, we gladly bid you come, day is waning fast,

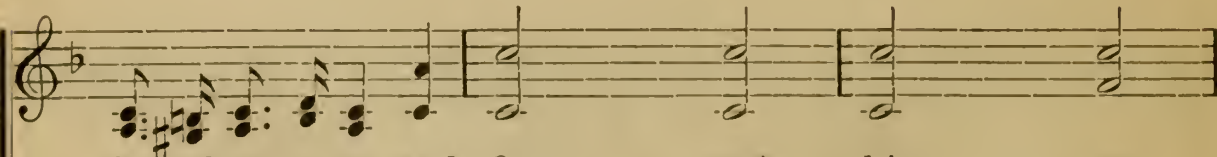
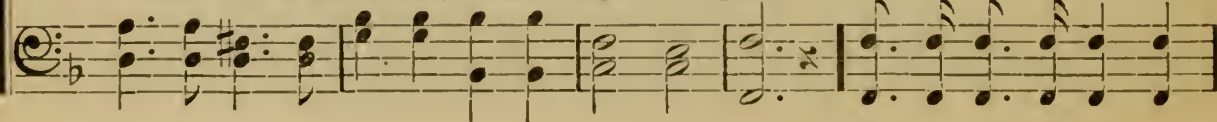


## CHORUS.



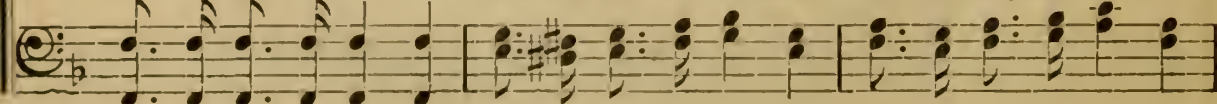
We must reach the haven, ere the light is past.  
 If the Saviour lead us, what have we to fear?  
 Where no grief can enter—will you meet us there?  
 We must reach the haven, ere the light is past.

Onward, ev - er on-ward,

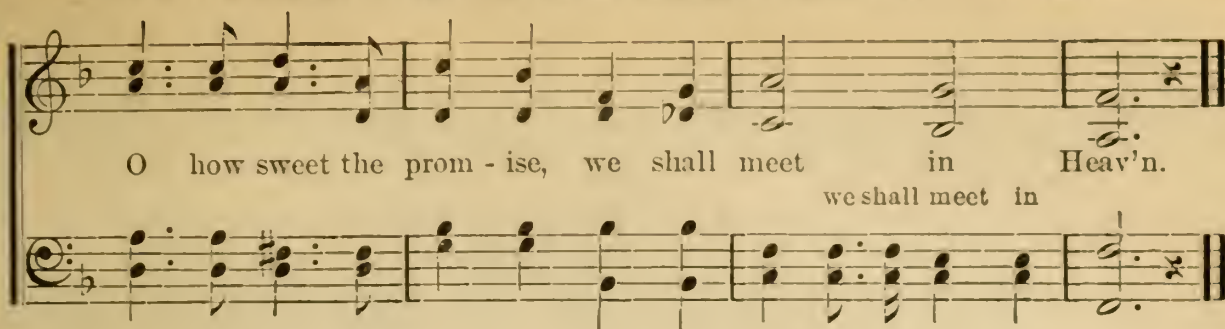


Onward, ev - er on-ward, On - - - ward, driv - - - en

On-ward, ev - er on-ward, tho' by tempest driv - en;



# WHITHER ARE YOU GOING?—Concluded.

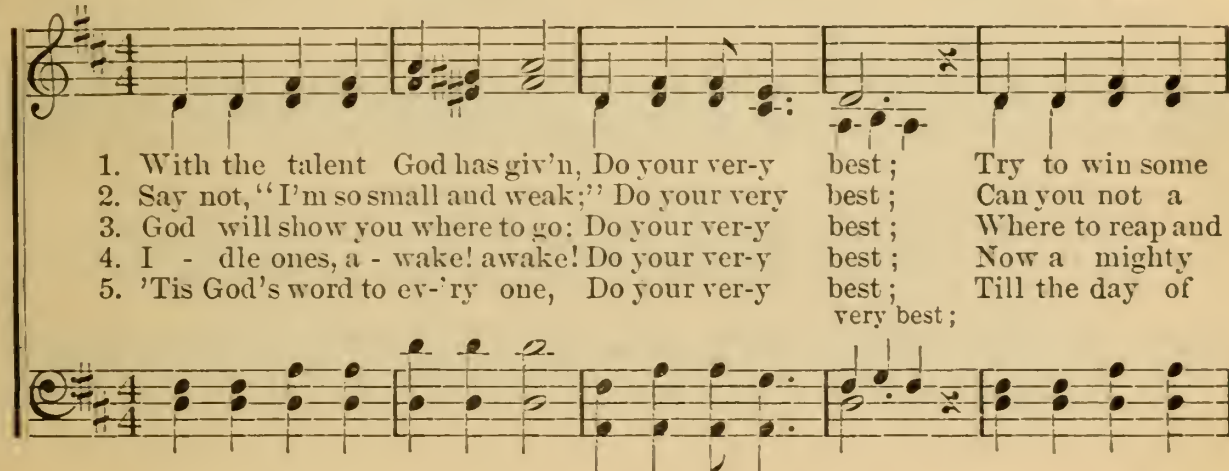


O how sweet the prom - ise, we shall meet in Heav'n.  
we shall meet in

## No. 87. DO YOUR VERY BEST.

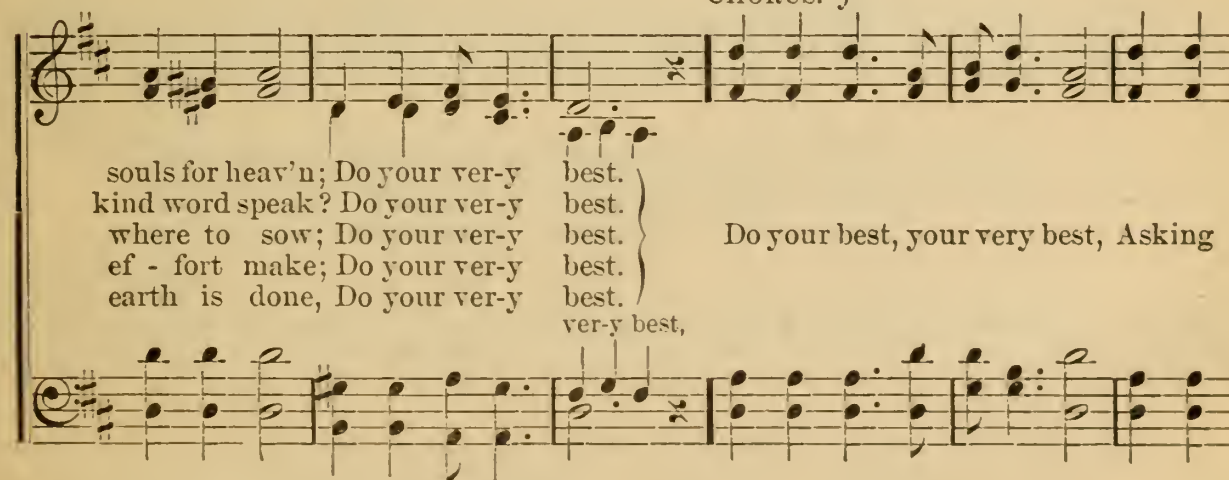
T. C. N.

T. C. NEAL.

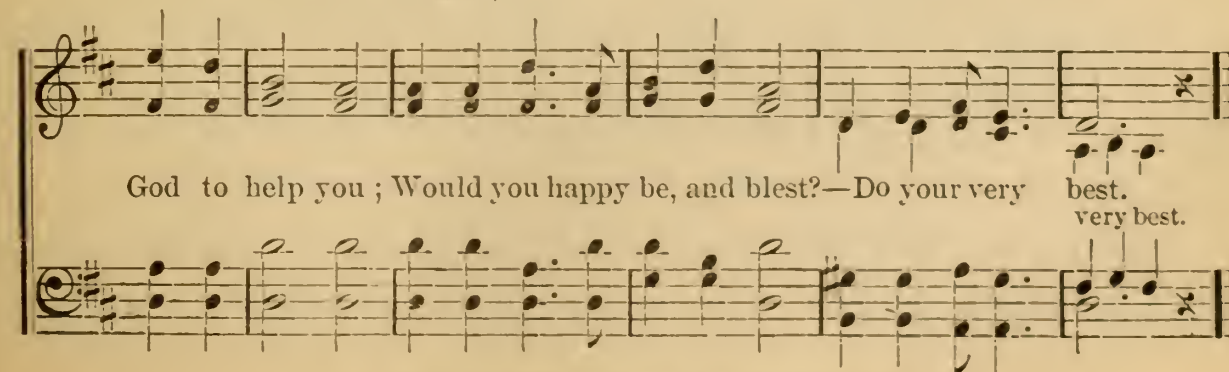


1. With the talent God has giv'n, Do your ver-y best ; Try to win some  
2. Say not, "I'm so small and weak;" Do your very best ; Can you not a  
3. God will show you where to go: Do your ver-y best ; Where to reap and  
4. I - dle ones, a - wake! awake! Do your ver-y best ; Now a mighty  
5. 'Tis God's word to ev-'ry one, Do your ver-y best ; Till the day of  
very best ;

### CHORUS. *f*



souls for heav'n; Do your ver-y best.  
kind word speak? Do your ver-y best.  
where to sow; Do your ver-y best.  
ef - fort make; Do your ver-y best.  
earth is done, Do your ver-y best.  
Do your best, your very best, Asking  
ver-y best,



God to help you ; Would you happy be, and blest?—Do your very best.  
very best.



# No. 88. MEET ME THERE.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap - py, golden shore, Where the faith-ful part no more, When the  
 2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in  
 3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away In - to  
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the river sparkling bright, In the  
 pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

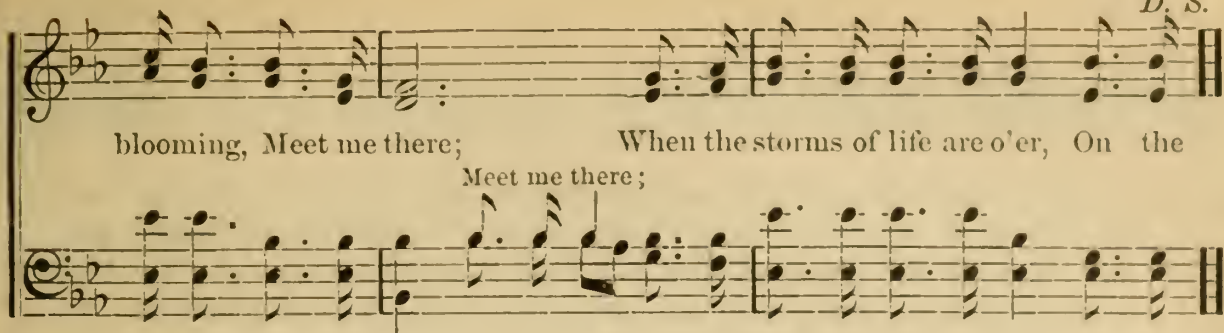
pure and peræct day, I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.  
 cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.  
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.  
 Meet me there,

*D. S.*—hap-py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.  
 Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is  
 Meet me there, Meet me there,

MEET ME THERE.—Concluded.

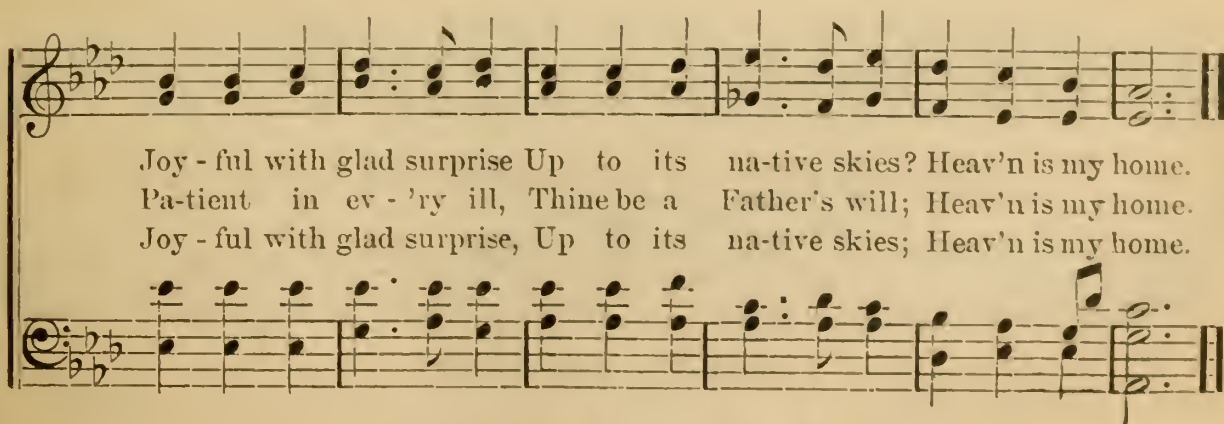
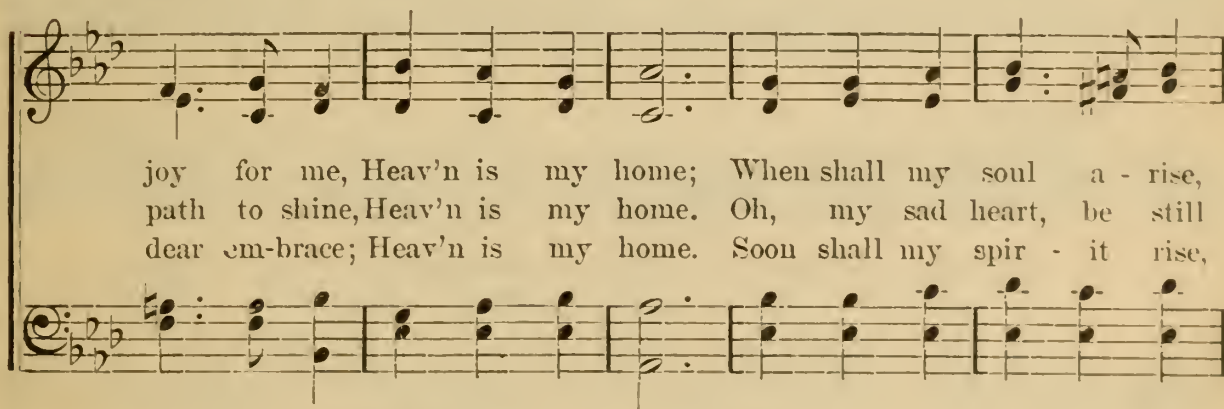
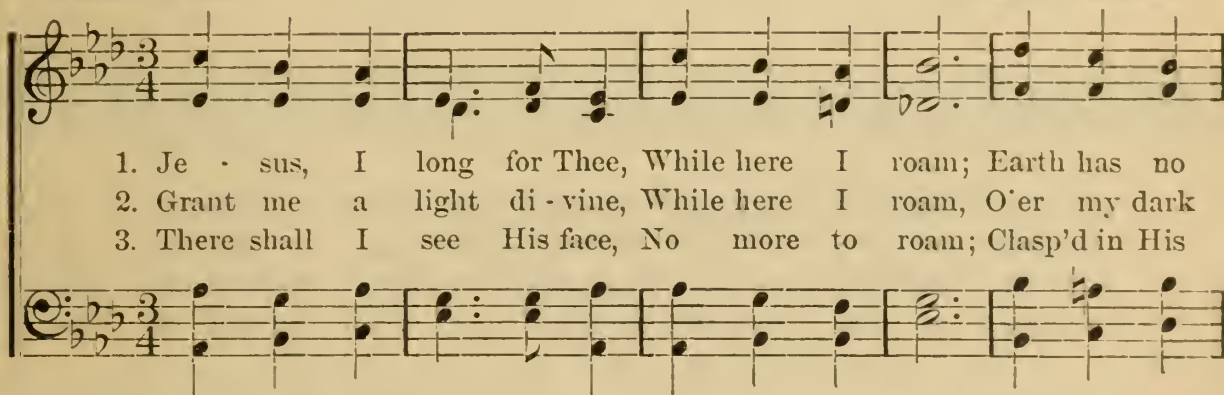
*D. S.*



No. 89. JESUS, I LONG FOR THEE.

FANNY CROSBY.

THEO. E. PERKINS.

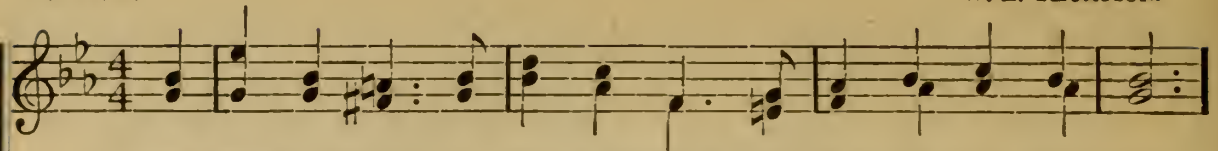




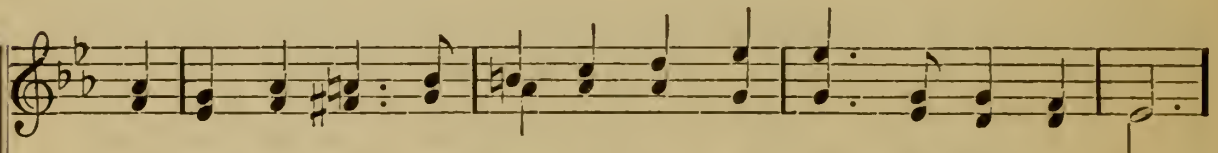
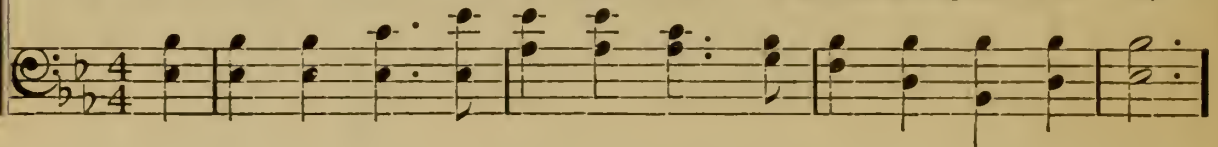
# No. 90. 'TIS TIME TO SAY GOOD-NIGHT.

W. L. T.

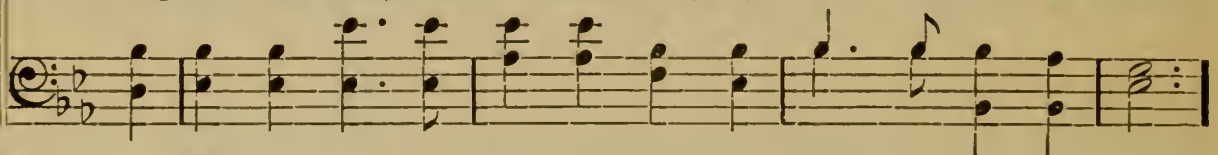
W. L. THOMPSON.



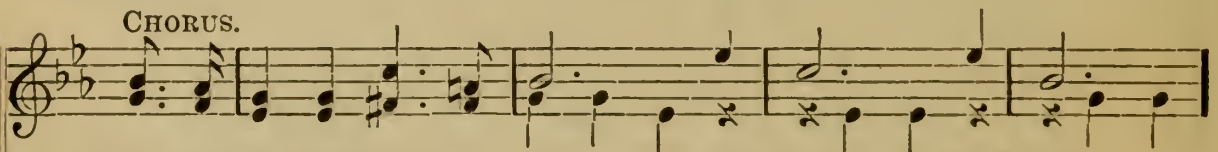
1. Now friends 'tis time to say good-night, The part-ing hour has come,
2. We met to - night in Je - sus' name, He made His prom-ise good,
3. He sends His bless - ed Spir - it down, And knocks at ev - 'ry heart,
4. Sweet Spir - it dwell with-in each heart, Our guide and guard-ian be,



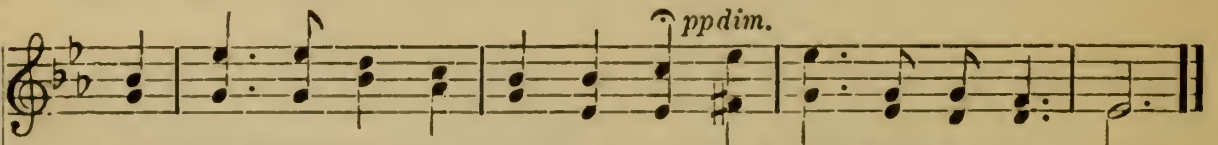
This pre-cious day has pass'd a - way, And du - ty calls us home.  
 He came and gave to ev - 'ry heart, Some soul re-fresh-ing food.  
 Oh, let Him in, He'll save from sin, And bless be-fore we part.  
 Throughout all time, for - ev - er Thine, May we be true to Thee.



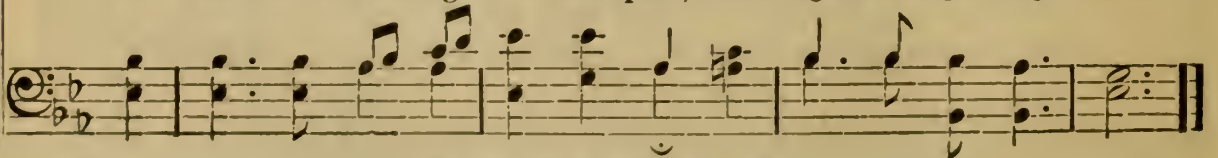
## CHORUS.



Now we'll say good-night to all, Good-night, good-night;  
 we're go - ing home, Good-night, good-night;



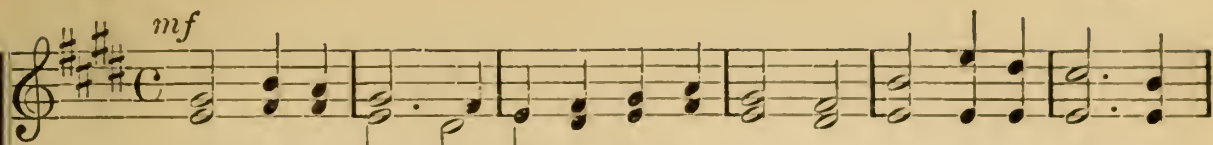
We ask God's bless-ing e'er we part; Good night we're go - ing home.



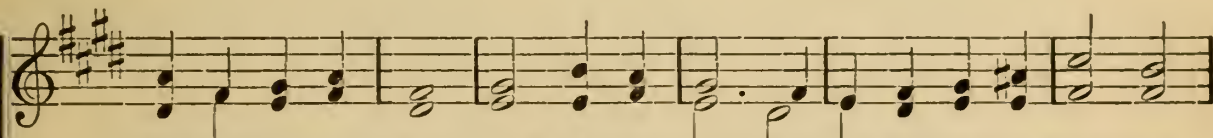
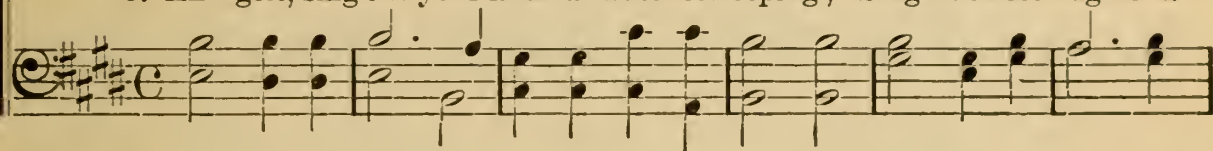
# No. 91. HARK! HARK, MY SOUL.

F. W. FABER.

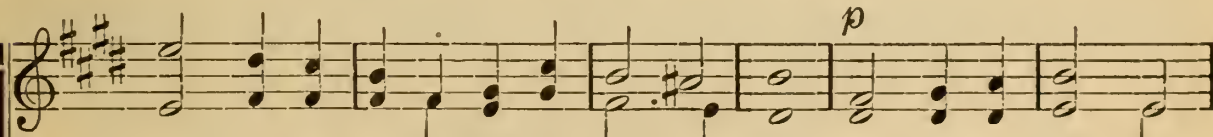
H. SMART.



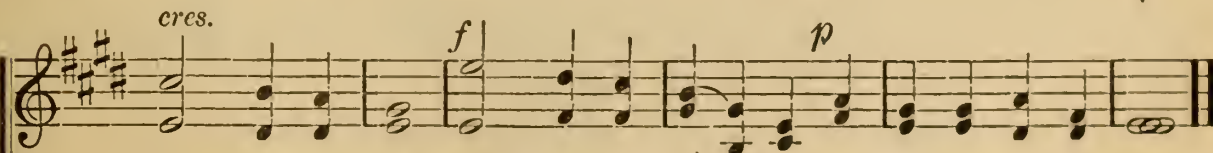
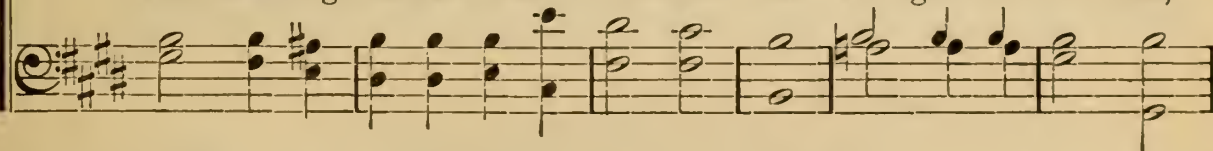
1. Hark! hark, my soul! An-gel - icsongs are swelling O'er earth's green fields, and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and dreary, The day must dawn, and
5. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping; Sing us sweet fragments



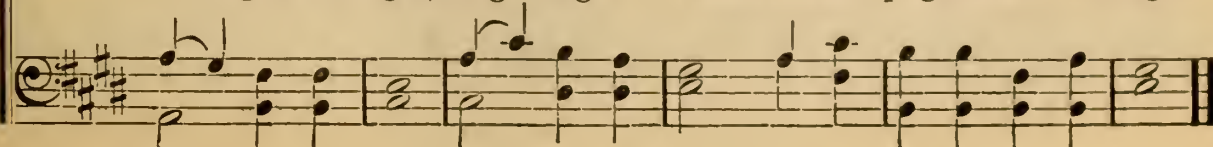
ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing,  
sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
darksome night be past; Faith's journeys end in welcome to the wea - ry,  
of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,



Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,  
The mu-sic of the gos-pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. An - gels of Je - sus,  
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last. An - gels of Je - sus,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love. An - gels of Je - sus,



An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night.

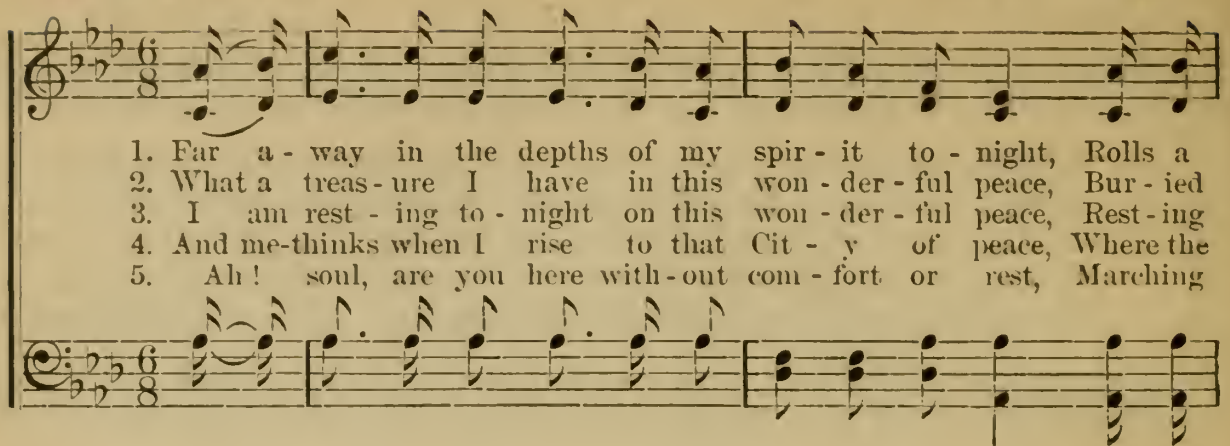




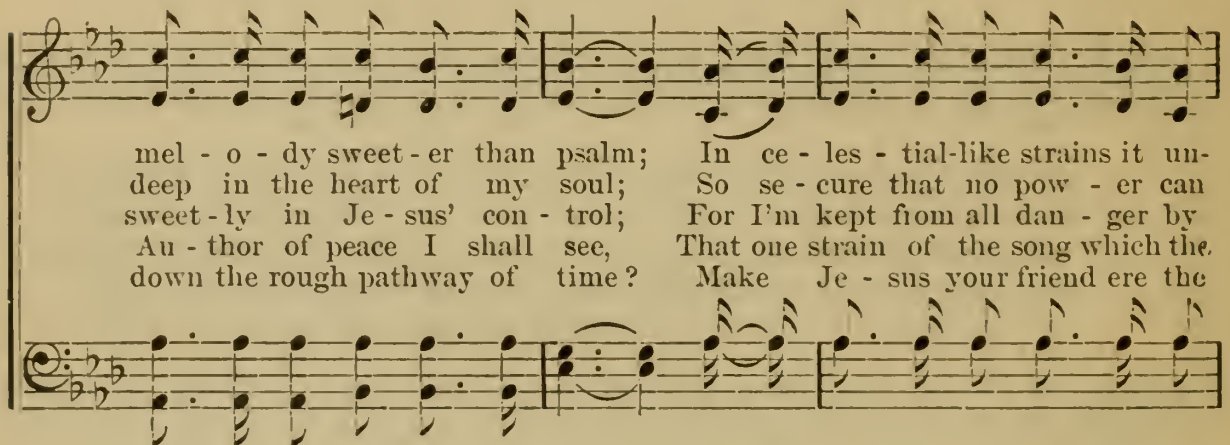
# No. 92. WONDERFUL PEACE.

Rev. W. D. CORNELL, alt.

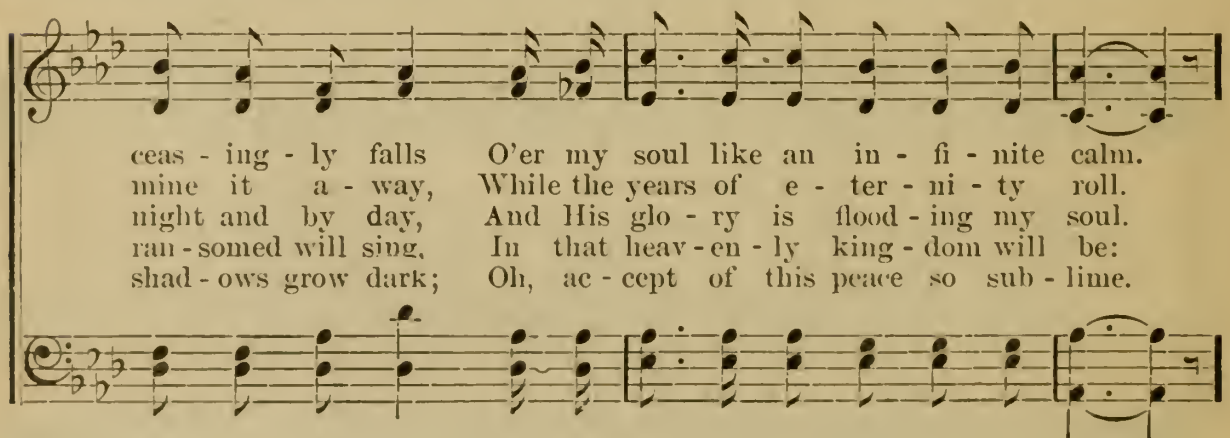
Rev. W. G. COOPER.



1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night, Rolls a  
 2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied  
 3. I am rest - ing to - night on this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing  
 4. And me - thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the  
 5. Ah! soul, are you here with - out com - fort or rest, Marching

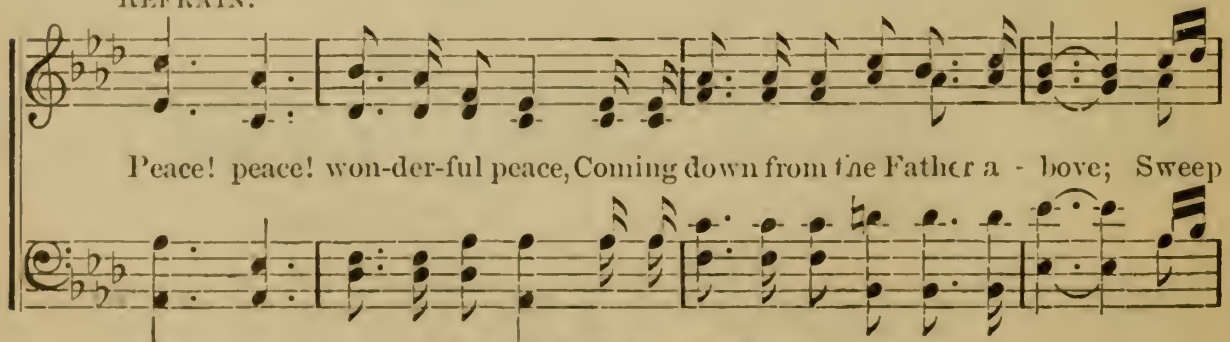


mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un -  
 deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can  
 sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by  
 Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the  
 down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your friend ere the



ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.  
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.  
 night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.  
 ran - somed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be:  
 shad - ows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime.

## REFRAIN.



Peace! peace! won - der - ful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove; Sweep

## WONDERFUL PEACE.—Concluded.

o - ver my spir-it for-ev-er, I pray, In fath-om-less billows of love.

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of chords and single notes, with lyrics written below the staves.

## No. 93. JESUS CALLS THEE.

THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree; The stripes thy due were laid on me,  
2. O'er-whelm'd with guilt, would'st thou be blest? Trust not the world; it gives no rest:  
3. Come leave thy bur-den at the cross; Count all thy gains but emp-ty dross,  
4. Come, hith-er bring thy bod-ing fears, Thy ach-ing heart, thy flow-ing tears.

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of chords and single notes, with lyrics written below the staves.

That peace and par-don might be free, O wretch-ed sin-ner, come to me.  
I bring re-lief to hearts op-prest, O wea-ry sin-ner, come to me.  
My grace re-pays all earth-ly loss, O need-y sin-ner, come to me.  
'Tis mer-cy's voice sa-lutes thine ears; O trembling sin-ner, come to me.

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of chords and single notes, with lyrics written below the staves.

### CHORUS.

O sin-ner, come, sin-ner, come, 'Tis Je-sus calls thee, sin-ner, come.

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of chords and single notes, with lyrics written below the staves.



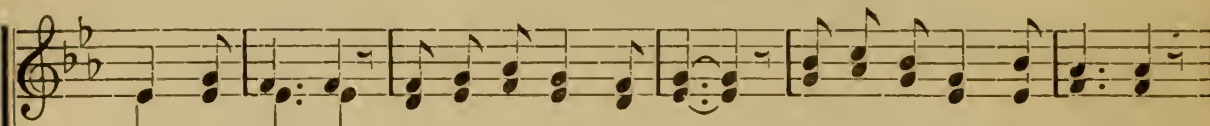
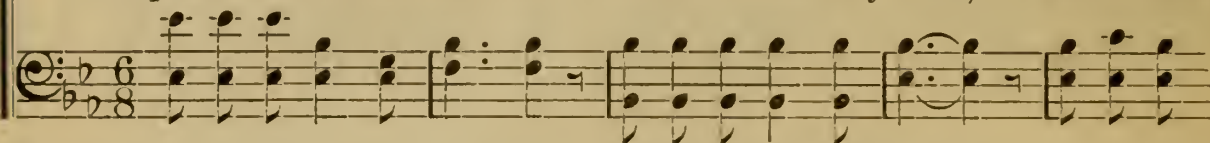
# No. 94. SPEAK TO ME, JESUS.

L. L. P.

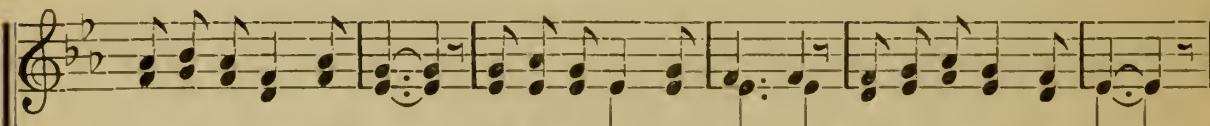
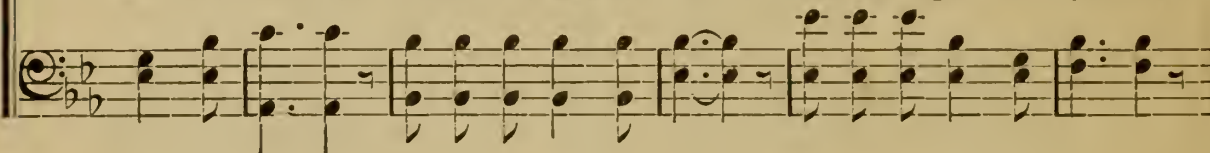
Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.



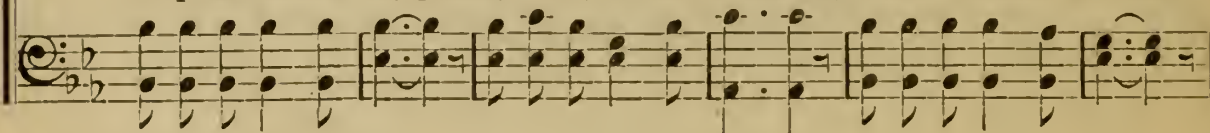
1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in tend'rest tone ; Whisper in
2. Speak to Thy children ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way ; Fill them with
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal Thy will ; Let me know



lov-ing kindness ; "Thou art not left a - lone." O - pen my heart to hear Thee,  
joy and glad-ness, Teach them to watch and pray, May they in con-se-cra - tion  
all my du - ty, Let me Thy law ful - fill. Lead me to glo - ri - fy Thee,



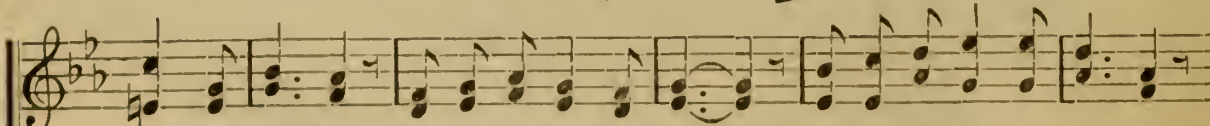
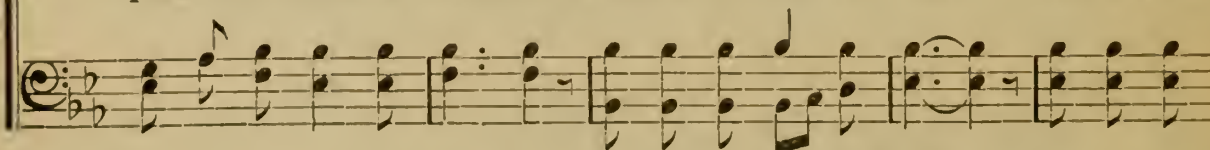
Quickly to hear Thy voice, Fill Thou my soul with praises, Let me in Thee rejoice.  
Yield their whole lives to Thee, Hasten Thy coming kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see.  
Help me to show Thy praise, Gladly to do Thy bidding, Honor Thee all my days.



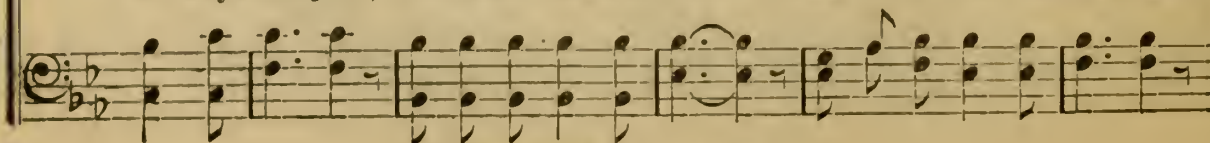
## CHORUS.



Speak Thou in softest whispers, Whispers of love to me ; "Thou shalt be



al-ways conq'ror, Thou shalt be always free." Speak Thou to me each day, Lord,



# SPEAK TO ME, JESUS.—Concluded.

Always in tend' rest tone; Let me now hear Thy whisper, "Thou art not left alone."

## No. 95. WHILE HERE.

Rev. EDGAR C. MASON.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Spir - it of Life and Light, Shine thro' this wear - y night,  
 2. Com - fort this heart, so worn, So crush'd by burd - ens borne,  
 3. Let ho - ly hopes a - rise Plain - ly be - fore my eyes,  
 4. Thus may I lift - ed be, Out of my low de - gree,

My path il - lume; Show me the way to go, Make me Thy will to  
 Cast down so low; Let Thy sweet peace con - sole, This wear - y, anxious  
 Hopes fixed on high; Hopes that shall never fail; Anchored within the  
 On ho - ly wings; Kept ev - er in the way, As - pir - ing day by

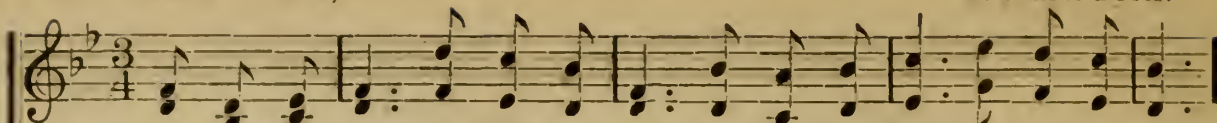
know, Dis - pel the gloom,..... Dis - pel the gloom.  
 soul, Toss'd to and fro,..... Toss'd to and fro.  
 veil, Be - yond the sky,..... Be - yond the sky.  
 day, To high - er things,..... To high - er things.



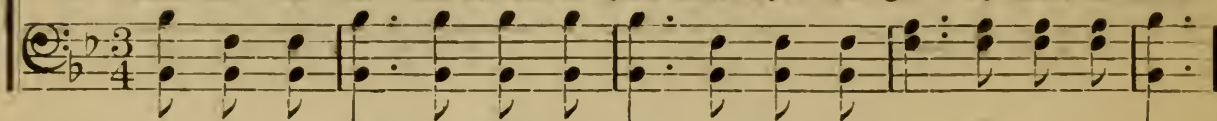

# No. 96. I KNOW HE'S MINE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

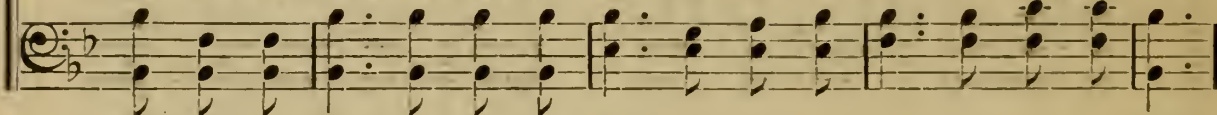
B. FRANK BUTTS.



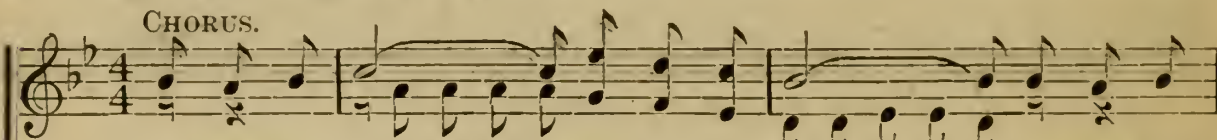
1. There's One a - bove all earth - ly friends Whose love all earthly love transcends,
2. He's mine be - cause He died for me, He saved my soul, He set me free;
3. He's mine be - cause He's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes His glo - ry shall be - hold,

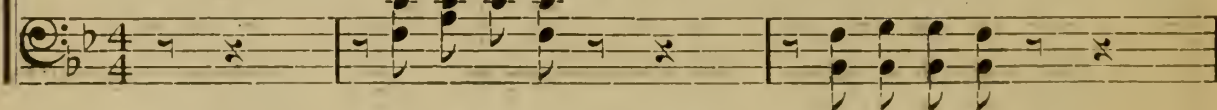
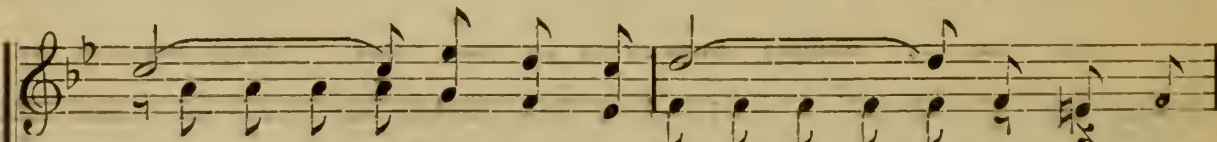
It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord, be - cause I know He's mine.  
 With joy I wor - ship at His shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know He's mine."  
 Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know He's mine.  
 Then, while His arms a - round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know He's mine."




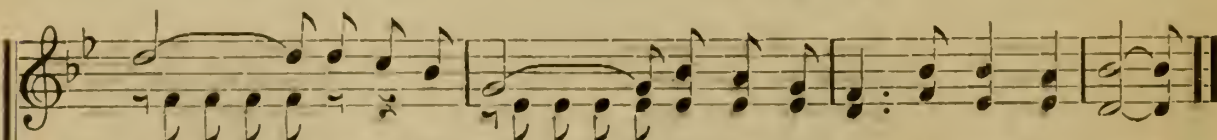
CHORUS.



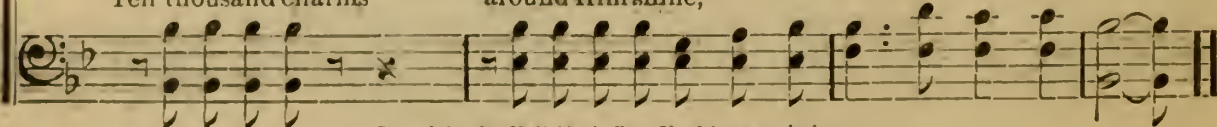
I know He's mine,..... this friend so dear,..... He lives with  
 I know He's mine, this friend so dear,

me,..... He's ev - er near;..... Ten thou - sand  
 He lives with me, He's ev - er near;

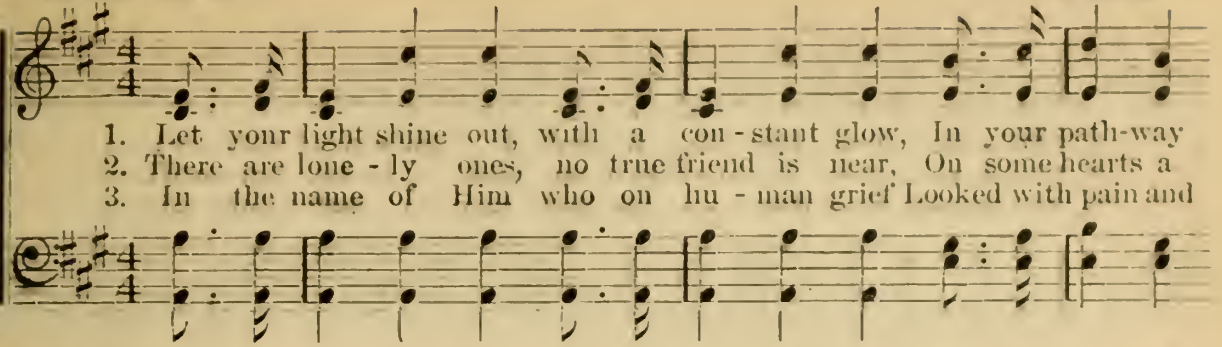
charms..... around Him shine,..... And, best of all, I know He's mine.  
 Ten thousand charms around Him shine,



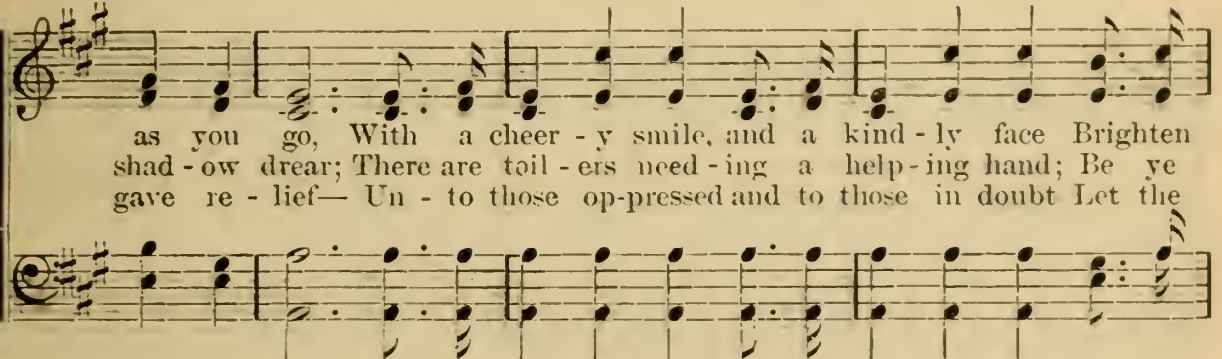
# No. 97. LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE OUT.

JENNIE WILSON.

C. E. KOCH.

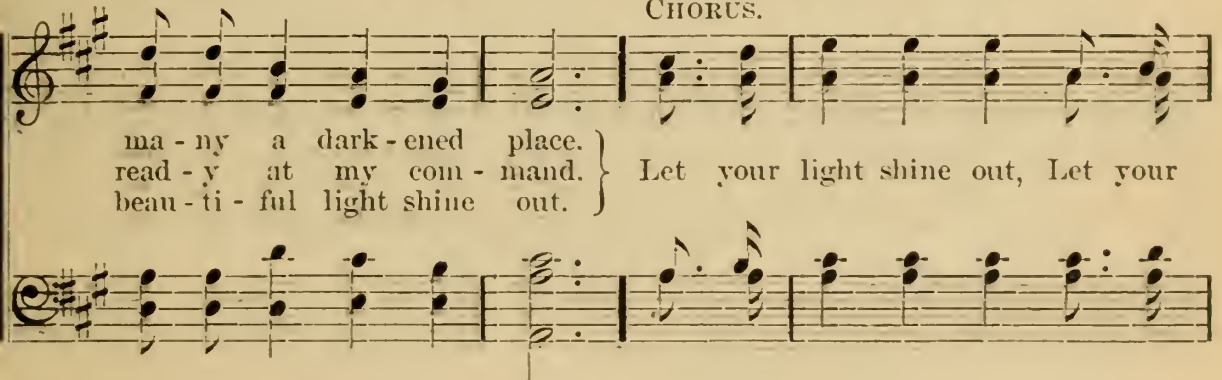


1. Let your light shine out, with a con-stant glow, In your path-way  
 2. There are lone-ly ones, no true friend is near, On some hearts a  
 3. In the name of Him who on hu-man grief Looked with pain and

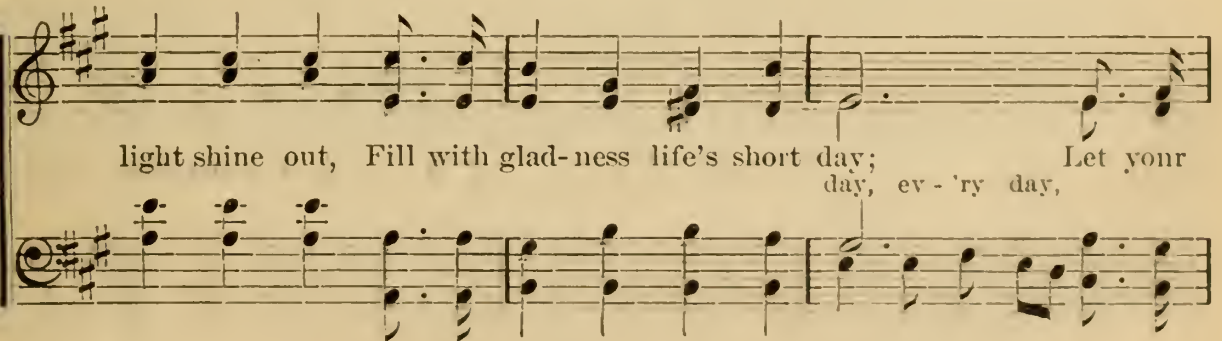


as you go, With a cheer-y smile, and a kind-ly face Brighten  
 shad-ow drear; There are toil-ers need-ing a help-ing hand; Be ye  
 gave re-lief— Un-to those op-pressed and to those in doubt Let the

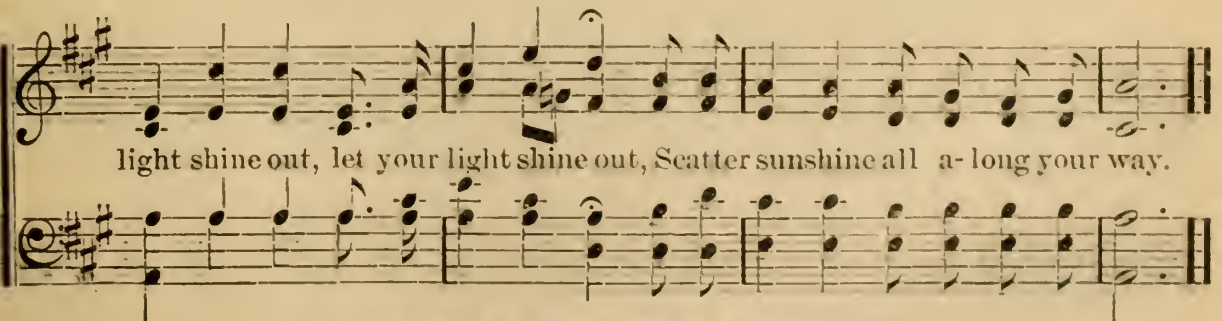
## CHORUS.



ma-ny a dark-ened place.  
 read-y at my com-mand. } Let your light shine out, Let your  
 beau-ti-ful light shine out.



light shine out, Fill with glad-ness life's short day; Let your  
 day, ev-'ry day,



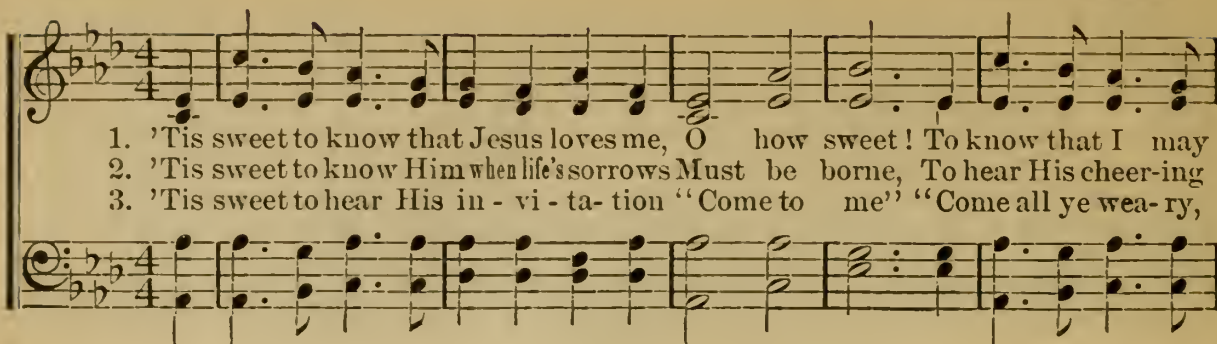
light shine out, let your light shine out, Scatter sunshine all a-long your way.



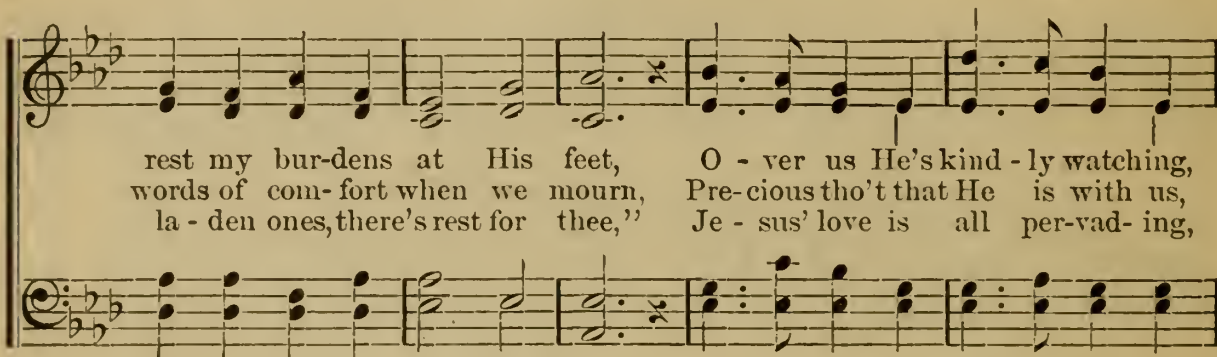
# No. 98. 'TIS SWEET TO KNOW.

W. L. T.

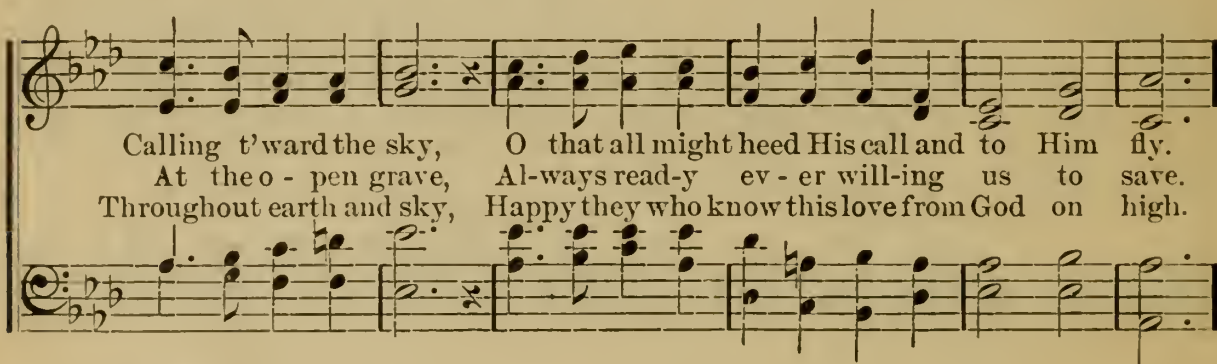
WILL L. THOMPSON.



1. 'Tis sweet to know that Jesus loves me, O how sweet! To know that I may  
 2. 'Tis sweet to know Him when life's sorrows Must be borne, To hear His cheer-ing  
 3. 'Tis sweet to hear His in - vi - ta - tion "Come to me" "Come all ye wea-ry,

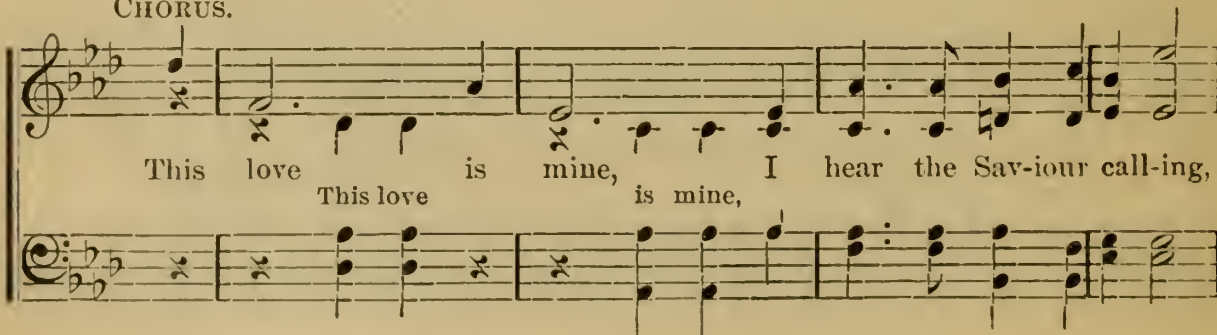


rest my bur-dens at His feet, O - ver us He's kind - ly watching,  
 words of com-fort when we mourn, Pre-cious tho't that He is with us,  
 la - den ones, there's rest for thee," Je - sus' love is all per-vad-ing,

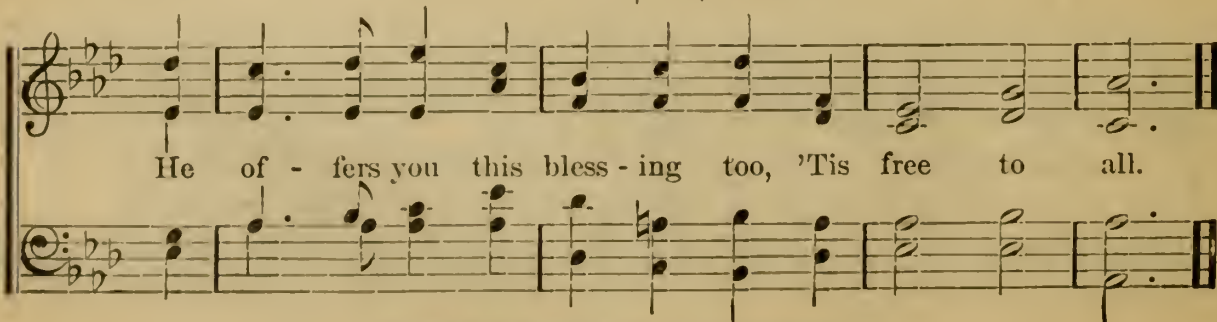


Calling t'ward the sky, O that all might heed His call and to Him fly.  
 At the o - pen grave, Al-ways read-y ev - er will-ing us to save.  
 Throughout earth and sky, Happy they who know this love from God on high.

## CHORUS.



This love This love is mine, I hear the Sav-iour call-ing,  
 This love is mine,

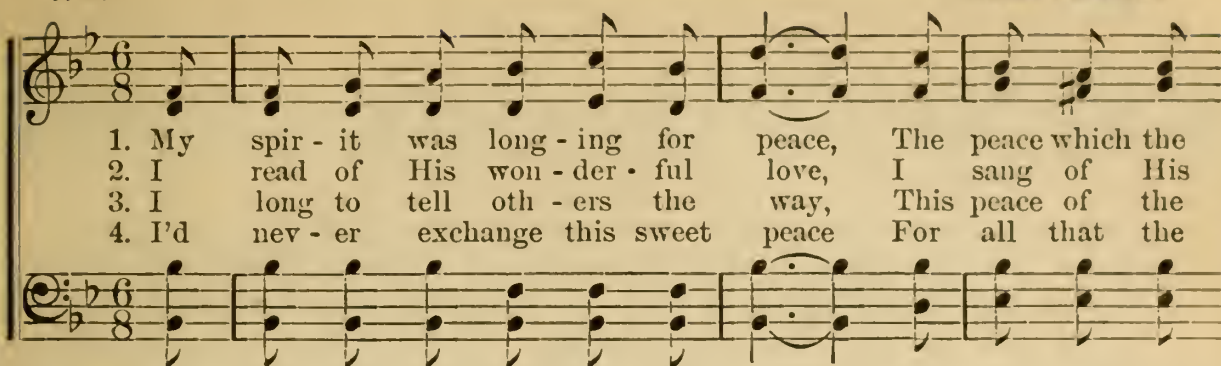


He of - fers you this bless - ing too, 'Tis free to all.

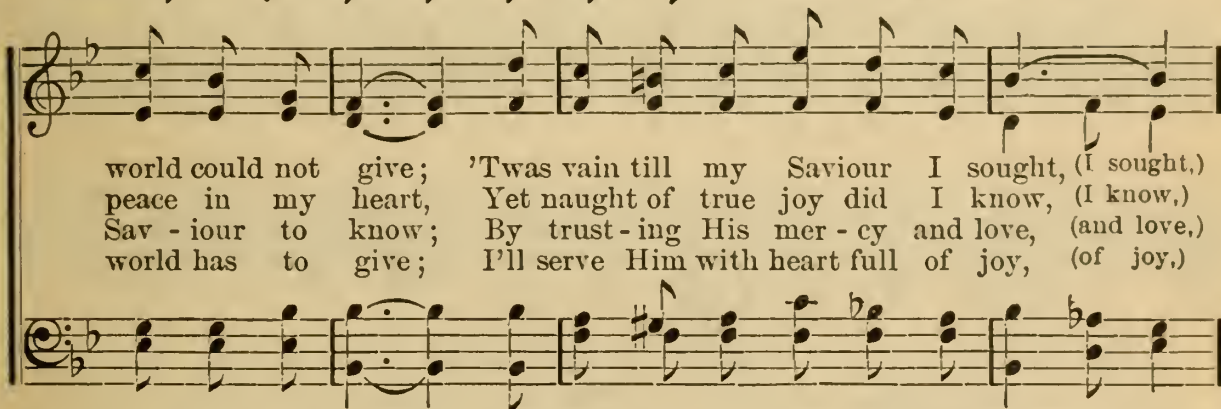
# No. 99. WONDERFUL PEACE.

J. H. C.

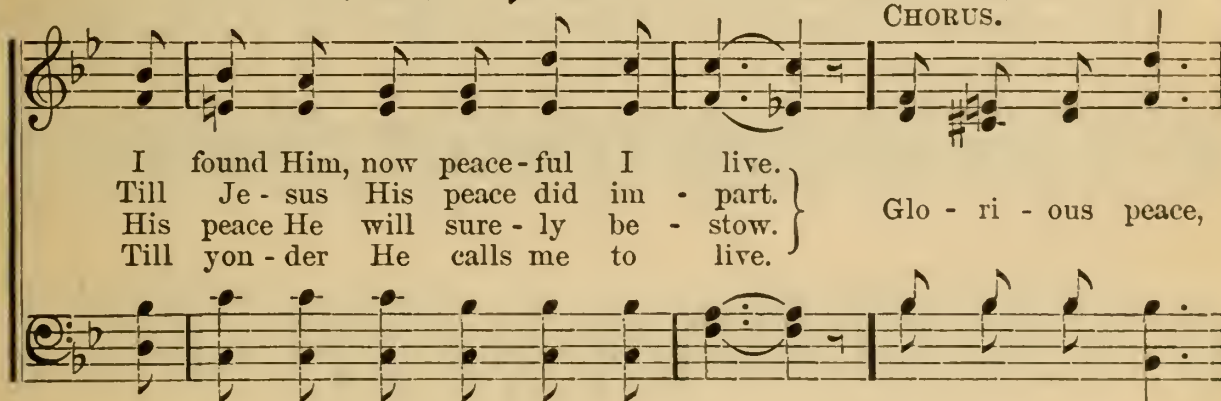
J. HARRY CROSSLEY.



1. My spir - it was long - ing for peace, The peace which the  
 2. I read of His won - der - ful love, I sang of His  
 3. I long to tell oth - ers the way, This peace of the  
 4. I'd nev - er exchange this sweet peace For all that the



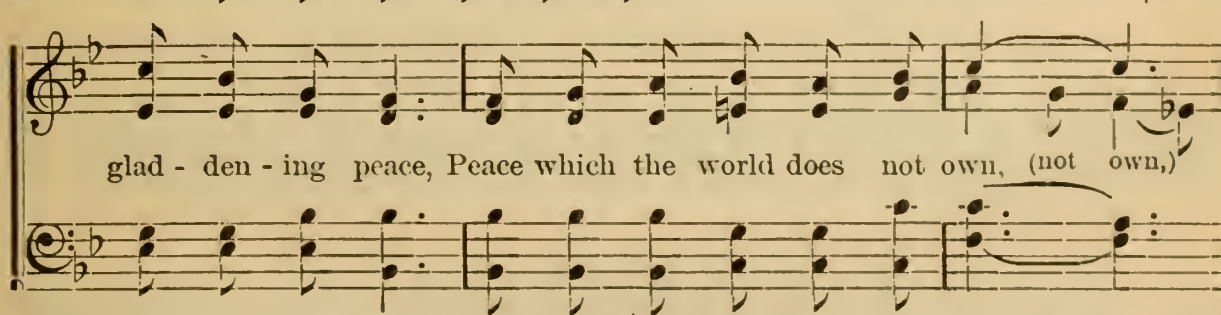
world could not give; 'Twas vain till my Saviour I sought, (I sought,)  
 peace in my heart, Yet naught of true joy did I know, (I know,)  
 Sav - iour to know; By trust - ing His mer - cy and love, (and love,)  
 world has to give; I'll serve Him with heart full of joy, (of joy,)



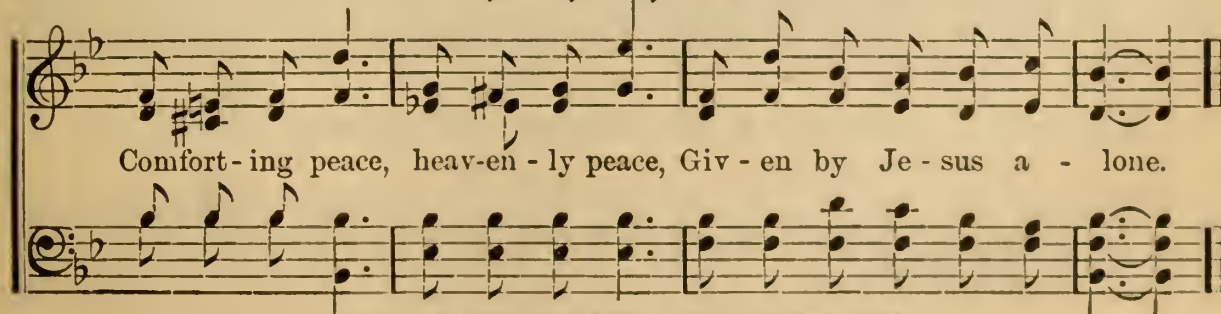
CHORUS.

I found Him, now peace - ful I live.  
 Till Je - sus His peace did im - part.  
 His peace He will sure - ly be - stow.  
 Till yon - der He calls me to live.

Glo - ri - ous peace,



glad - den - ing peace, Peace which the world does not own, (not own,)



Comfort - ing peace, heav - en - ly peace, Giv - en by Je - sus a - lone.

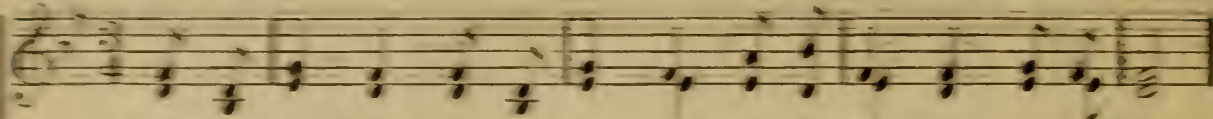


# No. 100. THE INNER CIRCLE.

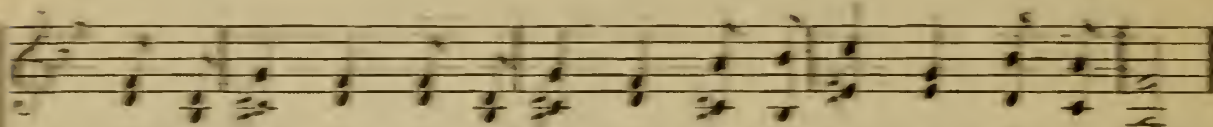
Dedicated to Rev. J. Winbur Chapman, D. D., and first sung in the Union Meetings at  
Minnetonka, Minn. in November, 1896.

Fourty Verses.

W. S. Winbur.



1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whisper, "I have cho - sen you?"  
2. As the first dis - ci - ples fol - lowed, As they went where'er He sent;  
3. Or if He shall choose to send us On some er - rand in His name;  
4. May - be at Thy foot - stool kneel - ing, We Thy children, humbly wait.



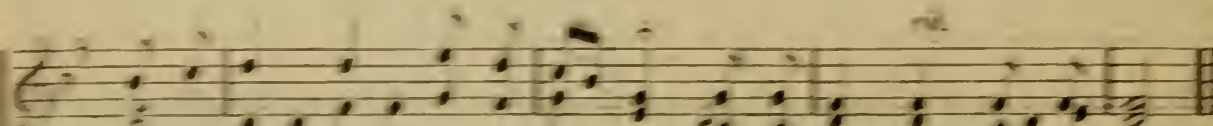
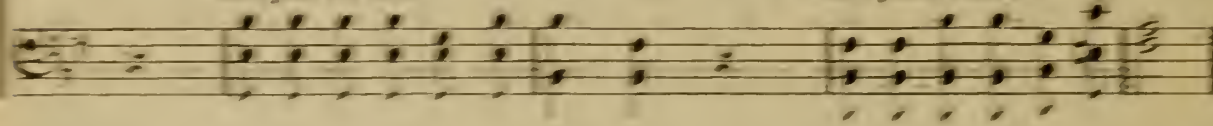
Does He tell you in con - fli - ct What He wish - es you to do?  
So to - day we too, may fol - low, On His lead - ing still in - deed.  
We can serve Him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same;  
Lead us send us, Where He will, Till we in - ter heav - en's gate.



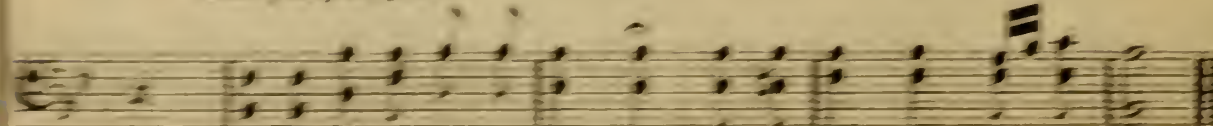
## CHORUS.



Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Mas - ter's call?  
Are you in the inner circle? Have you heard the



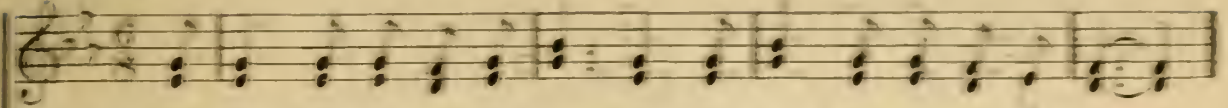
Have you got a your life to Je - sus? Is He now your all in all?  
Have you got a your



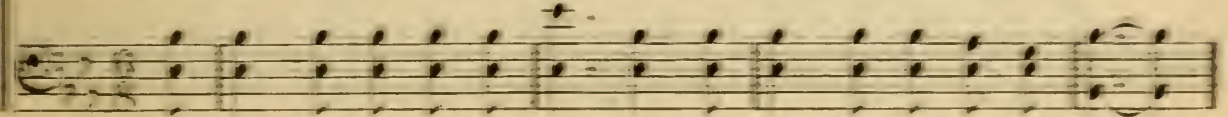
# No. 101. NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

WALTER HILL.

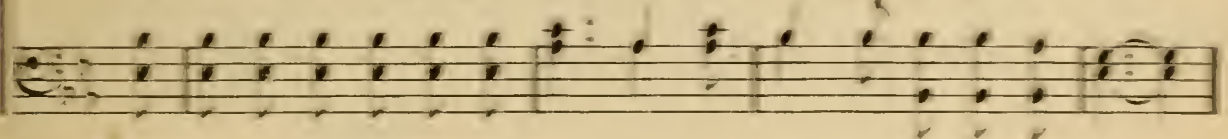
L. M. McINTOSH, BASS Solo.



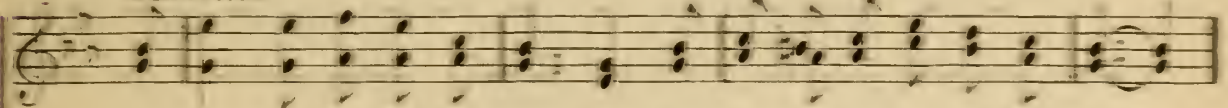
1. Not far, not far from the king-dom. Yet in the shadow of sin -
2. Not far, not far from the gate-way. Where voices whisper and wail -
3. They catch the strains of the new - song. That floats so sweet-ly a - long -
4. They're in the dark and the day - long : They're in the night and the cold.



How fast - ly are com-ing and go - ing ! How few are en - ter-ing in !  
But fear-ing to en - ter in bold - ly. They lin - ger still at the gate !  
Tho' know-ing the song they are sing - ing. Yet point-ing not in the song.  
Tho' He is now long-ing to lead them So kind - ly in - to the fold.



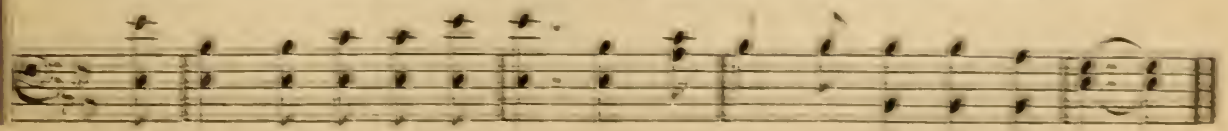
## REFRAIN



Not far, not far from the king-dom. Yet lin - ger-ing still at the gate -



O wait no long-er, dear birth - er, Even en - ter ere this new lane.

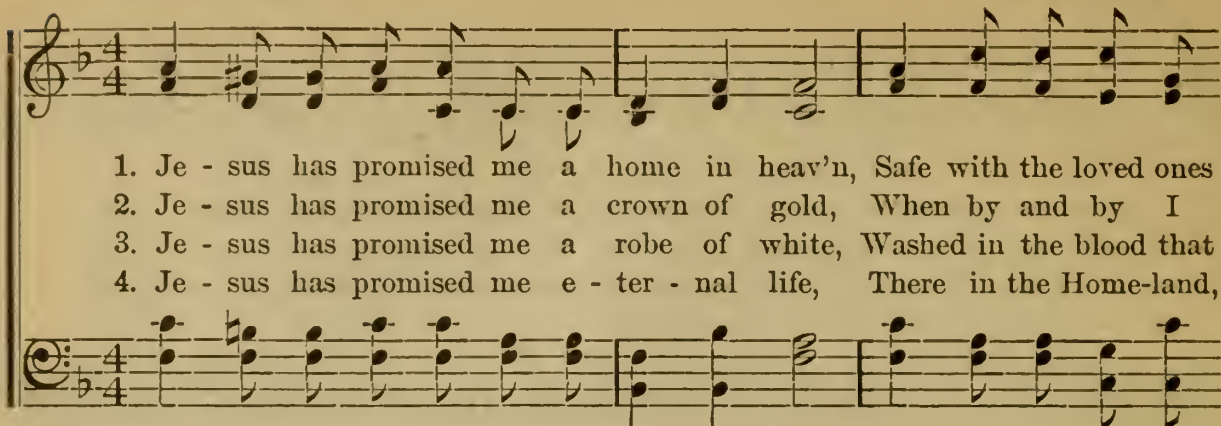




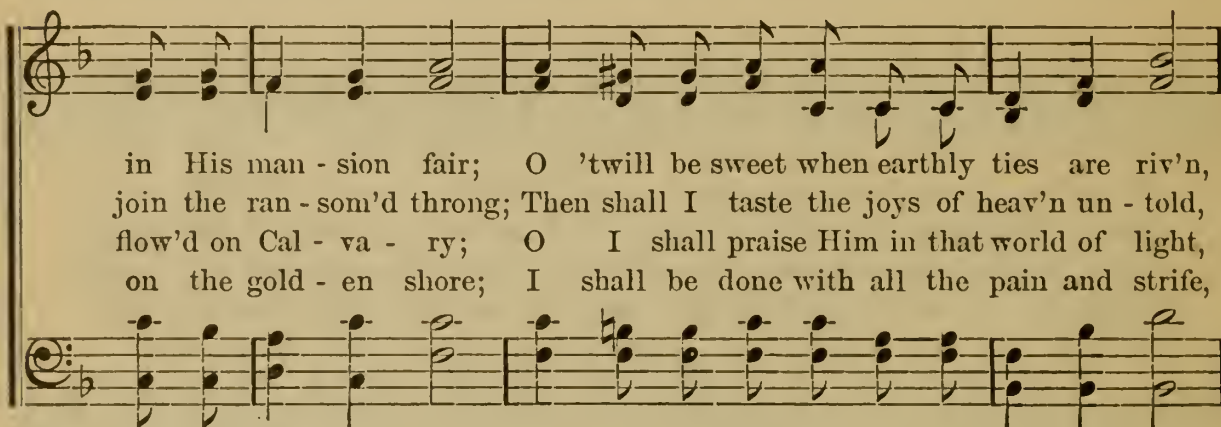
# No. 102. JESUS HAS PROMISED ME.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

W. H. DOANE.

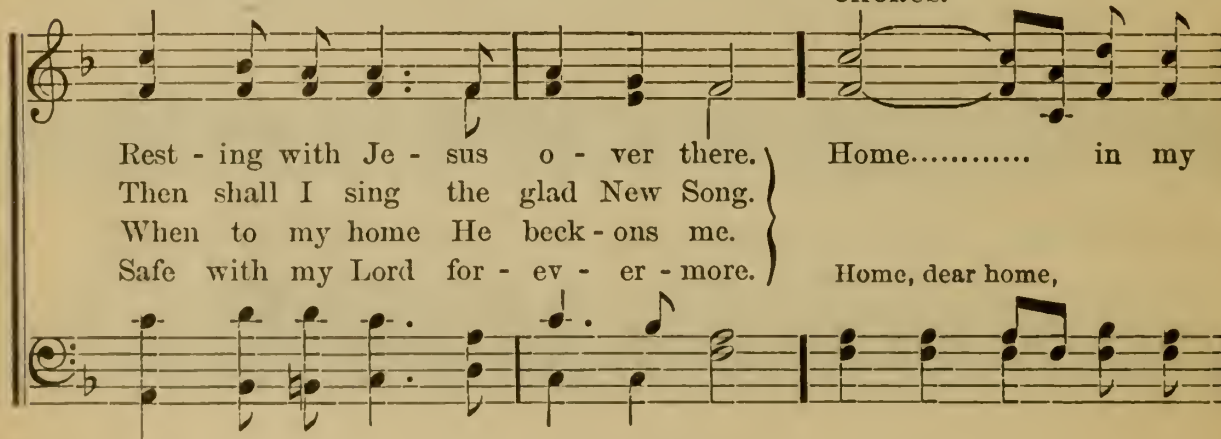


1. Je - sus has promised me a home in heav'n, Safe with the loved ones  
 2. Je - sus has promised me a crown of gold, When by and by I  
 3. Je - sus has promised me a robe of white, Washed in the blood that  
 4. Je - sus has promised me e - ter - nal life, There in the Home-land,

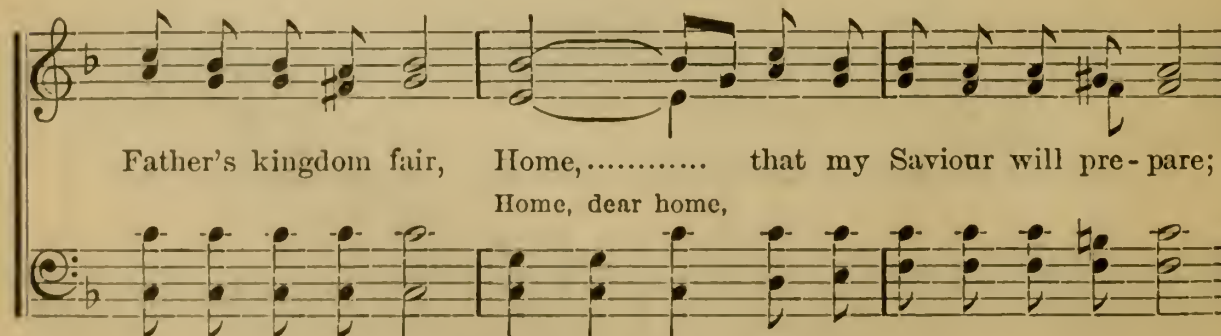


in His man - sion fair; O 'twill be sweet when earthly ties are riv'n,  
 join the ran - som'd throng; Then shall I taste the joys of heav'n un - told,  
 flow'd on Cal - va - ry; O I shall praise Him in that world of light,  
 on the gold - en shore; I shall be done with all the pain and strife,

## CHORUS.



Rest - ing with Je - sus o - ver there. Home..... in my  
 Then shall I sing the glad New Song.  
 When to my home He beck - ons me.  
 Safe with my Lord for - ev - er - more. Home, dear home,



Father's kingdom fair, Home..... that my Saviour will pre-pare;  
 Home, dear home,

# JESUS HAS PROMISED ME.—Concluded.

Home,..... where the blessed angels are, Jesus has promised me o - ver there.  
Home, dear home,

## No. 103. O HAPPY DAY.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

English Melody.

1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God! }  
{ Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

*D.S.*—Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To Him that merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, that great transaction's done!  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart,  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With Him, of every good possessed.

5 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.



# No. 104. WHILE THE SUN IS SHINING.

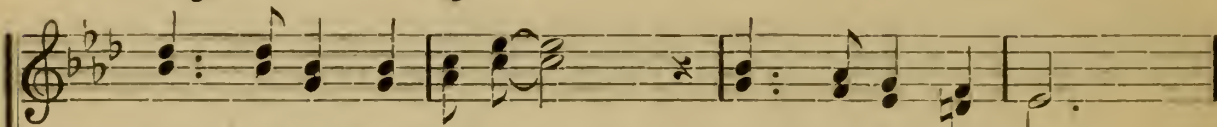
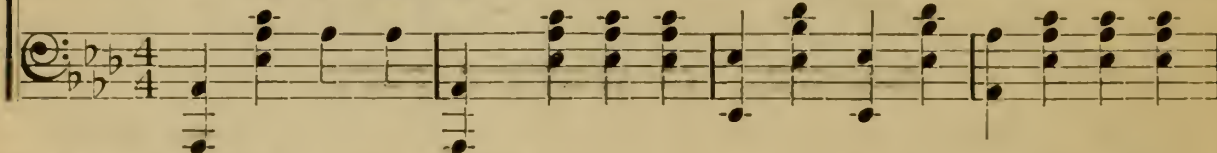
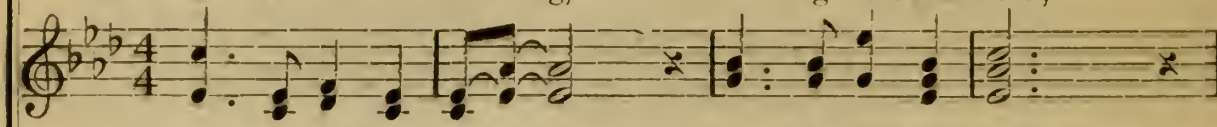
FRANCES BEADLESTON.

D. S. ARNOLD.



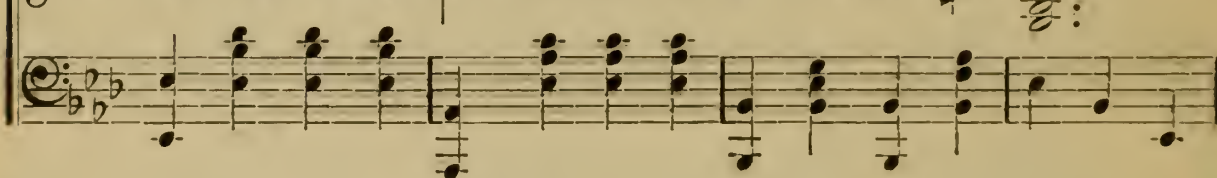
1. While the sun is shin - ing,  
2. While the sun is shin - ing,  
3. While the sun is shin - ing,

There is work to do;  
Ma - ny du - ties wait;  
Toil - ing more and more;

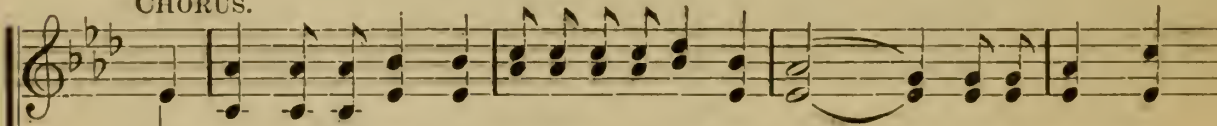


Heart and hand must la - bor  
Will - ing feet must has - ten  
When night clos - es round us,

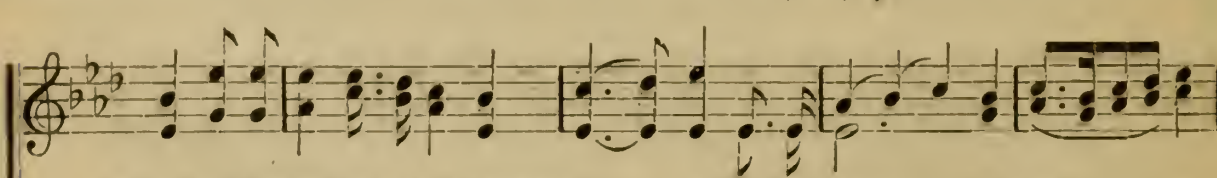
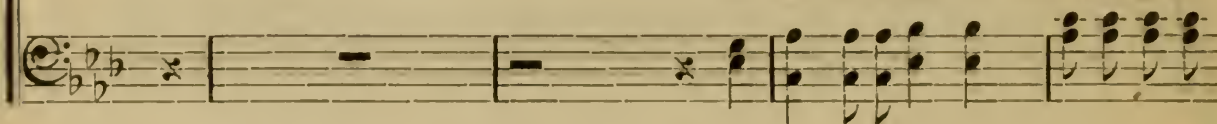
As in Je - sus' view.  
It will soon be late.  
Work - ing hours are o'er.



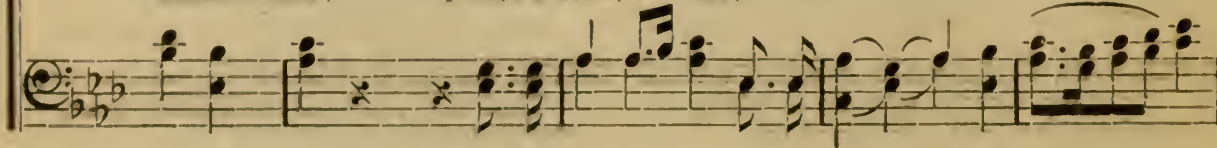
## CHORUS.



For we are a band of workers in the Master's field, in the Mast-ter's  
For we are a band of workers in the



field, And we work while the sun is shin - ing, While the sun..... is shin - ing  
Master's field; Yes, we work, we work,



# WHILE THE SUN IS SHINING.—Concluded.

And we work, yes, we work while the sun..... is shin - ing.  
we work, yes, we work, we work, while the sun, while the sun is shin - ing.

## No. 105. GLORY GATES.

G. P. H.

Rev. G. P. HOTT.

1. { I am look-ing for the cit - y built of God, Where the many mansions be; }  
{ I am walking now the path that Jesus trod, And His face I soon shall see. }
2. { Thro' the val-ley of the shadow I may go, But His grace shall be my stay. }  
{ Tho' the path be dark and dangerous, I know He will guide me all the way. }
3. { 'Tis the glory now that fills and thrills my soul, As I walk the nar-row way. }  
{ I am looking for the heav'nly light to dawn, That shall rise in endless day. }

### CHORUS.

Oh, the glo - ry gates are ev - er o - pen wide, In - vit - ing the world to come !

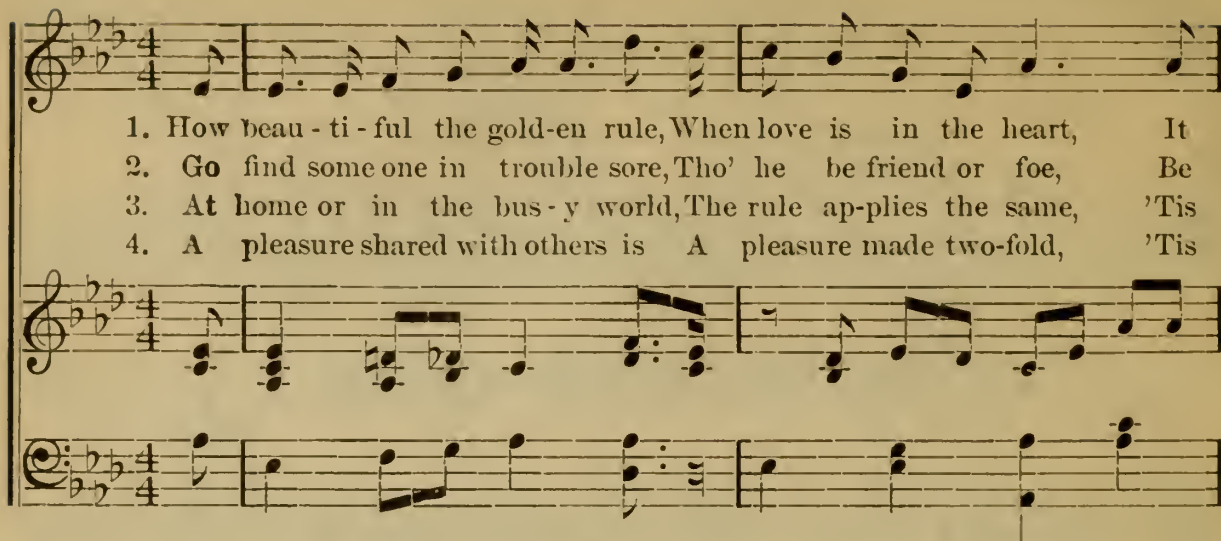
Oh, the glo - ry gates are ev - er o - pen wide, To welcome the wea - ry home !



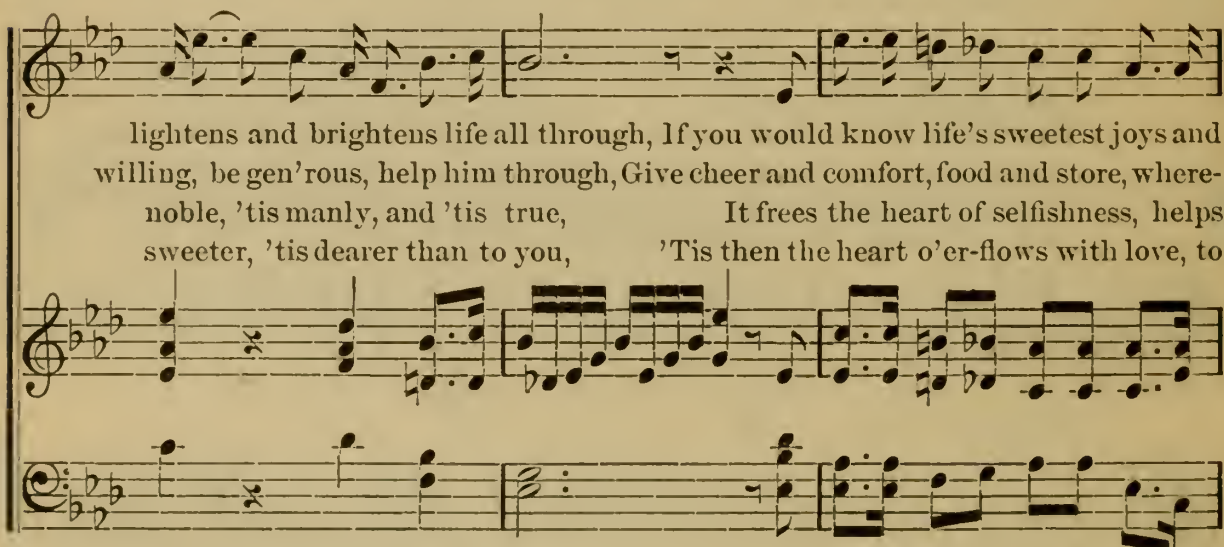
# No. 106 THE GOLDEN RULE.

W. L. T.

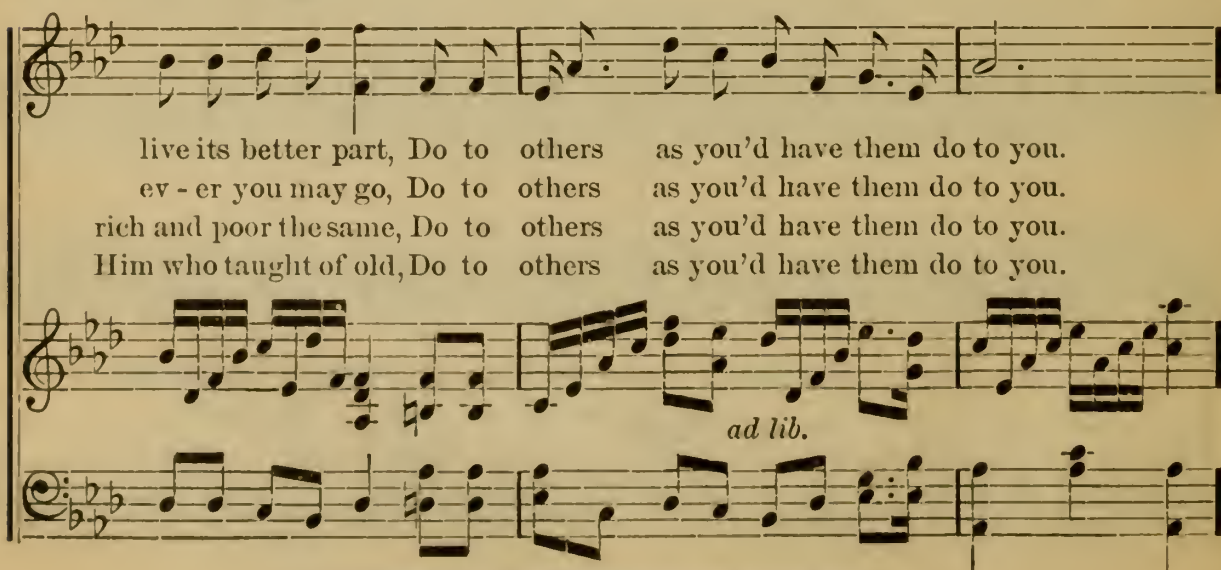
WILL L. THOMPSON.



1. How beau - ti - ful the gold-en rule, When love is in the heart, It  
 2. Go find some one in trouble sore, Tho' he be friend or foe, Be  
 3. At home or in the bus - y world, The rule ap-plies the same, 'Tis  
 4. A pleasure shared with others is A pleasure made two-fold, 'Tis



lightens and brightens life all through, If you would know life's sweetest joys and  
 willing, be gen'rous, help him through, Give cheer and comfort, food and store, where-  
 noble, 'tis manly, and 'tis true, It frees the heart of selfishness, helps  
 sweeter, 'tis dearer than to you, 'Tis then the heart o'er-flows with love, to



live its better part, Do to others as you'd have them do to you.  
 ev - er you may go, Do to others as you'd have them do to you.  
 rich and poor the same, Do to others as you'd have them do to you.  
 Him who taught of old, Do to others as you'd have them do to you.

*ad lib.*

# THE GOLDEN RULE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then be hap-py all the day, Scatter sunbeams by the way, To  
God and your fel-low-man be true, Don't for-get the golden rule, Learn it  
well in life's day-school, Do to others as you'd have them do to you.

## No. 107. BLEST BE THE TIE.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

From H. G. NAGELI.

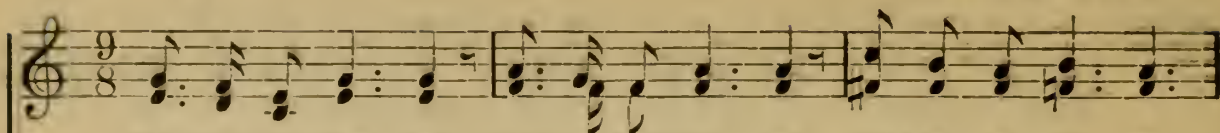
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;  
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;  
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;  
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain:  
The fel - low - ship of kind-red minds Is like to that a - bove.  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—Our com - comforts and our cares.  
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.



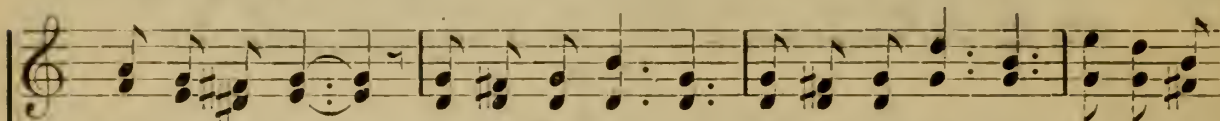
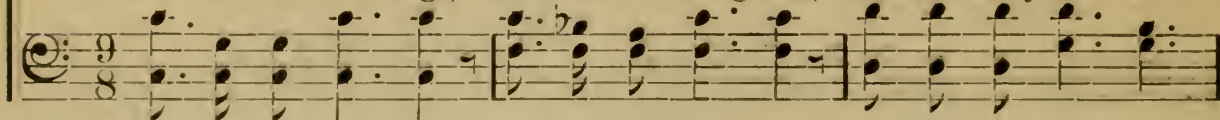
# No. 108. WONDERFUL SAVIOUR.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

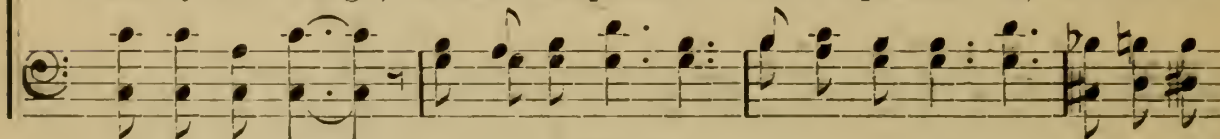
Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



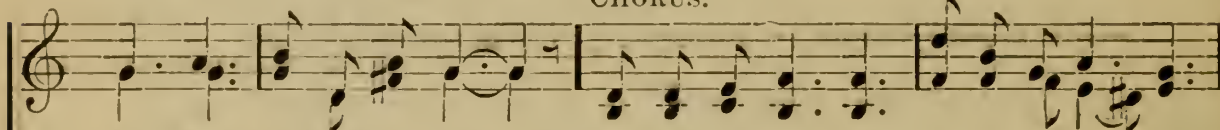
1. Won-der-ful Sav - iour, bless-ed Re-deem - er, Ev - er in glo - ry,
2. Sing of His great-ness, in - fi-nite great-ness, Sing of His good-ness
3. He is our ref - uge, He is our safe-guard, Peace to the youth - ful



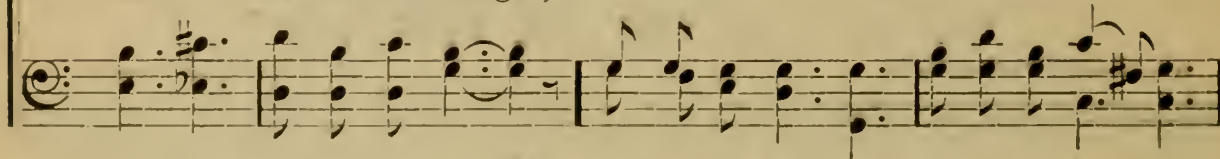
dwelling a - bove; Yet in His mer - cy ten - der - ly smil - ing, O - ver the  
day aft - er day; Guarding from e - vil, shielding from dan - ger, Leading us  
kind - ly He brings; Sweet is the promise He will pro - tect us, He will de -



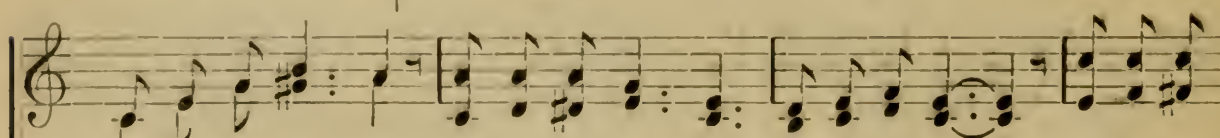
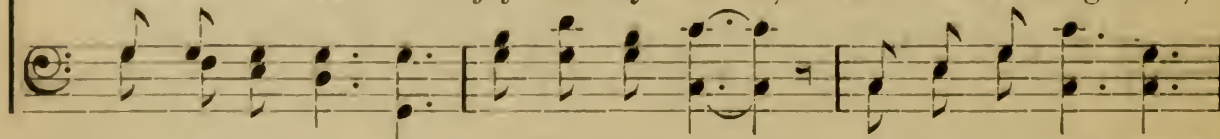
## CHORUS.



chil - dren bend - ing in love. } We will a - dore Him, gather and praise Him,  
on - ward, cheering the way. }  
fend us un - der His wings. }



Voic - es in con - cert joy - ful - ly blend; His be the king - dom,



pow - er and glo - ry, Now and for - ev - er, world without end; His be the



# WONDERFUL SAVIOUR.—Concluded.

kingdom, power and glo-ry, Now and for-ev-er, world without end.

## No. 109. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I lov'd the gar- ish fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see..... The dis-tant scene; one step enough for me.  
day, and spite of fears,... Pride rul'd my will. Remember not past years!  
an-gel fac-es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while!

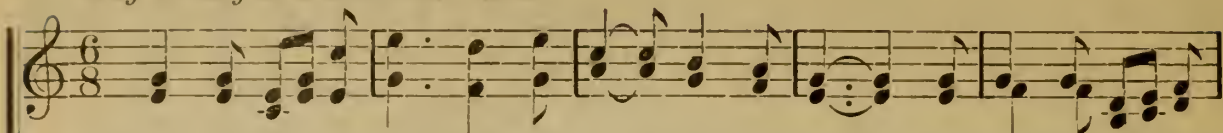


# No. 110. NEVER ALONE.

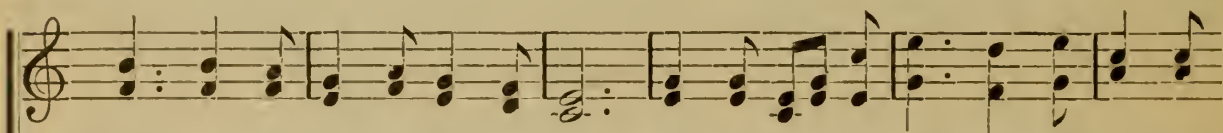
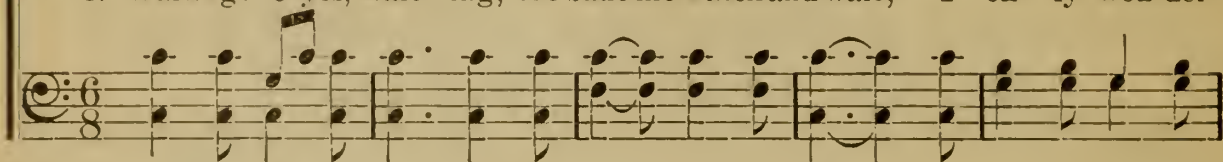
V. A. W.

J. C. H. and V. A. WHITE.

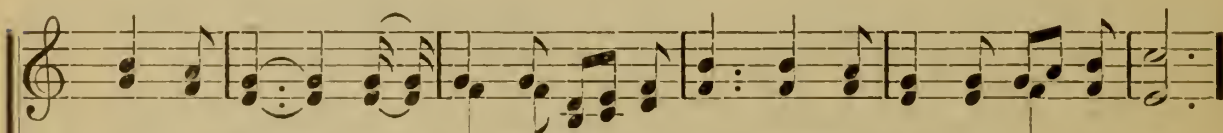
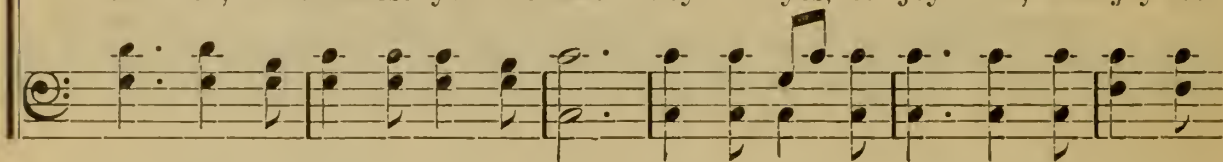
*May be sung as a Duet and Chorus.*



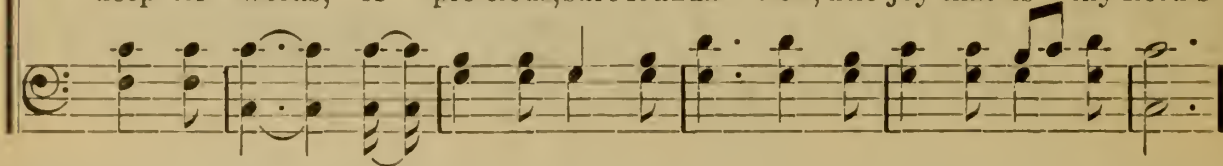
1. Lone-ly? no, not lone - ly While Jesus standeth by; His presence al-ways
2. Wea-ry? no, not wea - ry While leaning on His breast; My soul hath full en-
3. Waiting? O yes, wait - ing; He bade me watch and wait; I on - ly won-der



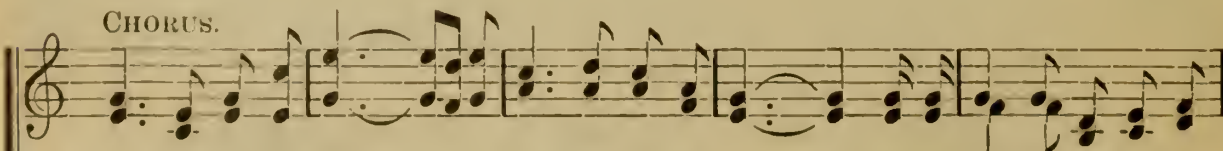
cheers me; I know that He is nigh. Friendless? no, not friend-less, For Je - sus  
joy-ment, 'Tis His e - ter - nal rest. Help-less? yes, so help - less; But I am  
oft - en, What makes my Lord so late. Joy-ful? yes, so joy - ful; With joy too



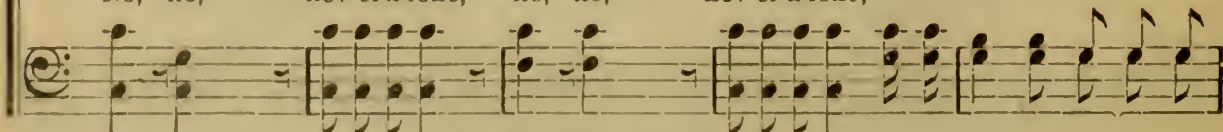
is my Friend; I change, But He re-main - eth The same un- to the end.  
lean-ing hard On the mighty arm of Je - sus, And He is keeping guard.  
deep for words; A pre-cious, sure founda - tion; The joy that is my Lord's



## CHORUS.



No, nev-er a - lone, ..... no, nev-er a - lone;.... He has promised never to  
No, no, nev-er a-lone, no, no, nev-er a-lone,



# NEVER ALONE.—Concluded.

leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone; Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in 4/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line with chords and single notes. There are repeat signs with first and second endings indicated by '1' and '2' above the staff.

## No. 111. A LIVING EPISTLE.

Rev. EDGAR C. MASON.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Make me hum-ble, O my Sav-iour, That I may re - ceive Thy grace;  
 2. Write Thy-self up - on me, Je - sus, So that all who see may read—  
 3. Let my life be an e - pis - tle, Known and read of ev - 'ry man:  
 4. Thus from day to day in liv - ing I shall mag - ni - fy Thy name,

The musical score for the first four verses is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The music is composed of chords and single notes, with a steady rhythm.

Purge me from my sins and fail - ures, In my heart Thine im - age trace.  
 Read of Thee, and see Thy spir - it In the life I dai - ly lead.  
 As men read me may they see Thee And ac - cept Thy sav - ing plan.  
 And shall be a true en - sam - ple Of the truth my lips pro - claim.

The musical score continues with the same 4/4 time and one-flat key signature. It includes a melody and bass line for the fifth and sixth verses. The notation includes various note values and rests, with a final cadence at the end of the sixth verse.

*pp*  
 Make me hum - ble, make me ho - ly, O my Sav - iour.

The final musical score is marked with a piano (*pp*) dynamic. It is in 4/4 time with a one-flat key signature. The melody and bass line are shown for the seventh verse, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.



# No. 112. BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

J. G. C.

(First Prize Song.)

J. G. CRABBE.

1. I sing the love of God, my Fa - ther, Whose Spirit a-bides with - in ;
2. I sing the love of Christ, my Sav - iour, Who suffer'd up - on the tree ;
3. I sing the beauty of the Gos - pel That scatters, not thorns, but flow'rs ;

What changes all my grief to glad - ness, And pardons me all my sin.  
That, in the se - cret of His pres - ence, My bondage might freedom be.  
That bids me scat - ter smiles and sunbeams Wherev - er are lone - ly hours.

Tho' clouds may lower, dark and drear - y, Yet He has promis'd to be near ;  
He comes "to bind the broken hearted ;" He comes the fainting soul to cheer ;  
The "garment of His praise" it of - fers For "heav-i-ness of spir-it," drear ;

FINE.

He gives me sun-shine for my shad - ow, And "beauty for ash - es," here.  
He gives me "oil of joy" for mourning, And "beauty for ash - es," here.  
It gives me sunshine for my shad - ow, And "beauty for ash - es," here.

D. S.—gives me sun-shine for my shad - ow, And "beauty for ash - es," here.

CHORUS.

He gives me joy..... in place of sor - - - row ;  
He gives me joy in place of care ;

# BEAUTY FOR ASHES.—Concluded.

D. S.

He gives me love..... that casts out fear; He gives me love that casts out fear,

## No. 113. BENEATH THE CROSS OF JESUS.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

F. C. MAKER.

1. Be-neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand; The shadow of a  
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus, Mine eye at times can see The ver - y dy - ing  
3. I take, O cross, thy sha-dow, For my a - bid-ing place; I ask no oth - er

might-y rock With - in a wea-ry land. A home within the wilder-ness, A  
form of One Who suffered there for me. And from my smitten heart, with tears, Two  
sunshinethan The sun-shine of His face: Content to let the world go by, To

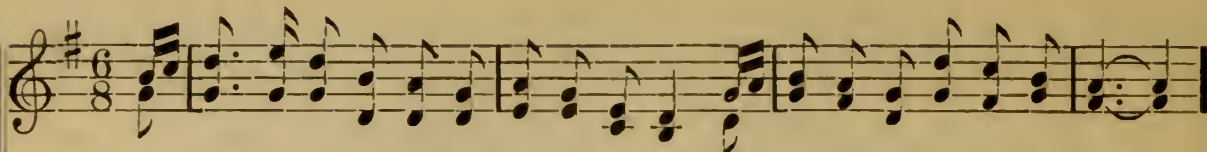
rest upon the way, From th'burning of the noontide heat, And th'burden of the day.  
won-ders I con-fess,—The wonders of His glorious love, And my own worthlessness.  
know no gain nor loss,—My sinful self, my only shame,—My glory, all the cross.



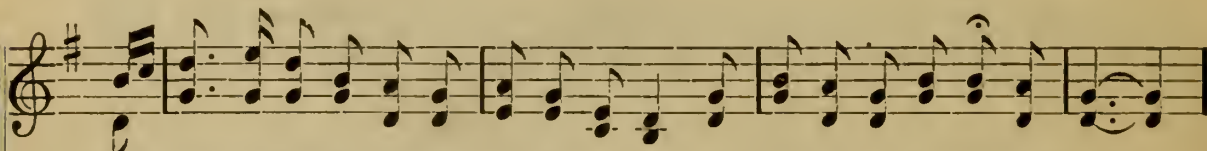
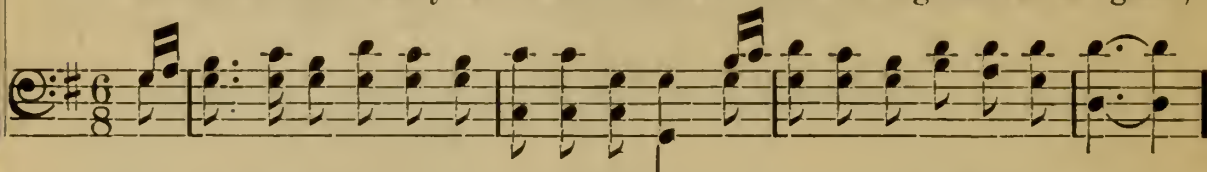
# No. 114 THE STORY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD

JOHN H. YATES.

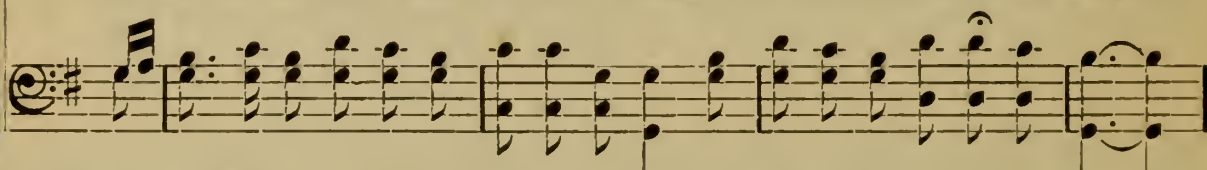
M. L. McPHAIL.



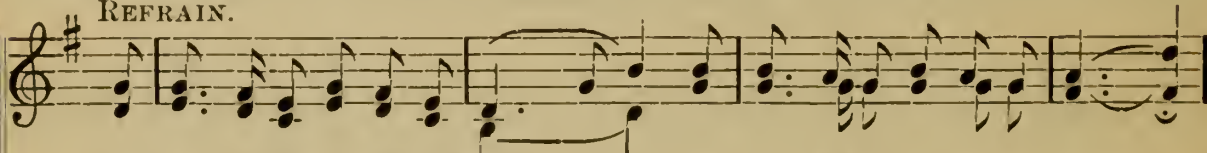
1. How dear to my heart is the sto-ry of old, The sto-ry that ev-er is new ;
2. It came to my heart when all tattered by sin, I sat in the prison of doubt ;
3. It comes to my soul when the tempter is nigh, With snares for my way-weary feet ;
4. When sorrow is mine and on pillows of stone My aching head seeks for re - pose ;
5. When down in the valley and shadow of death I en-ter the gloom and the grave,



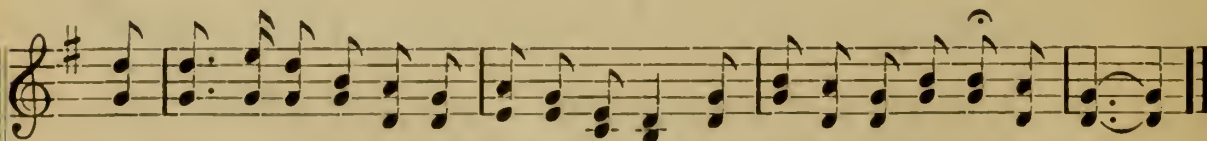
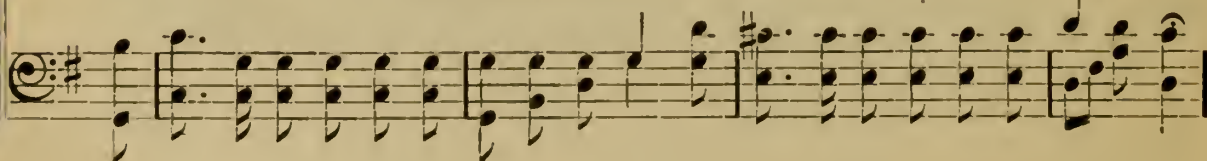
The message that saints of all ages have told, The message so tender and true.  
Like an - gel of old the glad story came in And let me triumphant-ly out.  
It tells of the rock that is higher than I, And leads to its blissful re - treat.  
This story brings comfort and peace from the throne, My desert blooms forth like the rose.  
I'll tell the old story with life's latest breath, Of Christ and His power to save.



## REFRAIN.



The sto - ry that never grows old..... Tho' o - ver and o - ver 'tis told ;  
that never grows old, 'tis told



The sto - ry so dear bringing heaven so near, Sweet story that never grows old.



# No. 115. THERE'LL BE MUSIC IN HEAVEN.

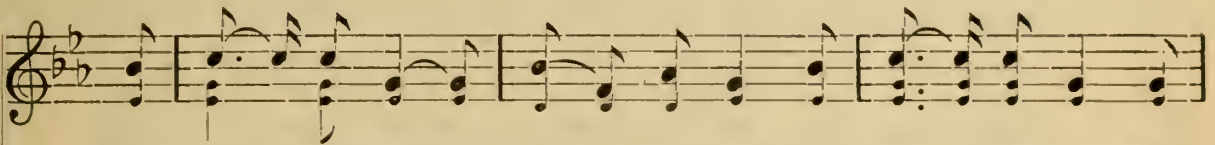
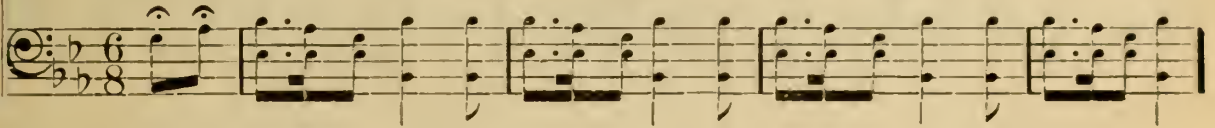
W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

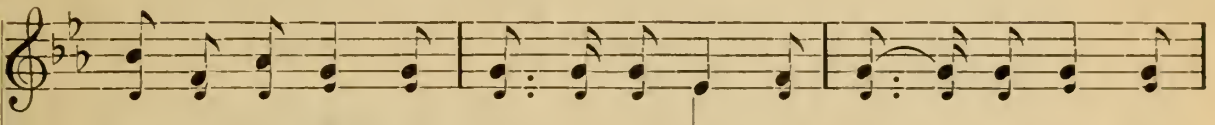
*Voices in Unison.*



1. There'll be music in heav'n, we're told..... Play'd on the harps of gold,.....
2. There'll be singing in heav'n, I'm sure,..... By voices so sweet and pure,.....
3. Then voices and harps will blend,..... And grandest of songs ascend,....



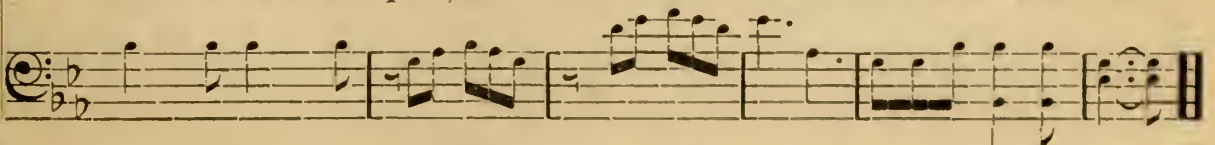
Such har - monies grand by an - gel band, Such mel - o-dies sweet, we'll  
The songs, we're told, will beaut-y un-fold, Sweet notes will roll from  
An an-them of praise to - geth - er we'll raise, A song so sweet our



hear on the street, Such sweet-ness of tone a - round the throne, All  
depths of the soul, The an - gels will sing and heav'n will ring, With  
sen - ses will greet, To Je - sus, our King, to - geth - er we'll sing, With



play'd on the harps of gold,..... All play'd on the harps of gold.  
voic-es so sweet and pure,..... With voices so sweet and pure.  
voic-es so sweet and pure, ..... With voices so sweet an' pure.

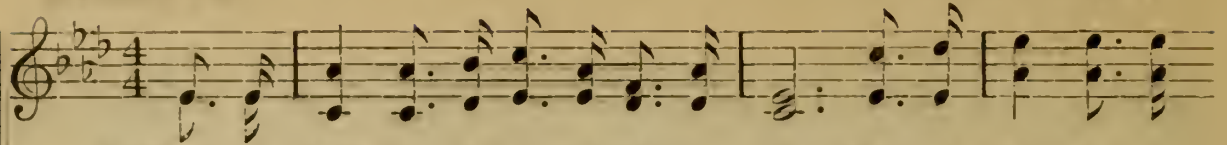




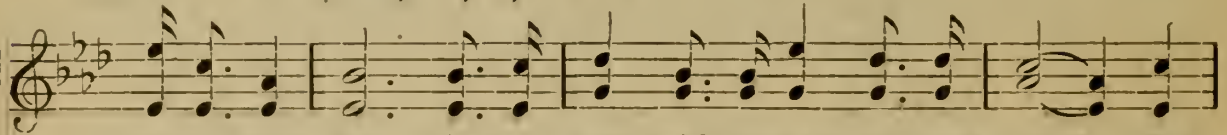
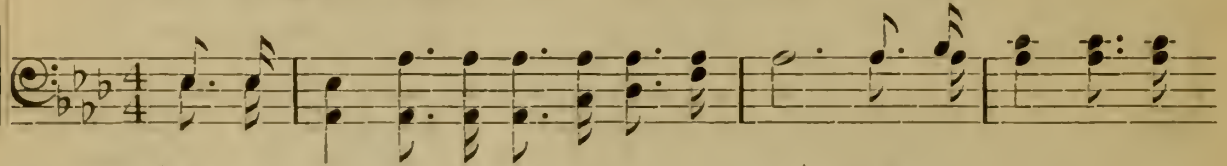
# No. 116. KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

ADA BLENKHORN.

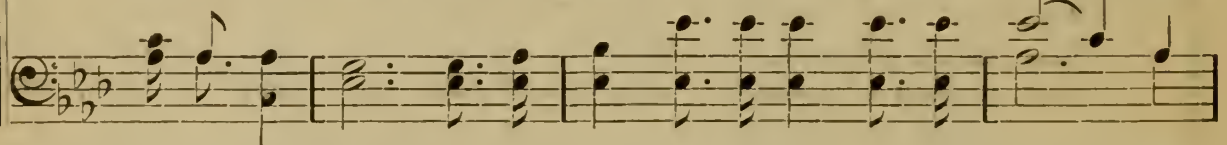
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



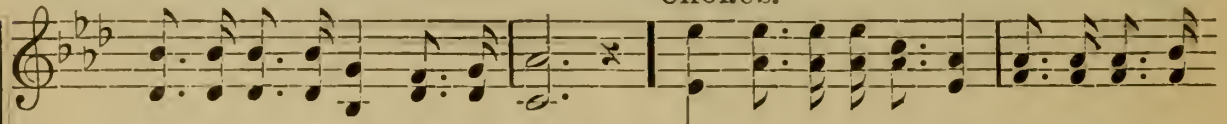
1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life, There's a bright and a
2. Tho' the storm in its fu - ry break to - day, Crushing hopes that we
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the mo - ments be



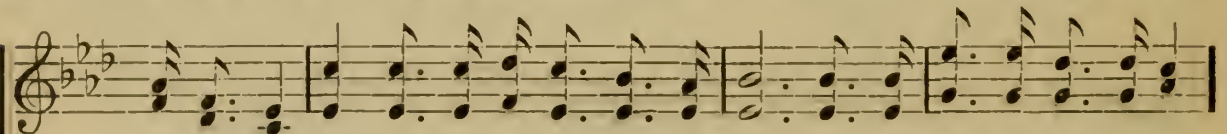
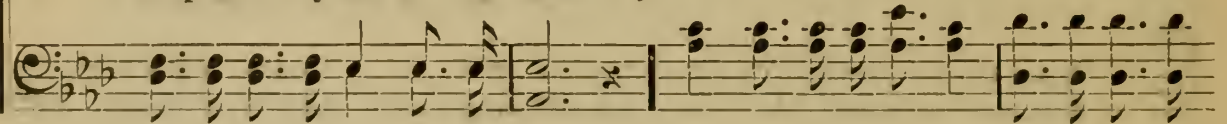
sun - ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the darkness and strife, The  
cherished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The  
cloudy or fair; Let us trust in our Sav - iour al - way, Who



## CHORUS.



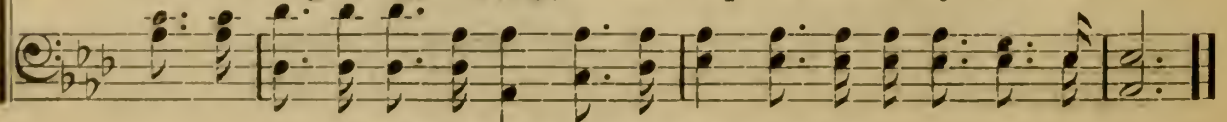
sun - ny side we al - so may view.  
sun again will shine bright and clear. } Keep on the sunny side, Always on the  
keepeth ev - 'ry one in His care.



sun - ny side, Keep on the sunny side of life; It will help us ev - 'ry day,



It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sunny side of life.



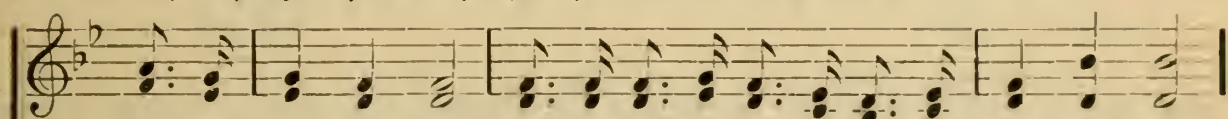
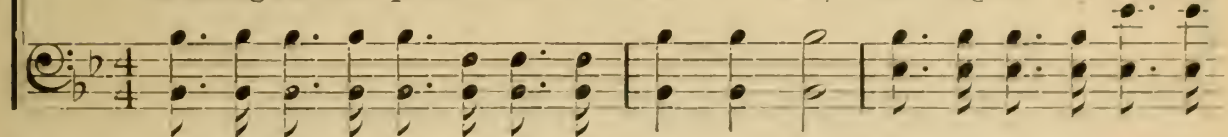
# No. 117. STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

R. K. C.

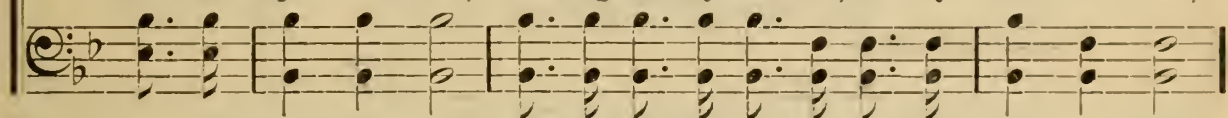
R. KELSO CARTER.



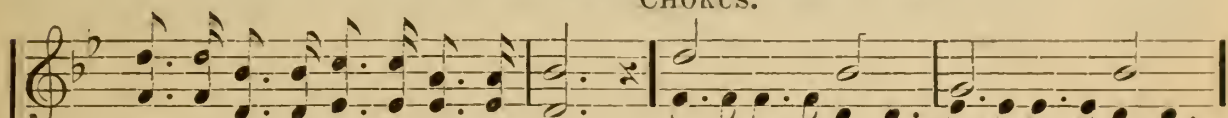
1. Standing on the promis-es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges
2. Standing on the promis-es that cannot fail, When the howling storms of
3. Standing on the promis-es I now can see Perfect, present cleansing
4. Standing on the promis-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal -
5. Standing on the promis-es I can - not fall, Last'ning ev - 'ry moment



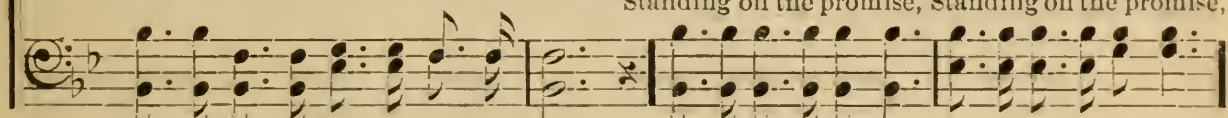
let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,  
doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,  
in the blood for me; Standing in the lib - er - ty where Christ makes free,  
ly by love's strong cord, O - ver - com - ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,  
to the Spir - it's call, Rest - ing in my Saviour, as my all in all,



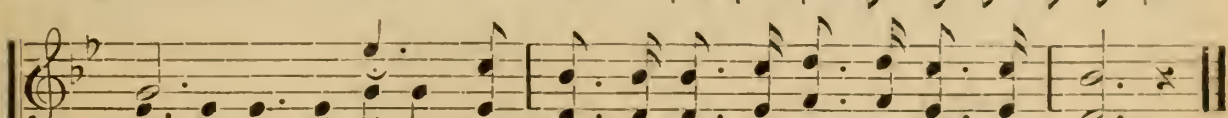
## CHORUS.



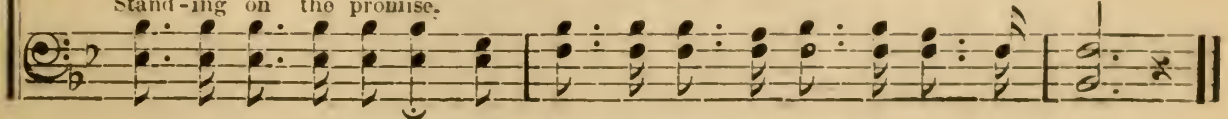
Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, Stand - ing  
Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,



Standing on the prom-is-es of God, my Saviour; Stand - - - ing,  
Standing on the promise,



Stand - - - ing, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God.  
Stand - ing on the promise,

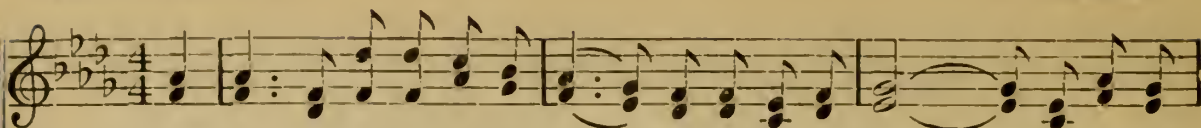




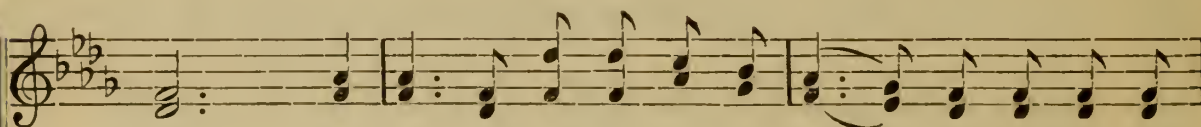
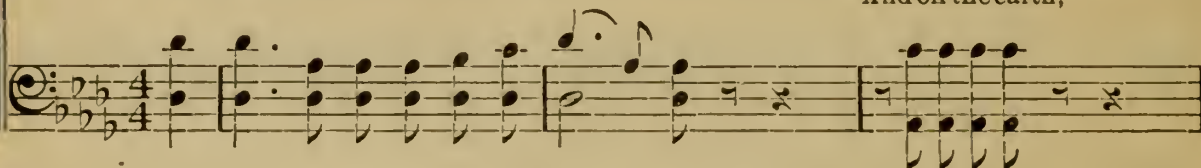
# No. 118. I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

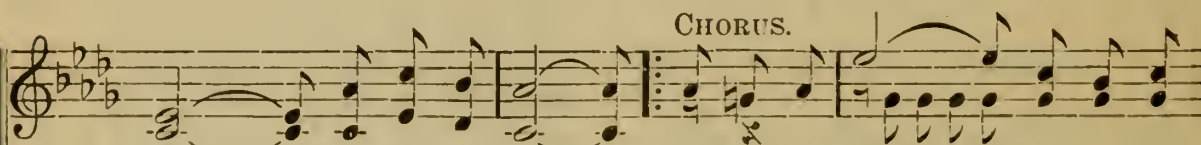
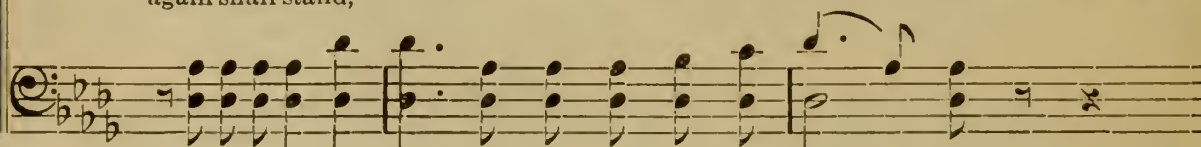


1. I know that my Redeemer liv - eth, And on the earth..... again shall
2. I know His promise nev - er fail - eth, The word He speaks,.... it can - not
3. I know my mansion He pre - par - eth, That where He is..... there I may  
And on the earth,



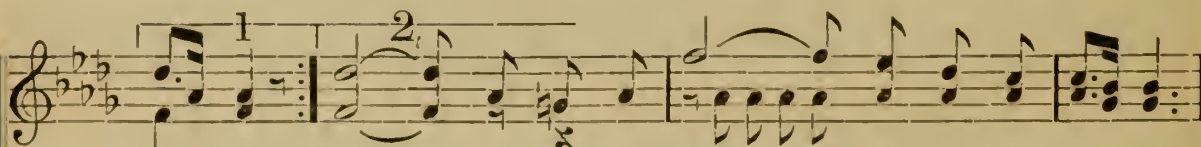
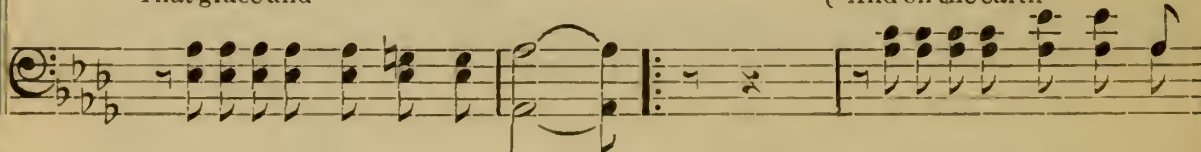
stand;  
die;  
be;  
again shall stand;

I know e - ter - nal life He giv - eth, That grace and  
Tho' cru - el death my flesh as - sail - eth, Yet I shall  
O won - drous tho't, for me He car - eth, And He at

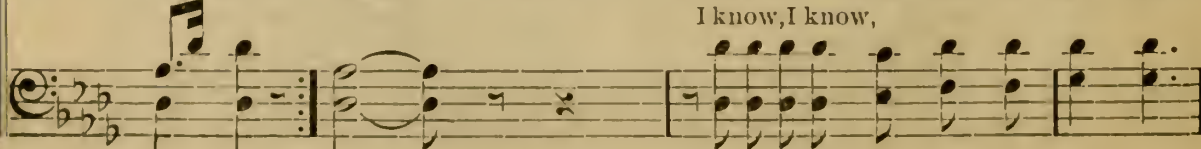


## CHORUS.

power..... are in His hand. { I know, I know..... that Je - sus  
see..... Him by and by. { And on the earth..... a - gain shall  
last..... will come for me. { I know, I know,  
That grace and { And on the earth



liv - eth, }  
(omit) } stand; I know, I know..... that life He giv - eth,  
I know, I know,



# I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER.—Concluded.

*Rit.*

That grace and power..... are in His hand.  
That grace and pow'r are in His hand.

## No. 119. THE QUIET HOUR.

REV. EDGAR C. MASON.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. A - mid the world of rest-less heat, When pants the high-er life,  
2. O qui - et hour! with God shut in, And all the world shut out!  
3. O qui - et hour, in which God speaks As friend would speak with friend!  
4. O qui - et hour! O tryst-ing place Where oft I meet with Him!

*cres.* *f*

What joy to find a calm re-treat, Where liv - ing wa - ters mur-mur sweet,  
Here heav-en's hid - den joys be - gin, Delights my soul would re - vel in,  
Here faith mounts up to loft - y peaks, To view the land the pil-grim seeks,  
I al - most see Him face to face, And al - most feel His warm em-brace—

*p* *pp*


A qui - et hour from strife. A qui - et hour from strife.  
And thoughts that are de - vout. And thoughts that are de - vout.  
And earth and heav - en blend. And earth and heav - en blend.  
My cup runs o'er the brim. My cup runs o'er the brim.  
A qui - et hour



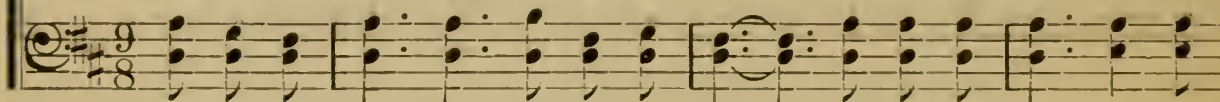
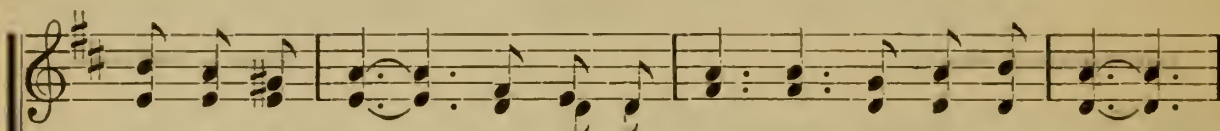
# No. 120. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

F. J. CROSBY.

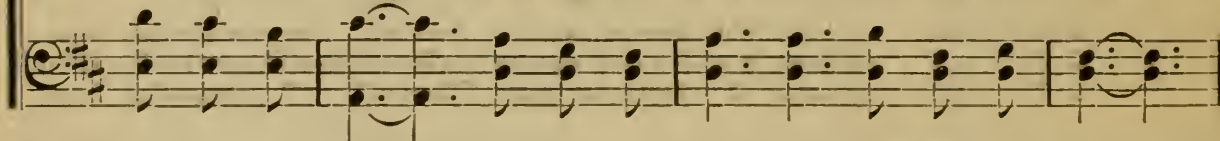
Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



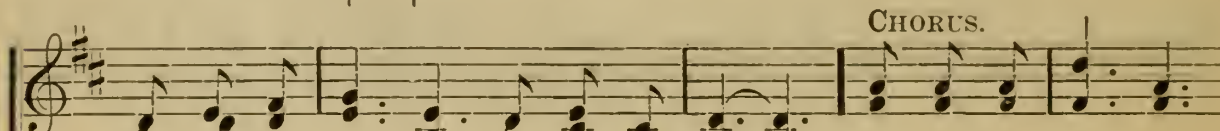
1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine? O what a fore - taste of  
 2. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Visions of rap - ture now  
 3. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am

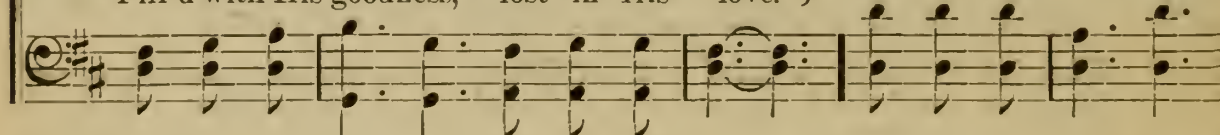
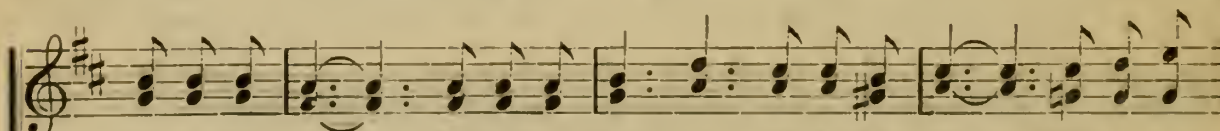
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God,  
 burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing bring from a - bove,  
 hap - py and blest, Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,




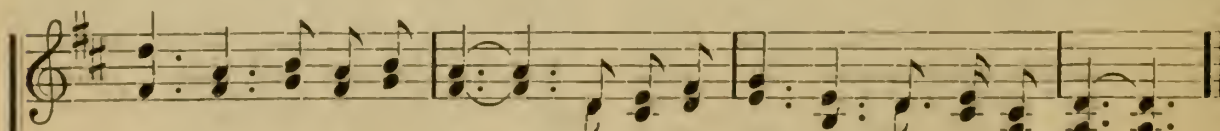
CHORUS.



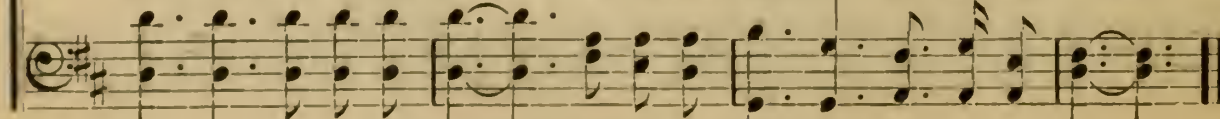
Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood. } This is my sto - ry,  
 Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love. }  
 Fill'd with His goodness, lost in His love. }

this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

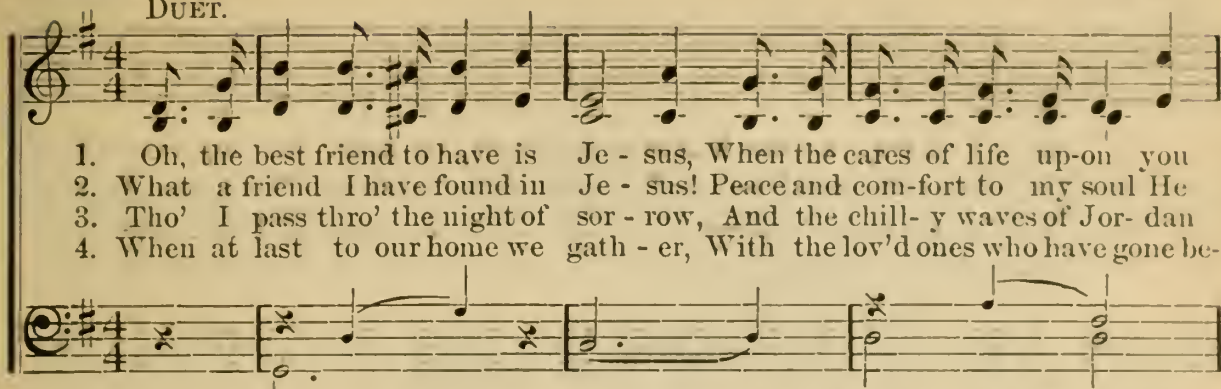


# No. 121. THE BEST FRIEND IS JESUS.

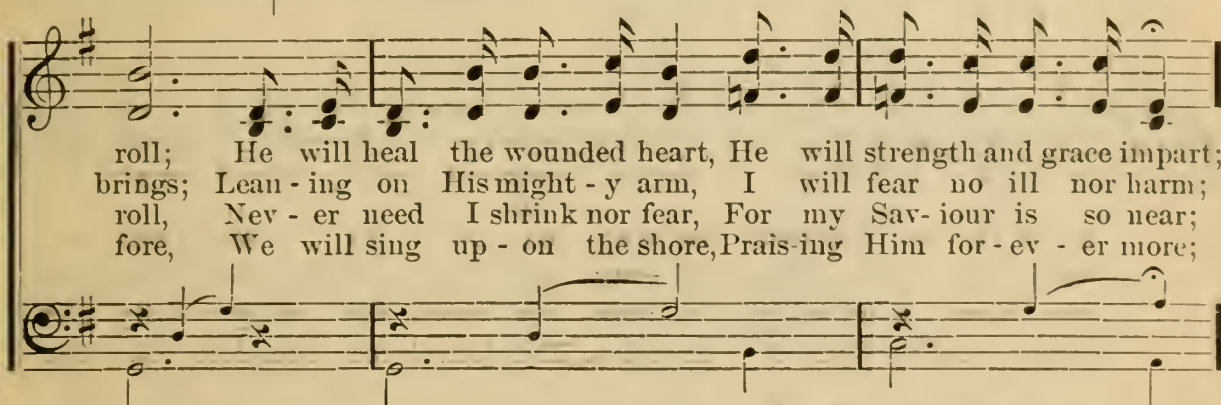
P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

DUET.

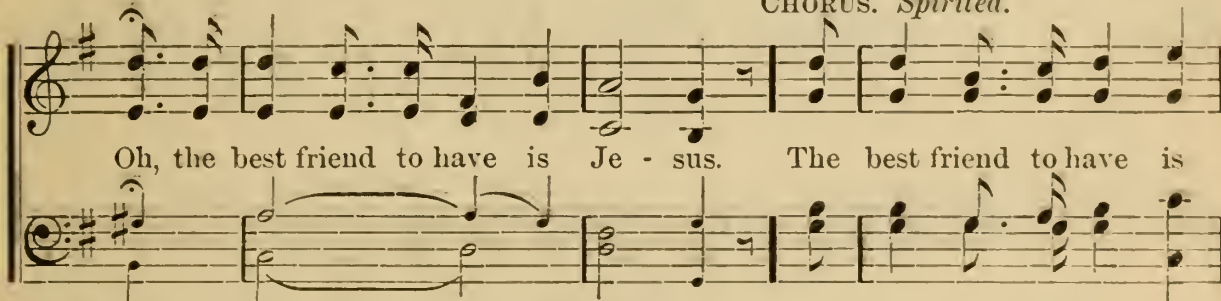


1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up-on you  
 2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and com-fort to my soul He  
 3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chill-y waves of Jor-dan  
 4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the lov'd ones who have gone be-

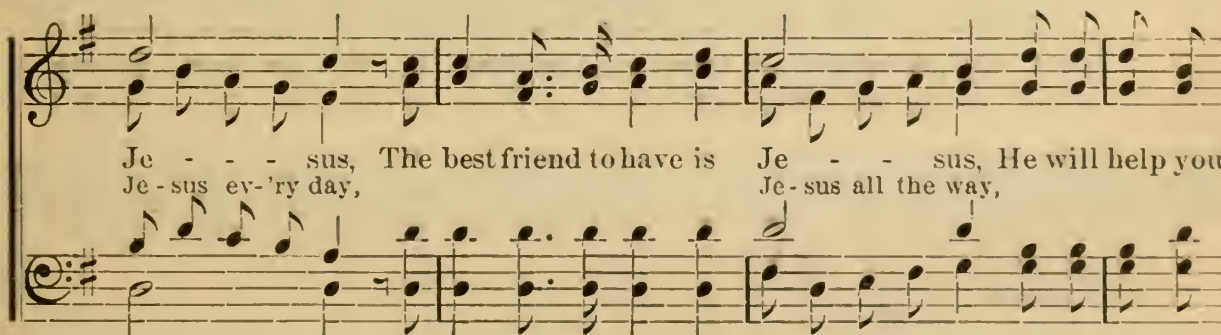


roll; He will heal the wounded heart, He will strength and grace impart;  
 brings; Lean-ing on His might-y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;  
 roll, Nev-er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav-iour is so near;  
 fore, We will sing up-on the shore, Praising Him for-ev-er more;

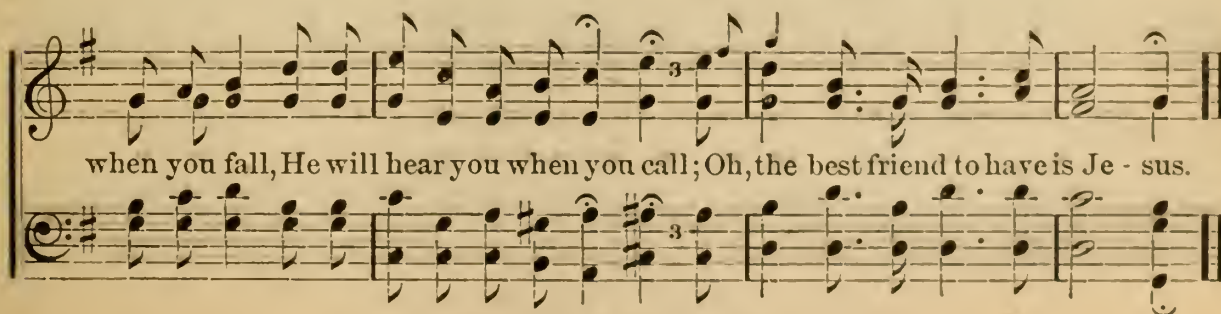
CHORUS. *Spirited.*



Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is



Je - - - sus, The best friend to have is Je - - - sus, He will help you  
 Je - sus ev-'ry day, Je - sus all the way,



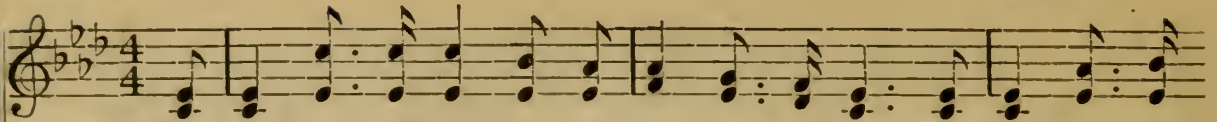
when you fall, He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.



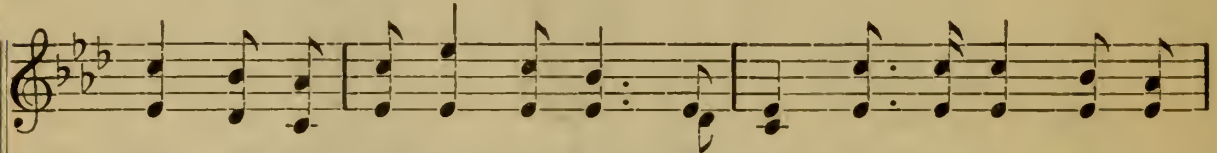
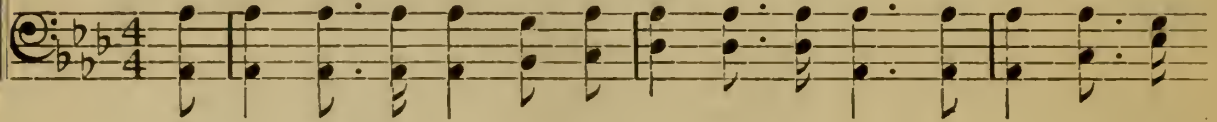
# No. 122. THERE'S PARDON SO FREE!

T. M. B.

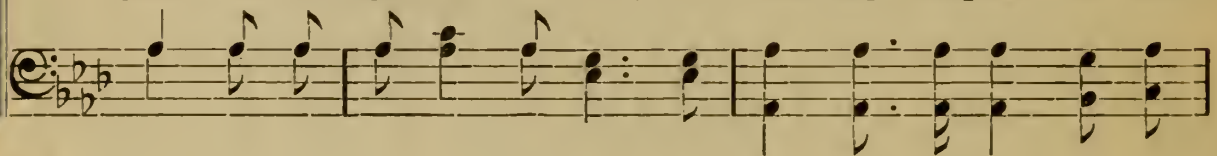
T. M. BOWDISH.



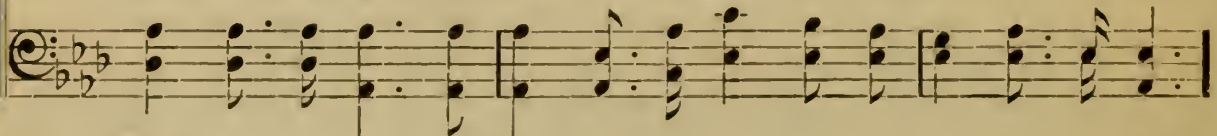
1. Oh, I have a Sav- iour now reign- ing on high, Who once came from
2. Thro' Je - sus, my Sav- iour I'm per - fect - ly whole, The light of His
3. When darkness o'er-shad-ows, my Sav- iour is near, With His bless - ed
4. There's par-don for all who on Je - sus be-lieve, Who trust in His



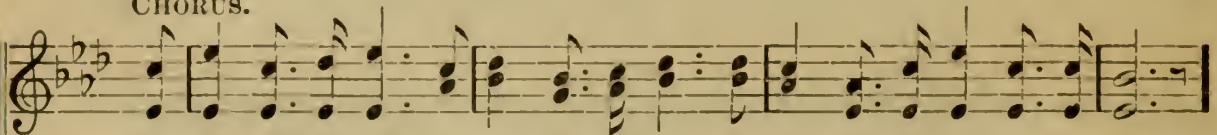
glo - ry for sin- ners to die; His life as a ran - som on  
love now il - lu- mines my soul; My sins once like scar - let are  
pres- ence I've noth- ing to fear; He leads me so gen - tly o'er  
prom - ise, His Spir - it re- ceive; There's heal- ing complete in the



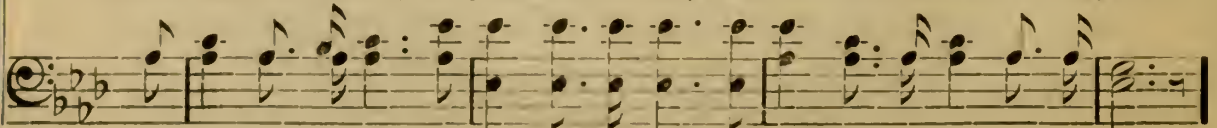
Cal - va - ry's tree Was giv - en, my broth- er, for you and for me.  
all wash'd a- way, My path - way grows bright-er and bright-er each day.  
life's rug - ged way, He'll bring me at last to the por - tals of day.  
soul-cleans- ing tide, There's life in a look at the once Cru - ci - fied.



## CHORUS.



There's pardon so free, for you and for me; There's rest in His dear loving fold;



# THERE'S PARDON SO FREE!—Concluded.

By His blessed side we'll ev-er a-bide, And share in His mercy un-told.

## No. 123. HE IS A FRIEND INDEED.

L. W. W.

Rev. L. W. WHITE.

1. { Once I was blind, I could not see the Sav- iour, And oh, how  
Lone - ly and sad, I tho't that I could nev - er Find Him who

D.C.—Oh, how He saves, and bears my heav - y bur - dens! He's the on - ly

1 2 FINE. CHORUS.  
dark was all the world to me!  
died on Cal - va - ry for (Omit.) me. } He's a Friend in-deed, a

Friend that sin-ners ev - er (Omit.) need.

D.C.  
Friend in time of need, Gracious and ten-der has Je-sus been in-deed;

- 2 Once I was lame, and could not follow Jesus, 3 Christ is my Lord, the wonderful Redeemer,  
Wounded by sin, I fainted on the way; Light of my soul, my Prophet, Priest and  
Christ, the Physician, healed my broken King;  
spirit; [way. He is my all, and I am His forever;  
Now He sustains and leads me all the Help me His praise forevermore to sing.

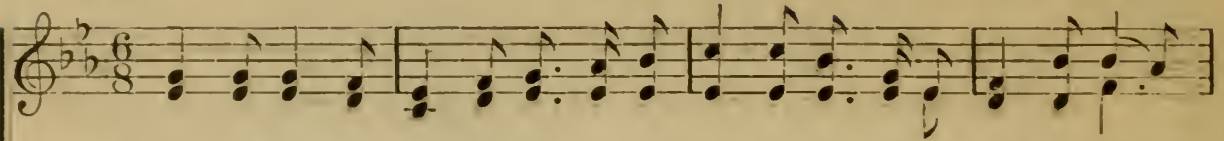
By per. of Rev. L. White.



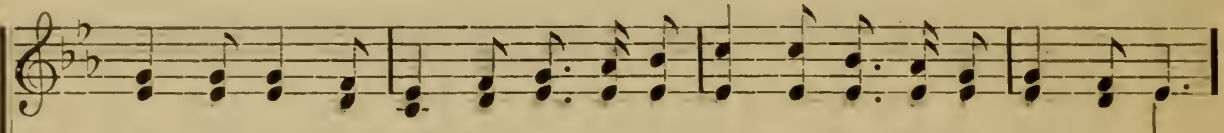
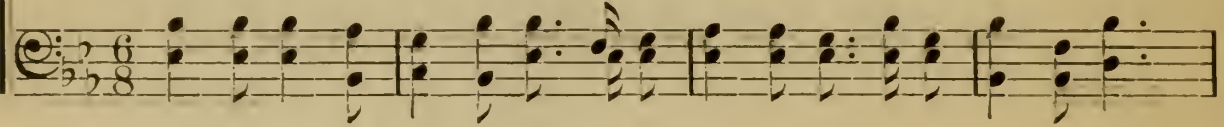
# No. 124. PRAISING JESUS ALL THE DAYLONG.

E. A. H.

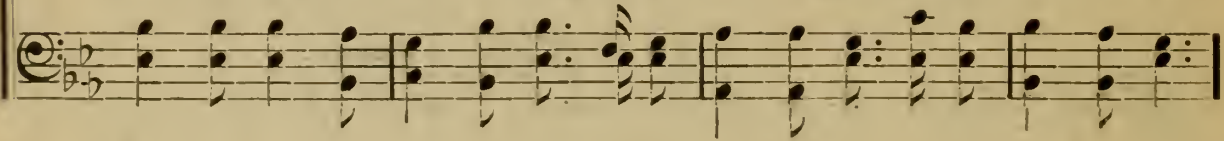
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



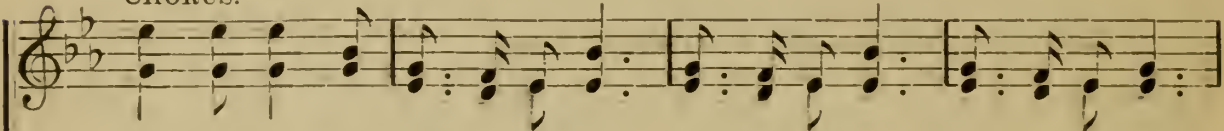
1. O how passing strange and wonderful That the Saviour should think on me,
2. What was there of grace or worth-i-ness In a soul as de-filed as mine?
3. Oh, the days are full of hap-pi-ness, Full of gladness, and full of song;
4. I will praise and I will glo-ri-fy His a-dor-a-ble love to me;



And bestow His love so gra-cious-ly, Love so boundless and rich and free.  
 Yet He clothed me in His righteousness, And renewed me by grace di-vine.  
 All His ways are ways of pleasantness, And He bless-es me all day long.  
 I will laud and I will mag-ni-fy His free grace thro' e-ter-ni-ty.



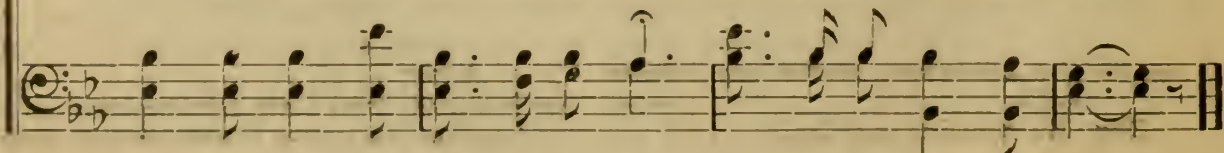
## CHORUS.



I will praise Him all the day long, He is my joy, He is my song;



I will praise Him all the day long, He is my joy and song.



# No. 125. OPEN MY EYES THAT I MAY SEE.

C. H. S.

CLARA H. SCOTT.

*Gently and reverently.*

1. O - pen my eyes that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;  
 2. O - pen my ears that I may hear Voic - es of truth Thou send-est clear,  
 3. O - pen my mouth and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev - 'ry-where;

Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall un-clasp and set me free.  
 And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry thing false will dis - ap-pear.  
 O - pen my heart and let me pre-pare, Love, with Thy chil-dren, thus to share.

*p* *res - - - cen - - - do.*  
 Si-lent- ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy will to see;  
 Si-lent- ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy will to see;  
 Si-lent- ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy will to see;

*p*  
 O - pen my eyes, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine.  
 O - pen my ears, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine.  
 O - pen my heart, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine.



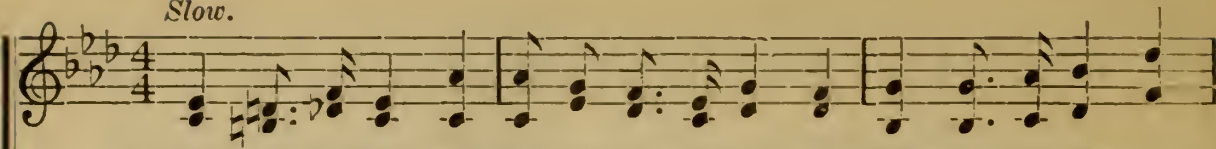
# No. 126 STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

STOWE.

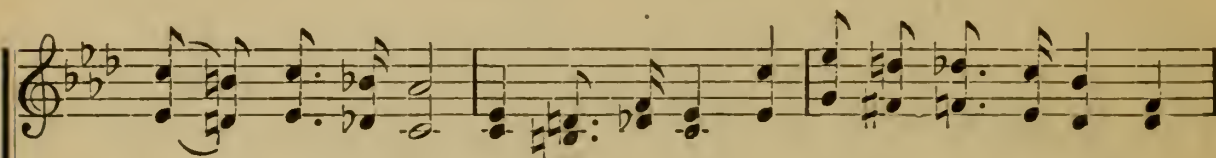
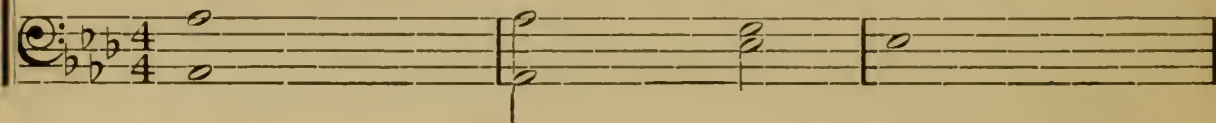
(Dedicated to the Ruggles Street Baptist Church.)

C. C. CASE.

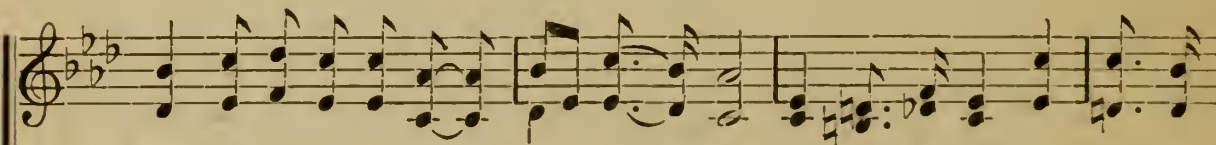
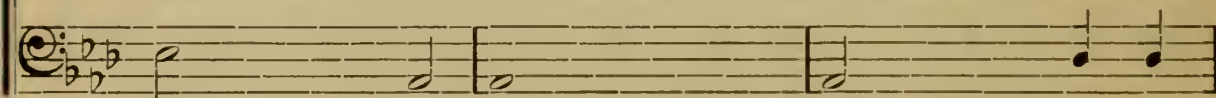
*Slow.*



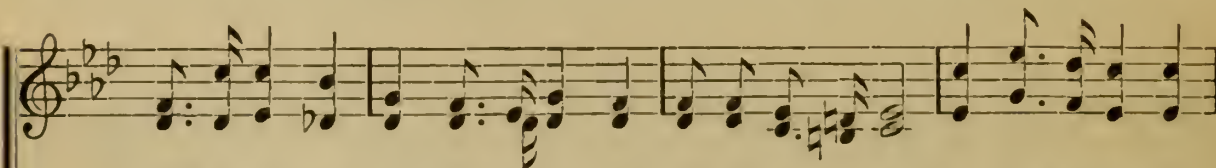
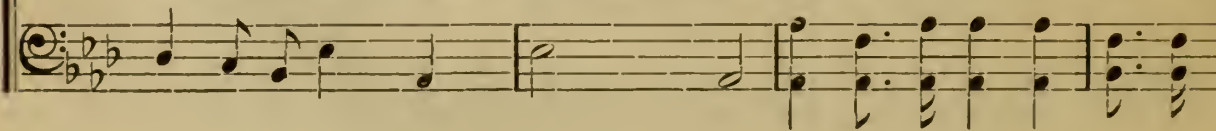
1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh, When the bird waketh
2. As in the dawning o'er the waveless o - cean The im-age of the
3. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil to slum-ber, Its clos-ing eye looks



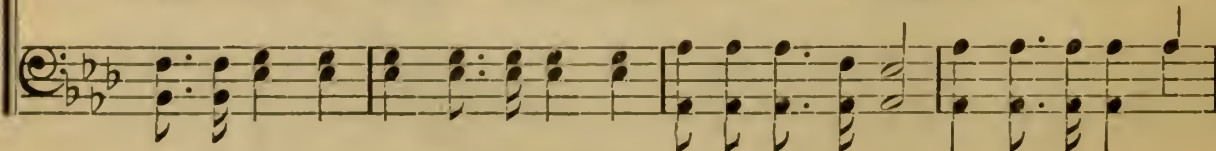
and the shadows flee ; Fair - er than morning, lovelier than the daylight,  
morning star doth rest, So in this still - ness Thou be-hold - est on - ly  
to Thee in pray'r; Sweet the re-pose be-neath the wings o'ershading,



Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee! Alone with Thee, a - mid the  
Thine im-age in the waters of my breast. Still, still with Thee! as to each  
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there. So shall it be at last in



mys-tic shadows, The solemn hush of na-ture newly born: A-lone with Thee in  
new-born morning, A fresh and solemn splendor still is giv'n, So doth this blessed  
that bright morning, When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee; Oh, in that hour, fair-



# STILL, STILL WITH THEE.—Concluded.

breathless ad - o - ra - tion, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.  
consciousness, awak - ing, Breathe, each day, a nearness un-to Thee and heav'n.  
er than daylight dawning, Shall a-rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

## No. 127. THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Of pure de-light, Where  
2. There ev - er - last-ing spring a - bides, Sweet spring a - bides, And  
3. Bright fields beyond the swelling flood, The swell - ing flood, Stand  
1. Of pure de - light,.....

saints im-mor-tal reign; E - ter - nal day excludes the night, E - ter - nal day ex-  
nev - er fading flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides, Death, like a nar - row  
dress'd in living green; So, to the Jews fair Canaan stood, So, to the Jews fair

cludes the night, E - ter - nal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.  
sea, di-vides, Death, like a narrow sea, divides, This heav'nly land from ours.  
Canaan stood, So, to the Jews fair Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.

4 O could we make our doubts remove  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With faith's illumined eyes:—

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.



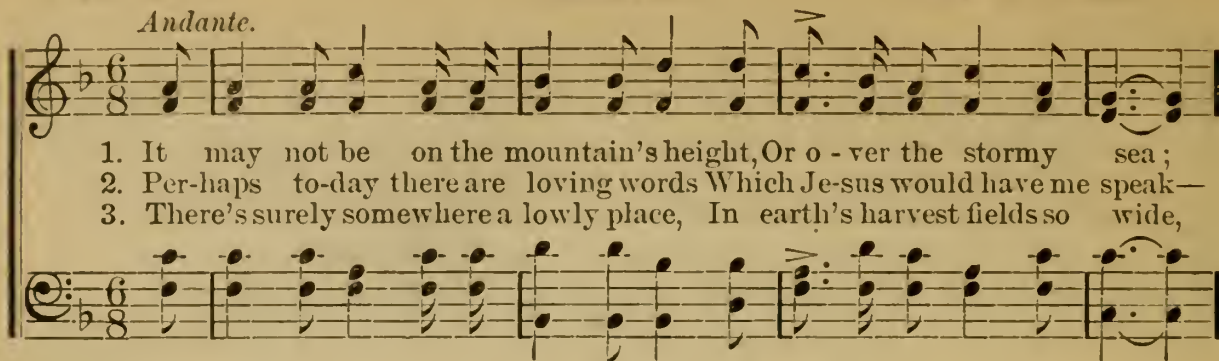
# No. 128. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

MARY BROWN.

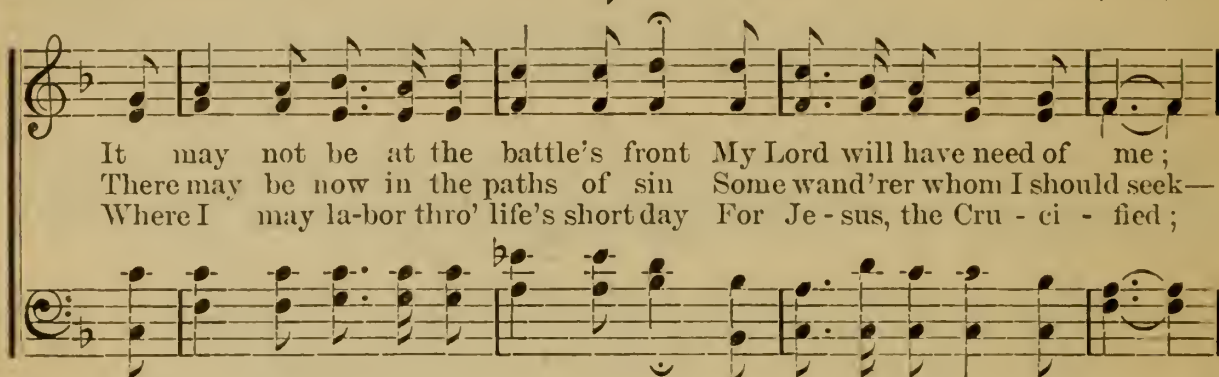
(Consecration.)

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

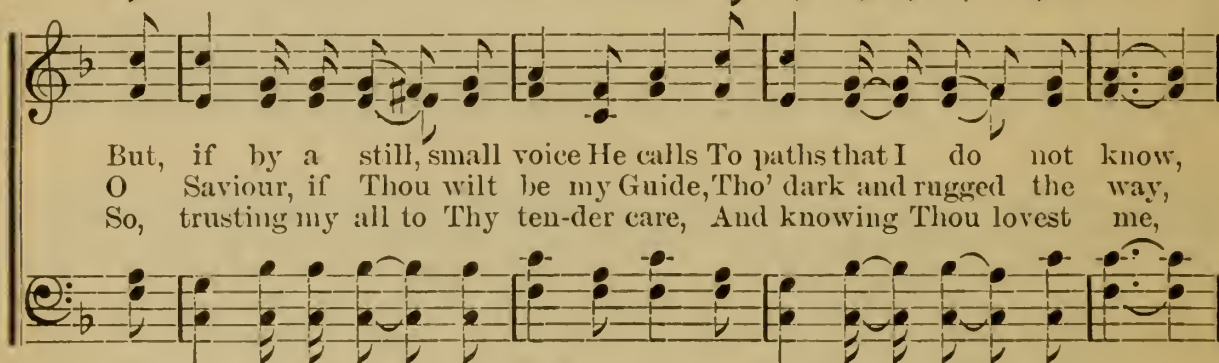
*Andante.*



1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o-ver the stormy sea;  
 2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Je-sus would have me speak—  
 3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,



It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;  
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—  
 Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus, the Cru-ci-fied;

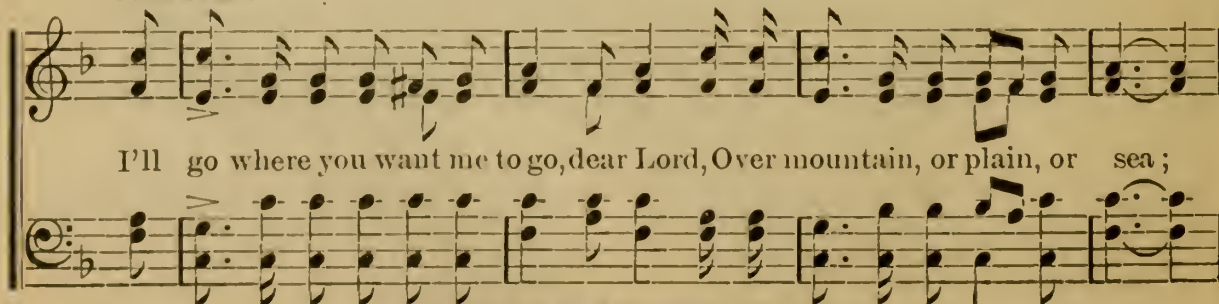


But, if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,  
 O Saviour, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,  
 So, trusting my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.  
 My voice shall echo Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.  
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

# I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT, etc.—Concluded.

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

## No. 129. I KNOW MY SAVIOUR IS NEAR.

D. W. W.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I have a faith in Christ my Lord, That will not yield to fear;  
 2. Where'er the path of du - ty leads, His will my joy shall be;  
 3. And when my faith is lost in sight, And I a crown shall wear,

Tho' tri - als come and clouds a - rise, I know He still is near.  
 I'll go in faith and mur-mur not, But trust His grace to me.  
 My sweet - est song in heav'n shall be His love, that brought me there.

### CHORUS.

I know my Saviour is near,..... His message of love I hear,  
 my Saviour is near, soft-ly hear,

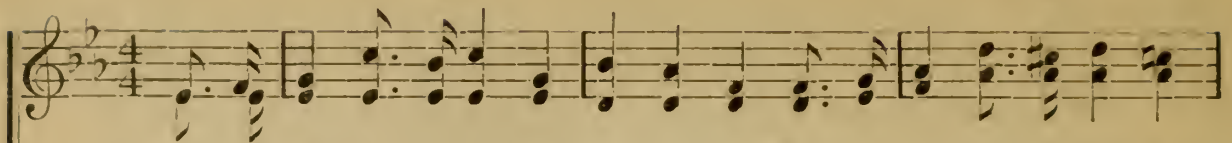
And tho' my way I can - not see, I know my Saviour is near.



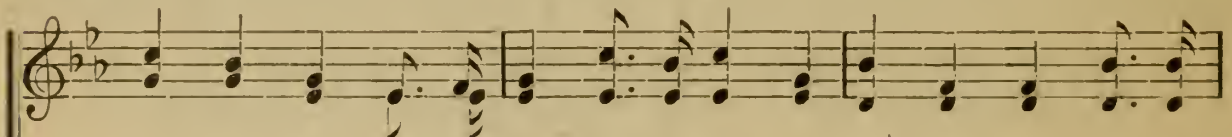
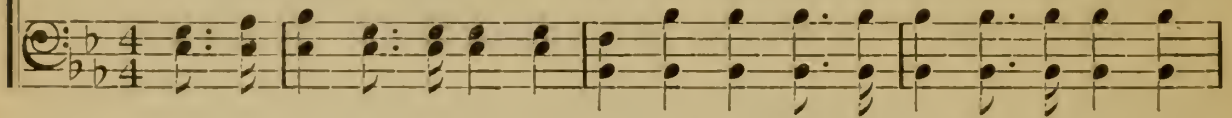
# No. 130. THE CLOUD AND FIRE.

C. A. M.

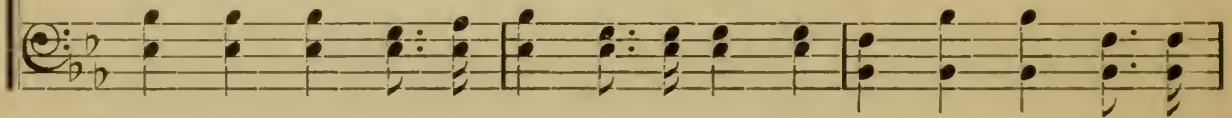
C. AUSTIN MILES.



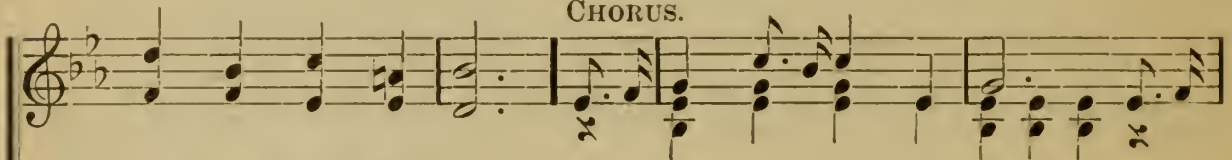
1. As of old when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were com-pelled in the wil-der-
2. To and fro as a ship without a sail, Not a compass to guide them
3. All the days of their wand'rings they were fed, To the land of the promise



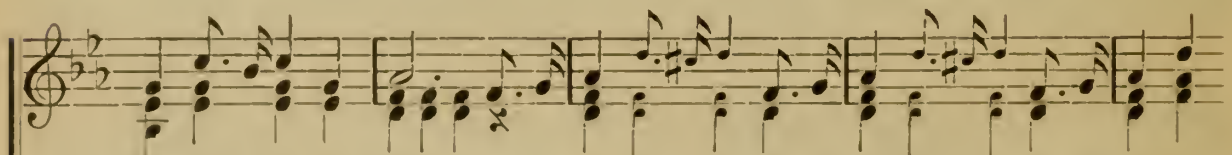
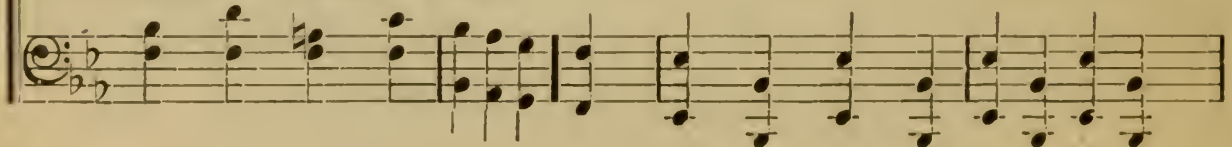
ness to dwell, Trusting they in their God to lead the way To the  
thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their  
they were led, By the hand of the Lord in guidance sure, They were



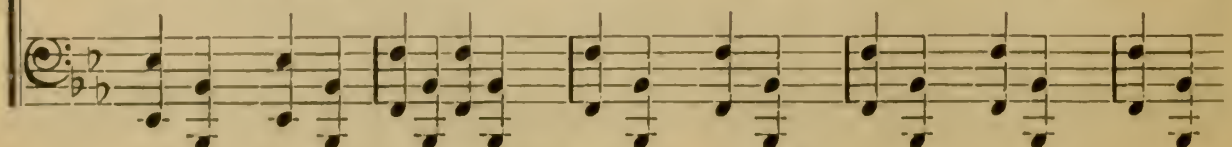
## CHORUS.



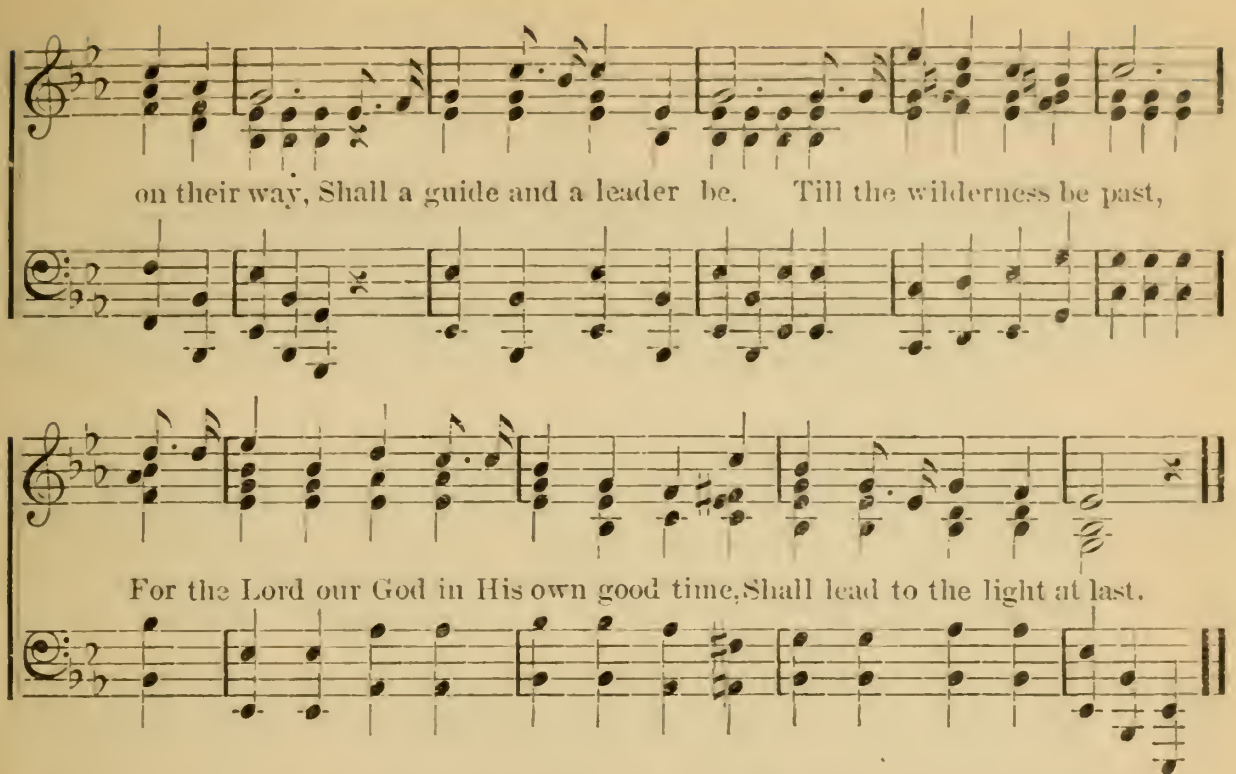
light of per - fect day. }  
faint - ing hearts to cheer. } So the sign of the fire by night, And the  
brought to Canaan's shore. }



sign of the cloud by day, Hov'ring o'er, just before, As they journey



## THE CLOUD AND FIRE.—Concluded.



on their way, Shall a guide and a leader be. Till the wilderness be past,

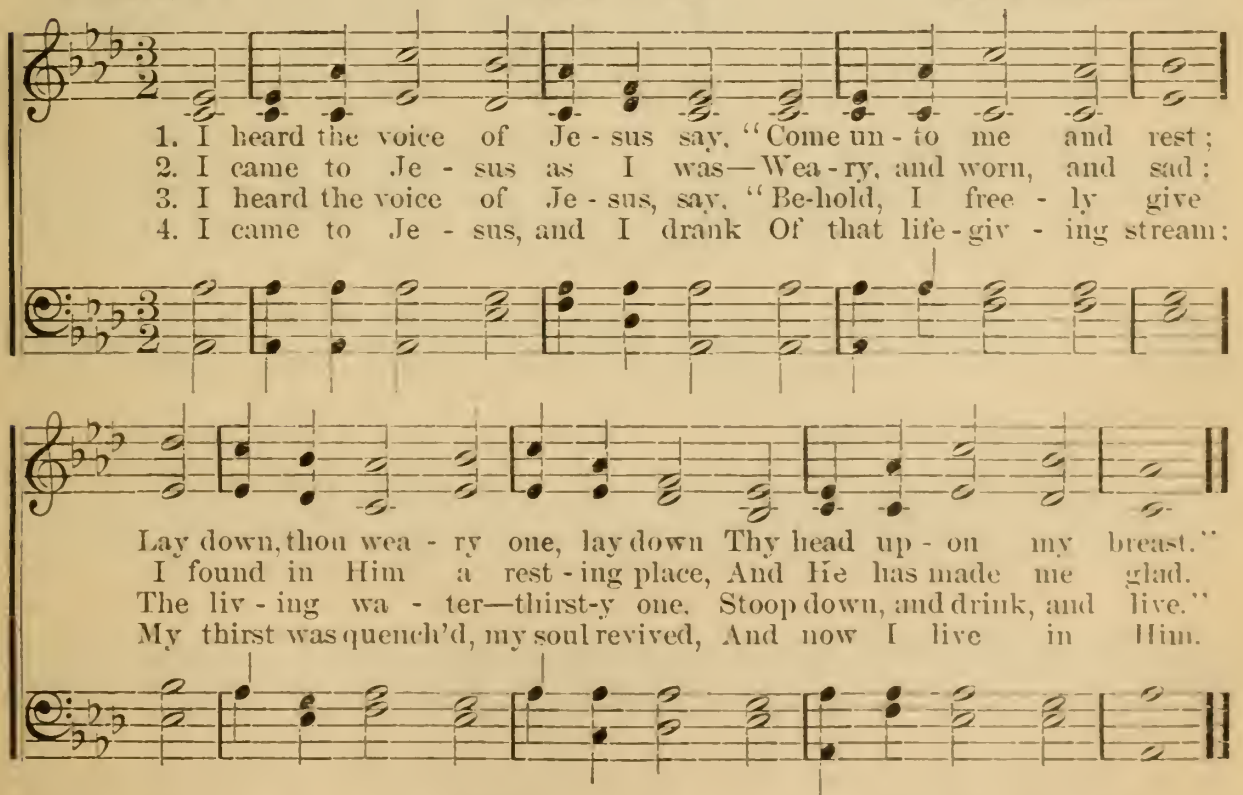
For the Lord our God in His own good time, Shall lead to the light at last.

## No. 131. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

H. BONAR, D. D.

(EVAN. C. M.)

WM. H. HAVERGAL.



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest ;  
 2. I came to Je - sus as I was—Wea - ry, and worn, and sad ;  
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus, say, "Be-hold, I free - ly give  
 4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life-giv - ing stream:

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."  
 I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.  
 The liv - ing wa - ter—thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."  
 My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.

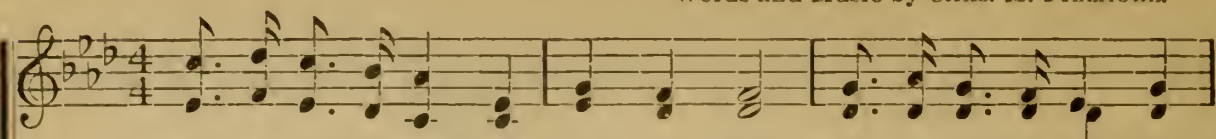
5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's light ;  
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;  
 And in that light of life I'll walk  
 Till traveling days are done.

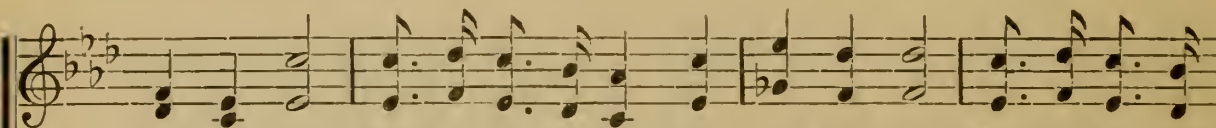
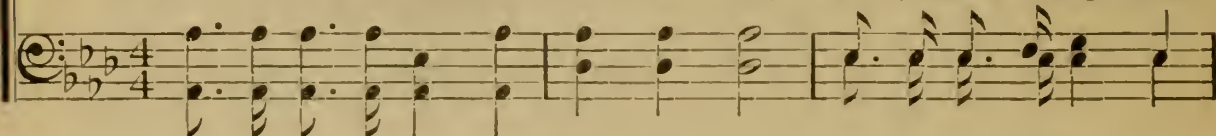


# No. 132. MAKE SOME OTHER HEART REJOICE.

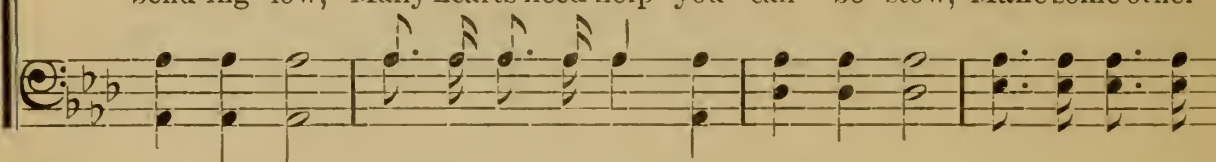
Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



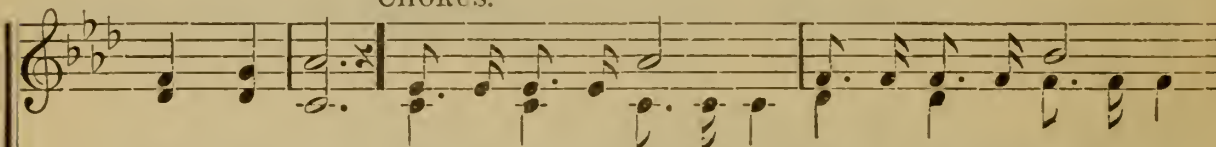
1. Would you know earth's highest hap-pi - ness, Would you know its greatest
2. Pleasant smiles will cheer a droop - ing heart, Kind-ly words relieve a
3. Ma - ny hearts are crushed with bit - ter woe, Ma - ny hearts with grief are



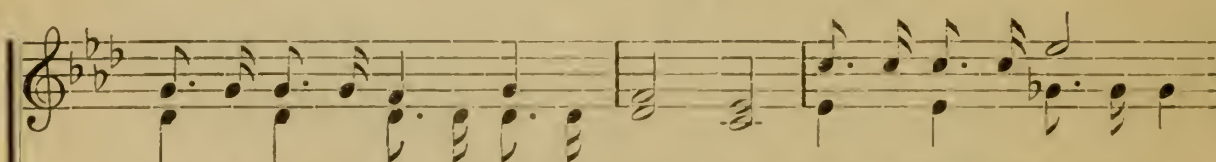
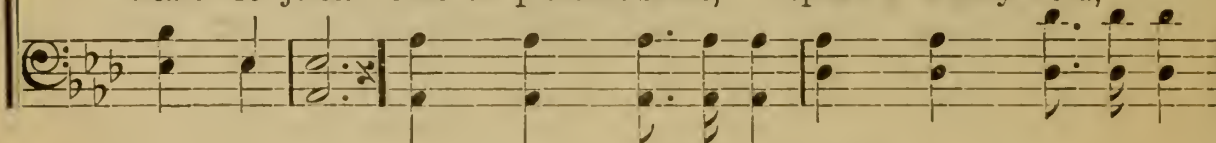
bles-sed - ness, Would you know its truest joy-ful - ness? Make some other  
bit - ter smart, Helping hands to weakness strength impart, Make some other  
bend-ing low, Many hearts need help you can be-stow, Make some other



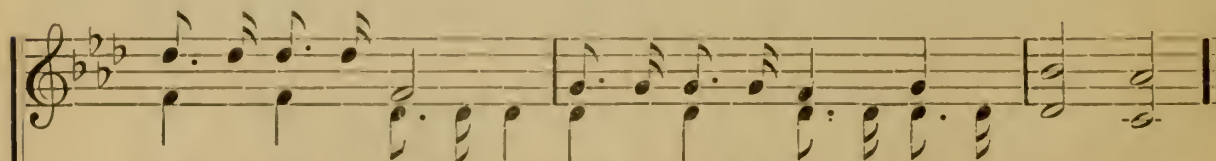
## CHORUS.



heart re-joice. Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kindly word,



Lend a hand to help a broth - er, Give a pleasant smile,



Speak a kind - ly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.



# No. 133. HE'S JUST THE SAME TO-DAY.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

*Gently, not too fast.*

1. There is a Friend, a pa-tient Friend, Who lov'd us long a - go; (long a - go;  
 2. Up - on the cross His precious blood For all He free-ly gave; (free-ly gave;)  
 3. The same who stood with lifted hands, And bless'd His faithful few; (faithful few;)  
 4. The same who yet shall come a-gain, And we shall see His face; (see His face;)

*rit.*  
 And laid a-side His roy-al crown, That wondrous love to show.  
 He rose triumphant from the tomb, And lives the world to save.  
 Then in a cloud was tak-en up, And part-ed from their view.  
 And when we meet Him in the skies, We'll shout re-deem-ing grace.

## CHORUS.

He's just the same to-day, Yes, the ver-y same to-day, As

when He said "I am the true and liv-ing Way;" O come and trust Him now,

O trust Him while you may, He's just the same to-day, the same to-day.



# No. 134. THE SINNER AND THE SONG.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

SOPRANO SOLO.

1. A sin-ner was wand'ring at e - ven-tide; His tempter was  
2. He lingered and listened to ev'ry sweet chord; He remembered the

watching close by at his side; In his heart raged a bat-tle for  
time he once loved the Lord. Come on! says the tempter, come

right against wrong; But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song.  
on with the throng; But hark! from the church a - gain swells the song.

\*QUARTET. *pp*

*D. C.*

1. Je - sus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly.  
2. While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high!

Copyright, MDCCCXCI, by Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and the Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

\* Sung with best effect by having a quartet or chorus in an adjoining room.

# THE SINNER AND THE SONG.—Concluded.

SOLO.

O tempter, depart, I have served thee too long, I fly to the Saviour, He dwells in the

song, O Lord, can it be that a sinner like me May find a sweet refuge by

coming to Thee?

QUARTET. *pp*

Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.

SOLO.

CHORUS. *pp*

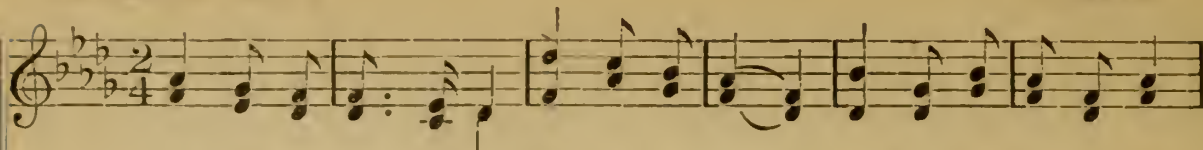
I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt forgive the dark past, And O, receive my soul at last.



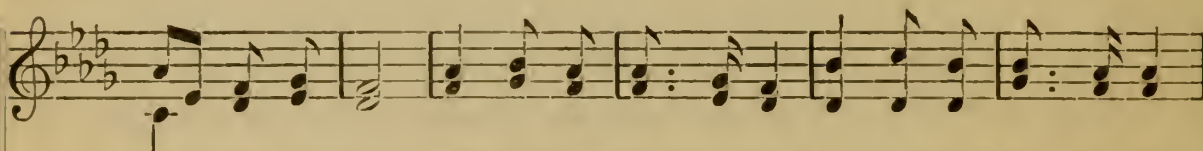
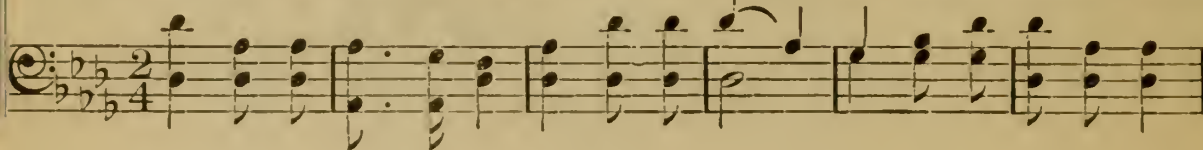
# No. 135. CLOSER, DEAR LORD, TO THEE.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR.

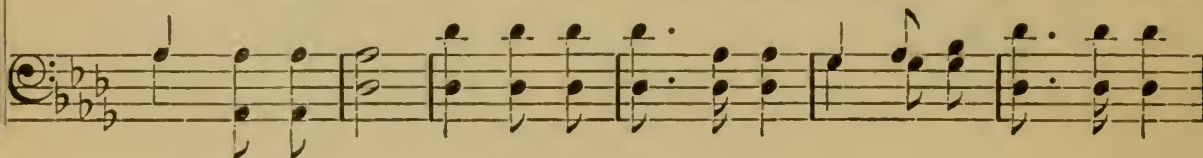
F. D. BARNES.



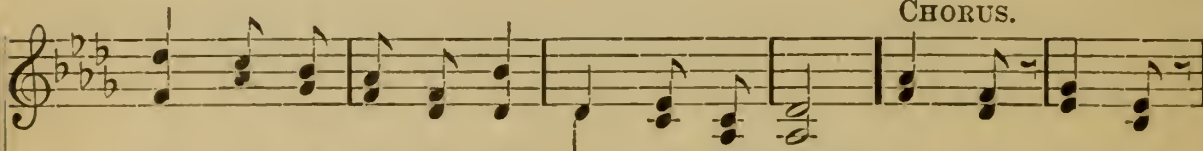
1. Clos - er, dear Lord, to Thee, Clos - er to Thee; In sweet communion drawn,
2. Oh, let no cloud of sin 'Twixt me and Thee, Aught of Thy brightness dim,
3. So shall my walk be-low, Glo - ri - fy Thee, Till that glad moment come



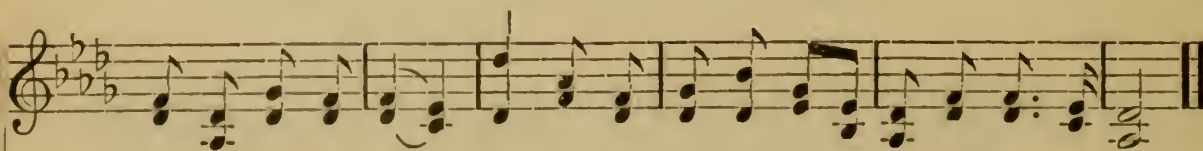
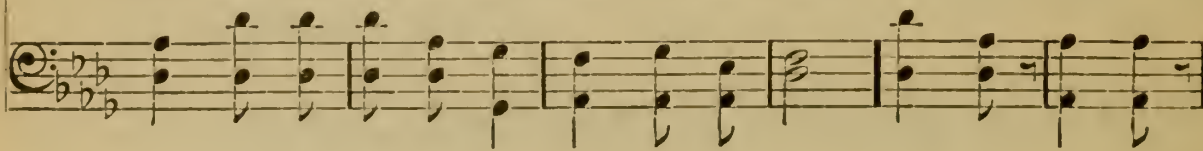
Oh, let it be; Earth's joys forgot - ten quite, Whilst dwelling in the light;  
But let me be Now on the mount's blest height, Gazing on glo - ry bright,  
When I shall see, Not thro' a darkening glass, Glimpses of glo - ry pass,



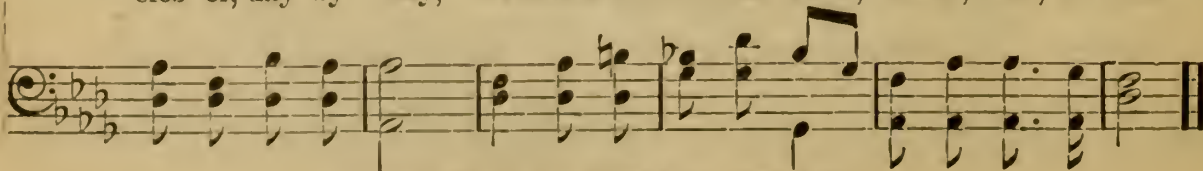
## CHORUS.



Clos - er, dear Lord, to Thee, Clos - er to Thee.  
Till faith is lost in sight, Clos - er to Thee. } Clos - er, clos - er,  
But view Thee face to face, Clos - er to Thee.



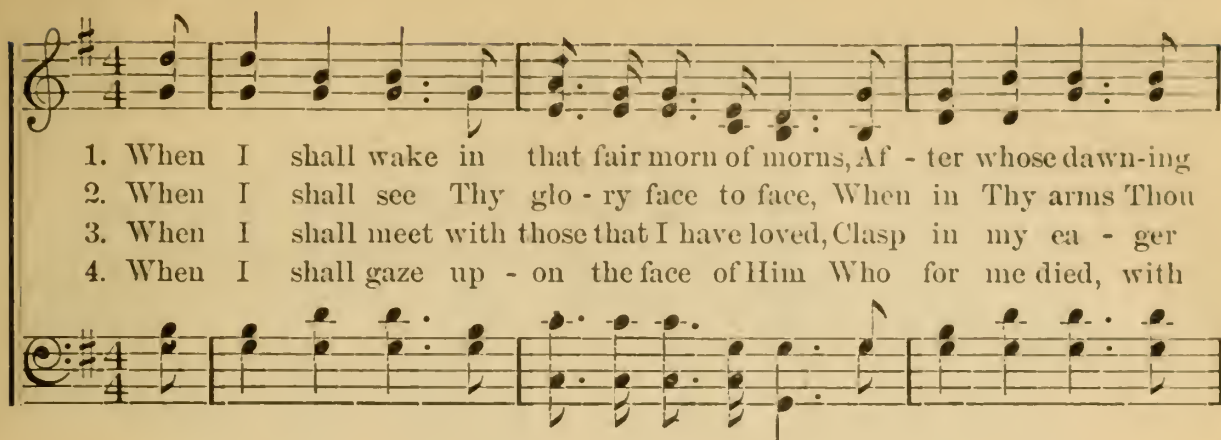
clos - er, day by day, In sweet communion drawn, Clos - er, Lord, to Thee.



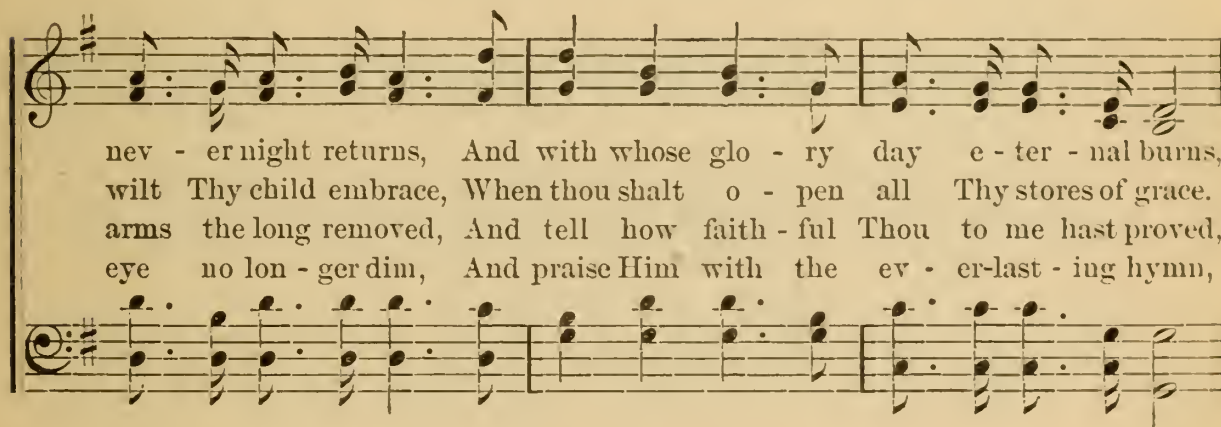
# No. 136. I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

Dr. H. BONAR.

J. L. MOORE.



1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Af - ter whose dawn-ing  
 2. When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thy arms Thou  
 3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my ea - ger  
 4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who for me died, with



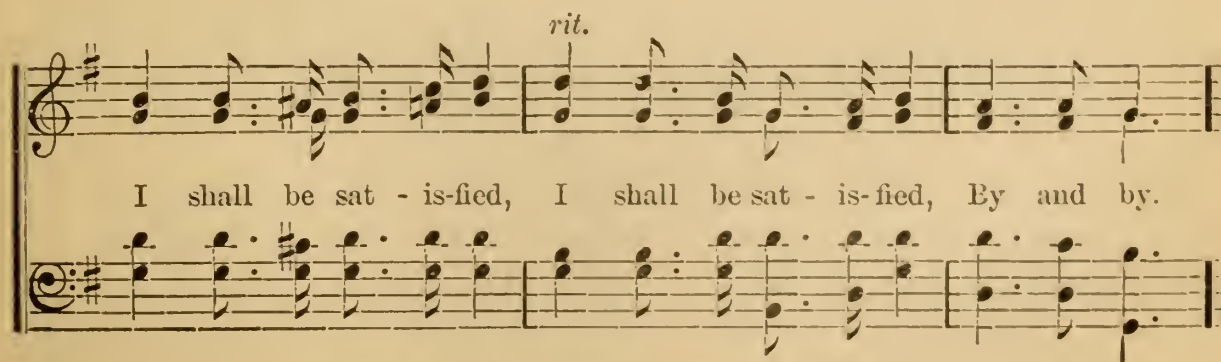
nev - er night returns, And with whose glo - ry day e - ter - nal burns,  
 wilt Thy child embrace, When thou shalt o - pen all Thy stores of grace.  
 arms the long removed, And tell how faith - ful Thou to me hast proved,  
 eye no lon - ger dim, And praise Him with the ev - er - last - ing hymn,

REFRAIN.



I shall be sat - is - fied.  
 I shall be sat - is - fied.  
 I shall be sat - is - fied.  
 I shall be sat - is - fied. } I shall be sat - is - fied,

*rit.*



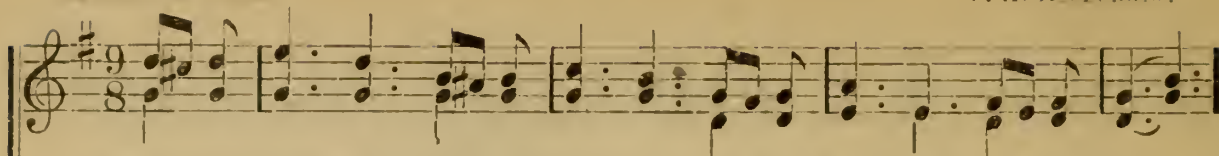
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, By and by.



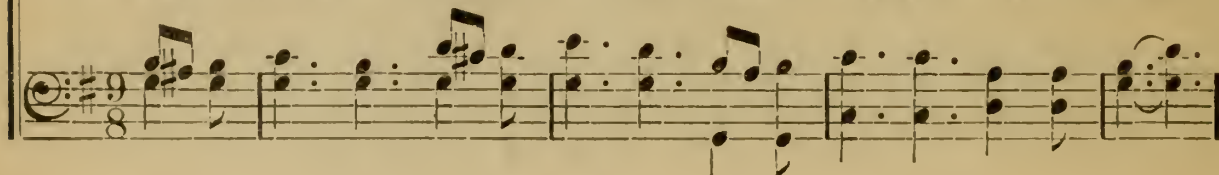
# No. 137. DRAW ME NEAR THEE.

HARRIET E. JONES.

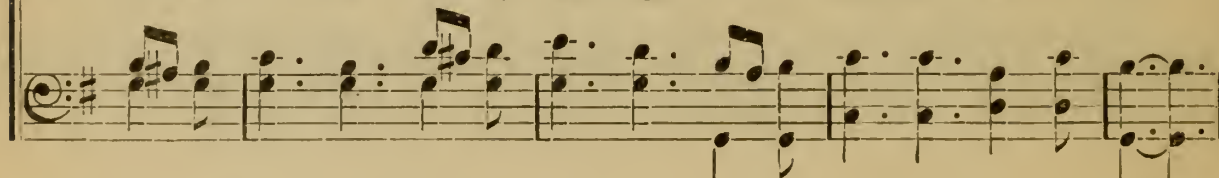
J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Draw me near Thee, lov-ing Sav-iour As the fleet-ing years go by;
2. While the days go fast and fast-er, Let me rest in per-fect peace,
3. While the earth is fast re-ced-ing, Draw me near and near-er still;



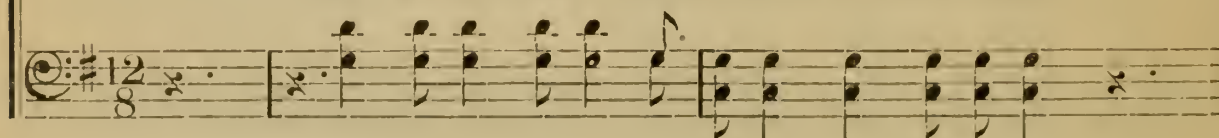
Hold, oh, hold me, in Thy fav-or When the even-ing shades are nigh!  
 Claiming Thee, my Lord and Mas-ter—Trusting Thee with-out sur- cease!  
 Let me fol-low in Thy lead-ing, Till I reach fair Zi-on's hill!



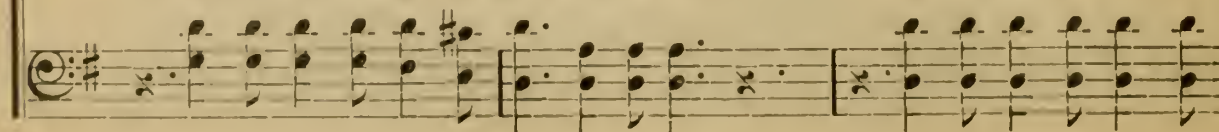
## CHORUS.



Draw me near..... Thee, Friend and Broth-er— Oh, I  
 Draw me near Thee, Friend and Brother, Friend and Brother—



need..... Thee ev-'ry hour;..... Oh, sus-tain..... as can no  
 Oh, I need Thee ev-'ry hour, ev-'ry hour; Oh, sus-tain as can no



# DRAW ME NEAR THEE.—Concluded.

oth - er: By Thy might - y sav-ing pow'r!.....  
 oth-er, can no oth-er, By Thy might-y sav-ing pow'r, sav-ing pow'r!

## No. 138. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

W. W. WALFORD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,  
 2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, The joy I feel, the bliss I share,  
 3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear

*S:* FINE.  
 And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known;  
 Of those whose anx-ious spir-its burn With strong desires for thy re-turn!  
 To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness Engage the wait-ing soul to bless;

*D.S.*—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.  
*D.S.*—And glad-ly take my sta-tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.  
*D.S.*—I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

*D.S.*  
 In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft-en found re-lief,  
 With such I has-ten to the place Where God, my Saviour, shows His face,  
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,



# No. 139. BEAUTIFUL, BECKONING HANDS.

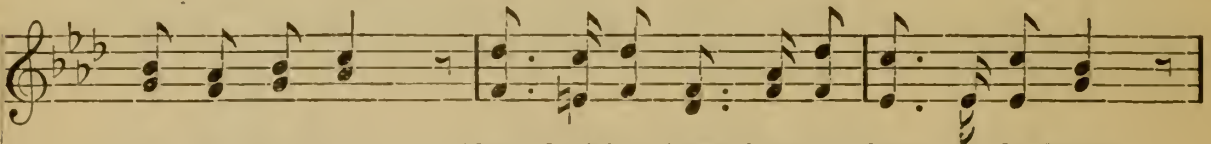
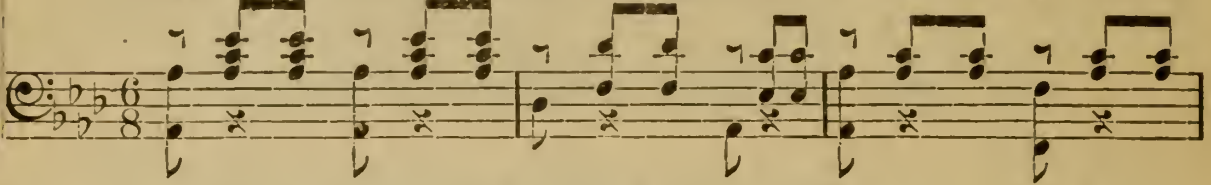
Rev. C. C. LUTHER. By per. (To my Choir at Walhalla, S. C.)

JNO. R. BRYANT.

DUET.



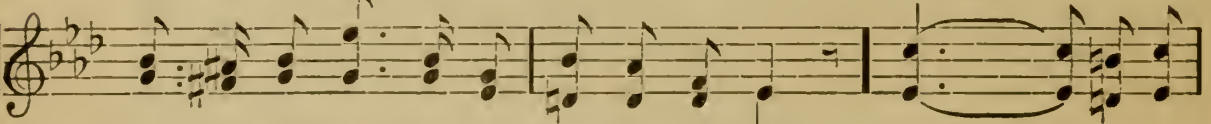
1. Beau - ti - ful hands at the gateway to-night Fac - es all shin - ing with
2. Beck - on - ing hands of a moth - er whose love Sac - ri - ficed life its de -
3. Beau - ti - ful hands of a lit - tle one—see, Ba - by voice call - ing, O
4. Beck - on - ing hands of a husband or wife, Wait - ing and watch - ing the
5. Brightest and best of that glo - ri - ous throng, Cen - ter of all, and the



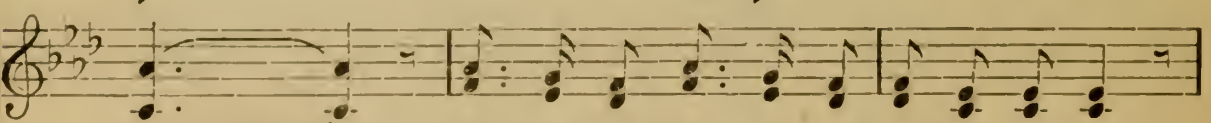
ra - di - ant light. Eyes looking down from yon heav - en - ly home,  
vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to mem - o - ry dear,  
moth - er, to thee; Ro - sy - cheek'd darling, the light of our home,  
lov'd ones of life; Hands of a broth - er, a sis - ter, a friend,  
theme of our song, Je - sus, our Sav - iour, the pier - ed one stands,



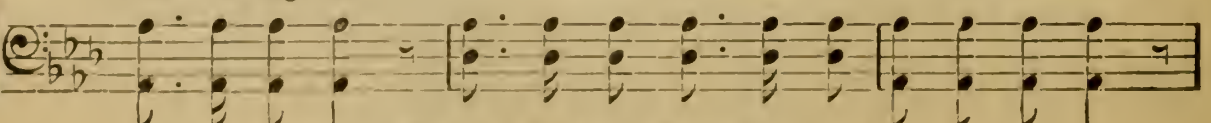
CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful hands that are beck - on - ing come. Beck - - on - ing  
Beck'ning up high - er the wait - ing one here.  
Tak - en so ear - ly, is beck - on - ing come.  
Out from the gate - way to - night they ex - tend.  
Lov - ing - ly call - ing, with beck - on - ing hands. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful,



hands, ..... Call - ing the dear ones to heav - en - ly lands,  
beck - on - ing hands,



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# BEAUTIFUL, BECKONING HANDS.—Concluded.

Beck - on-ing hands,..... Beau - ti-ful, beckoning hands.....  
 Beau - ti-ful, beau-ti - ful, beck-on-ing hands, beck - on-ing hands.

## No. 140. O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

C. WORDSWORTH.

German Melody.

1. { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light; }  
 { O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; }  
 2. { On thee, at the cre - a - tion The light first had its birth; }  
 { On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth; }  
 3. { New grac - es ev - er gain-ing From this, our day of rest, }  
 { We reach the rest re - main-ing To spir - its of the blest; }

On thee the high and low - ly, Thro' a - ges joined in tune,  
 On thee, our Lord, vic - to - rious, The Spir - it sent from heav'n;  
 To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther, and to Son;

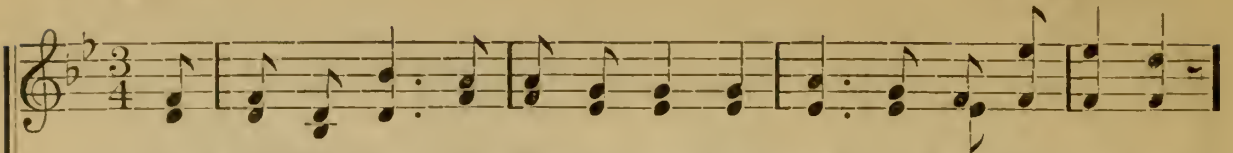
Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une.  
 And thus on thee, most glo - rious, A trip - le light was giv'n.  
 The Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One.



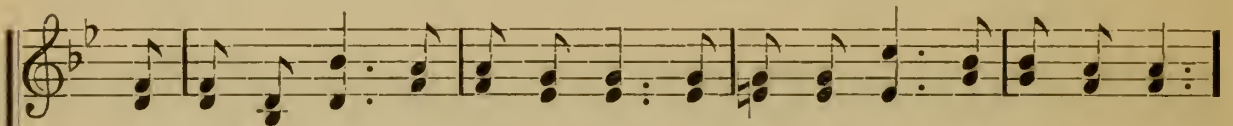
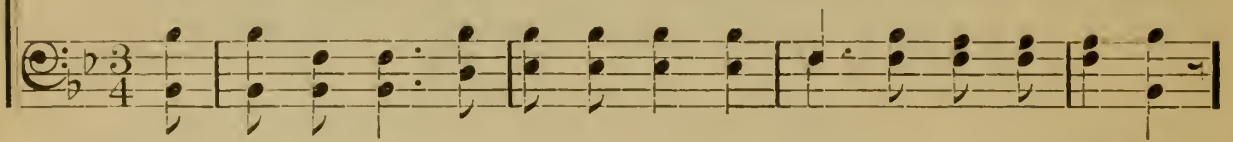
# No. 141. SUCH LOVE WAS NEVER KNOWN.

W. C. MARTIN.

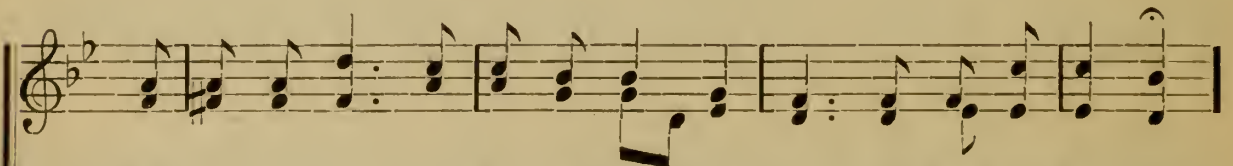
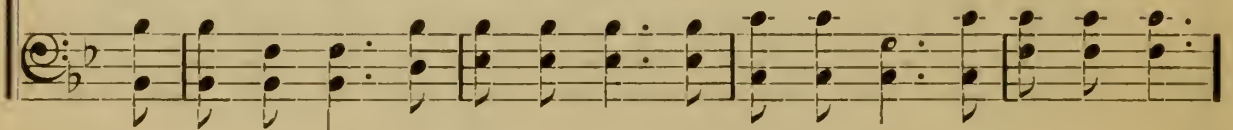
M. L. McPHAIL.



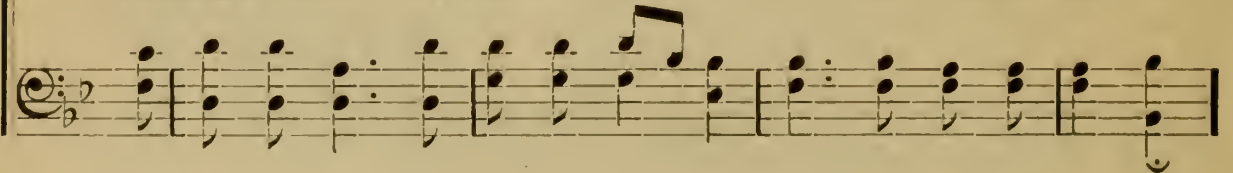
1. The world has nev - er known a love Like that of Christ our Sav-iour;
2. The world com-pas - sion nev - er knew Like that of Christ our Sav-iour;
3. Such ho - li - ness was nev - er seen As that of Christ our Sav-iour;



A might-y love that falt-ers not Nor fails what-ev - er be our lot,  
There is no oth - er heart that knows Such lov - ing ten - der-ness for foes,  
The sun is not so full of light, Nor driv-en snow so pure and white,



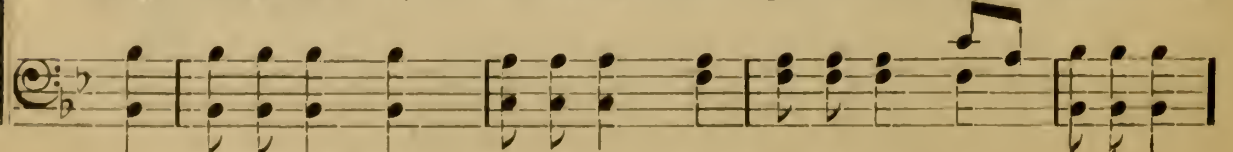
That ris - es o'er our sins a - bove, Great love of Christ our Sav - iour.  
For friends compas - sion quite so true As that of Christ our Sav - iour.  
Nor saints on bend - ed knee so clean As Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.



## CHORUS.



Such love was nev - er known, Such pit - y nev - er shown,  
Such love was nev - er, nev - er known, Such pit - y nev - er, nev - er shown,



# SUCH LOVE WAS NEVER KNOWN.—Concluded.

Such kind - ness to His own As that of Christ our Sav - iour.  
Such kindness to His own, His own

## No. 142. GOD IS THE KING FOR ME.

T. C. N.

Rev. T. C. NEAL.

1. { Some bow to houses lands or gold;—God is the King for me;  
Hap - py the soul by Him controlled, (Omit.....) } God is the  
2. { Some yield to pleasure's fleetingsway;—God is the King for me;  
Close to my Lord I'll ev - er stay; (Omit.....) } God is the

### CHORUS.

King for me, God is the King for me, for me; His will I ev - er,  
for me.  
ev - er be; My heart shall say, while here I stay, God is the King for me.

3 Some fall 'neath sin's destructive charms;  
God is the King for me;  
Safe in the Rock, no foe alarms;  
God is the King for me.—

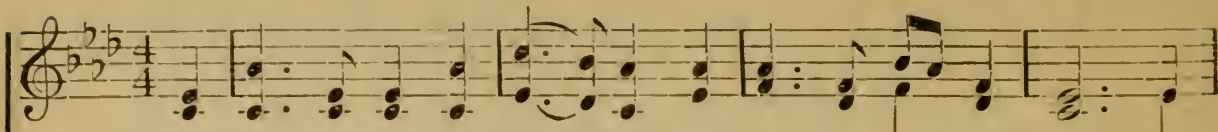
4 Up to the hills I lift mine eyes;  
God is the King for me;  
Up to His throne my prayers arise;  
God is the King for me.—



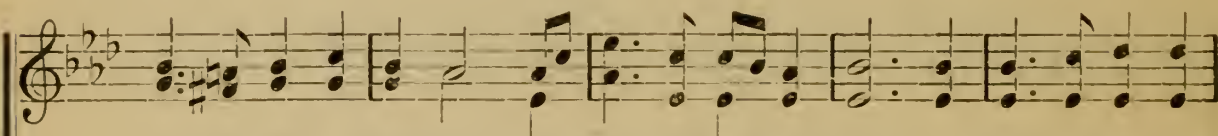
# No. 143. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

KATHARINE HANKEY. Refrain added.

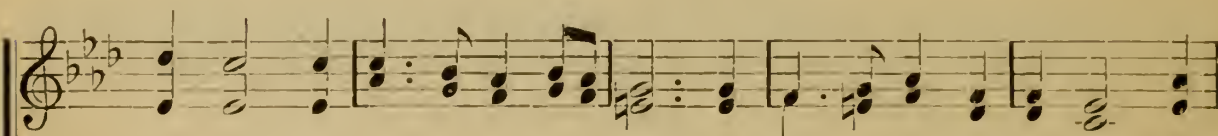
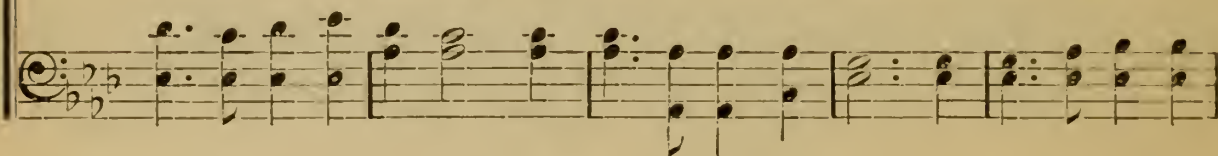
WILLIAM G. FISCHER.



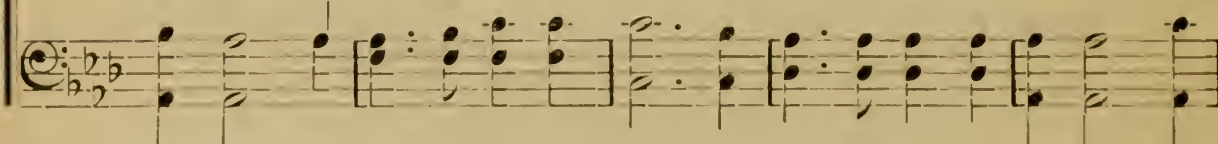
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove. Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem



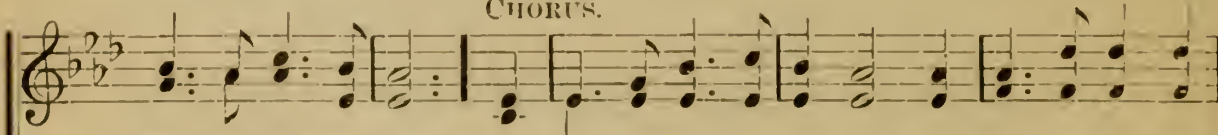
Je - sns and His glo - ry. Of Je - sns and His love. I love to tell the  
all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the  
seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the  
hun - ger - ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of



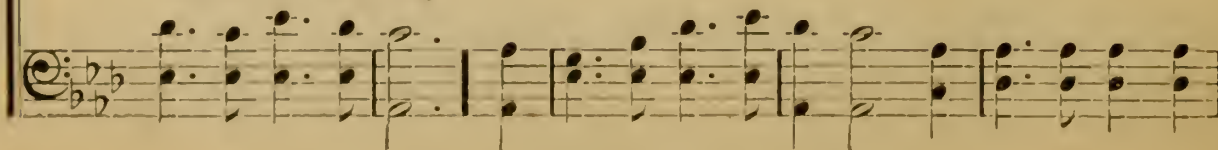
sto - ry, Because I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my longings As  
sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I  
sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From  
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That



## CHORUS.



noth - ing else would do.  
tell it now to thee. } I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in  
God's own ho - ly word.  
I have lov'd so long.



# I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.—Concluded.

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

## No. 144. ONE THERE IS ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

CARITAS.

*Moderato.*

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, O how He loves! His is love be -
2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, O how He loves! Think, O think how
3. We have found a friend in Je - sus, O how He loves! 'Tis His great de -
4. Thro' His Name we are for - giv - en, O how He loves! Backward shall our

yond a brother's, O how He loves! Earthly friends may fail or leave us, One day  
much we owe Him, O how He loves! With His precious blood He bought us, In the  
light to bless us, O how He loves! How our hearts delight to hear Him—Bid us  
foes be driv - en, O how He loves! Best of blessings He'll provide us, Nought but

soothe, the next day grieve us, But this Friend will ne'er deceive us, O how He loves!  
wil - der - ness He sought us, To His fold He safely brought us, O how He loves!  
dwell in safe - ty near Him: Why should we distrust or fear Him? O how He loves!  
good shall e'er be - tide us, Safe to glo - ry He will guide us, O how He loves!

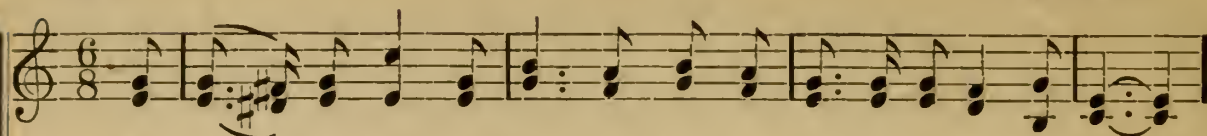


# No. 145. THE WONDERFUL LOVE OF GOD.

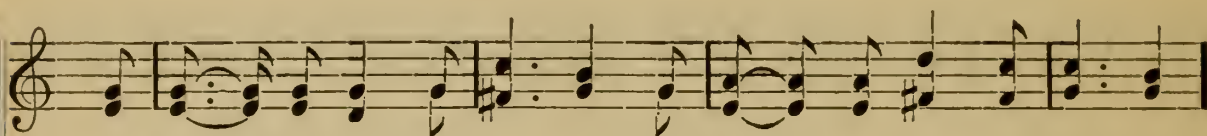
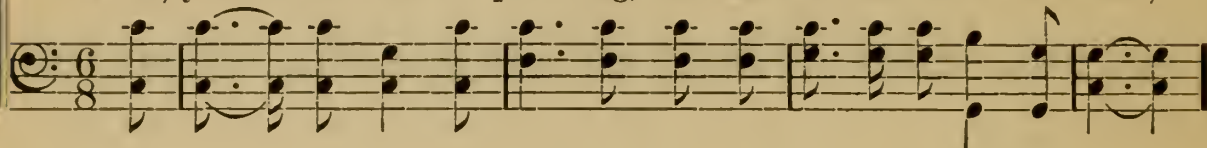
C. H. S.

(May be Sung as a Solo.)

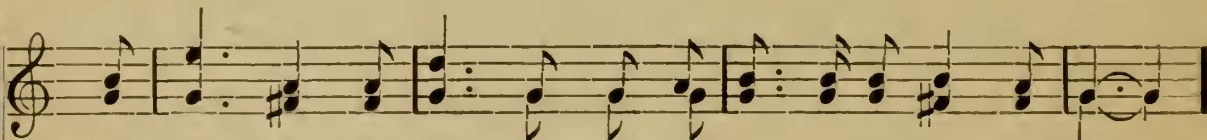
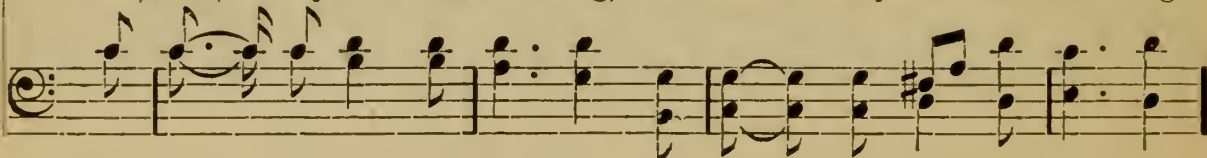
CLARA H. SCOTT.



1. I sing of the King of glo - ry, And the won - der - ful love of God;
2. A - bove this dark world's moaning Broods this won - der - ful love of God;
3. No heart so engulf'd in sor - row But the won - der - ful love of God;
4. Oh, yield to the voice so press - ing, Of the won - der - ful love of God;



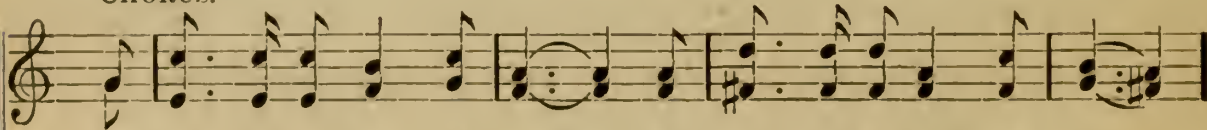
I sing of the pure and ho - ly, The Lamb of sa - cred sto - ry,  
With - in each heart, tho' sin - ning, Is felt the touch so win - ning,  
Lies 'neath it out spread; then bor - row No fear for the dread to - mor - row,  
Oh, come, and thy need con - fess - ing, Re - ceive in thy soul the bless - ing



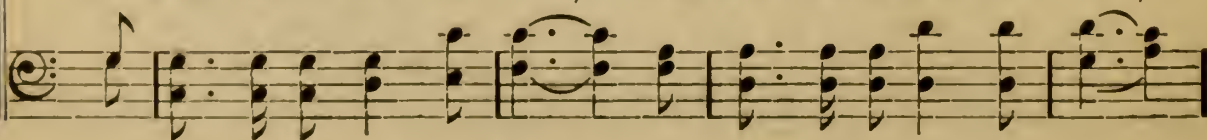
Of Je - sus, the Sav - iour, And the won - der - ful love of God.  
Of Je - sus, the Sav - iour, And the won - der - ful love of God.  
But trust thou the Sav - iour, And the won - der - ful love of God.  
Of Je - sus, the Sav - iour, And the won - der - ful love of God.



## CHORUS.



The won - der - ful love of God, The won - der - ful love of God,



# THE WONDERFUL LOVE OF GOD.—Concluded.

Be - lieve thou and trust thou In the won - der - ful love of God.

## No. 146. I BELONG TO JESUS.

E. S. L.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. { With ev - 'ry pow'r, with heart and soul, I be-long to Je - sus! }  
 { He shall my ev - 'ry thought con-trol, I be-long to Je - sus! }  
 2. { What tho' temp - ta - tions sore be - set, I be-long to Je - sus! }  
 { What tho' earth's cares an - noy and fret, I be-long to Je - sus! }

### CHORUS.

I be-long to Je - sus! I be-long to Je - sus!

I be-long to Je - sus, He be-longs to me!

3 In vain the world my heart allures,  
 I belong to Jesus!  
 In weakness this my soul assures,  
 I belong to Jesus!

4 No threatening danger then I see,  
 I belong to Jesus!  
 Through time and through eternity,  
 I belong to Jesus!

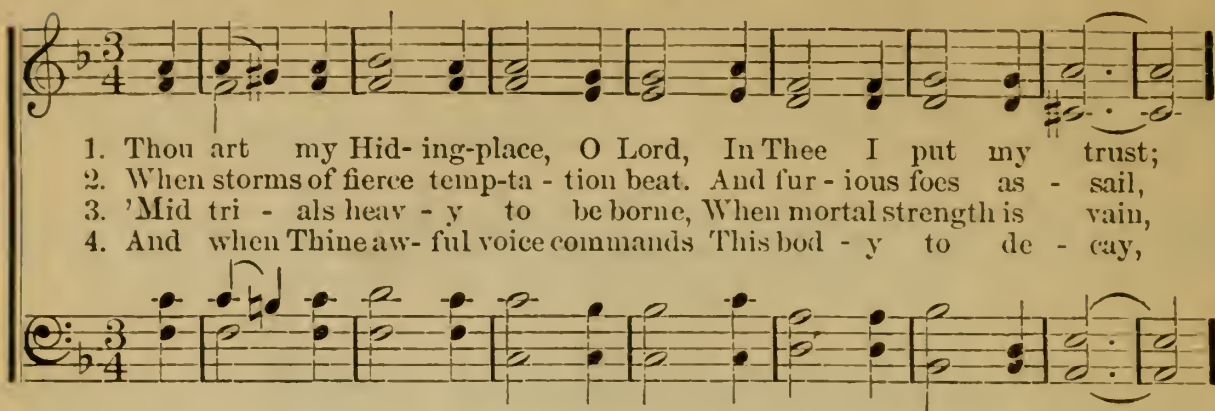


# No. 147 THOU ART MY HIDING PLACE.

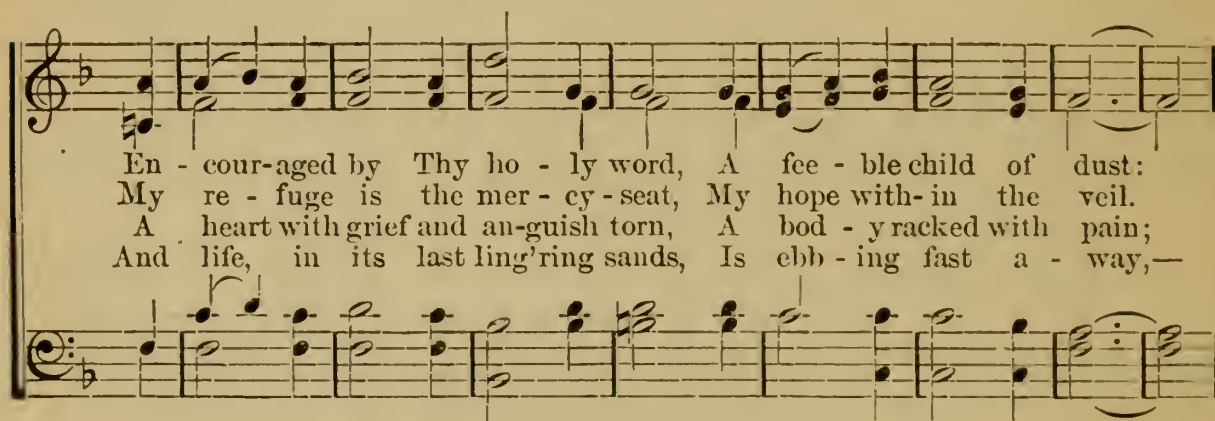
REV. THOMAS RAFFLES.

CHESTER C. M. D.

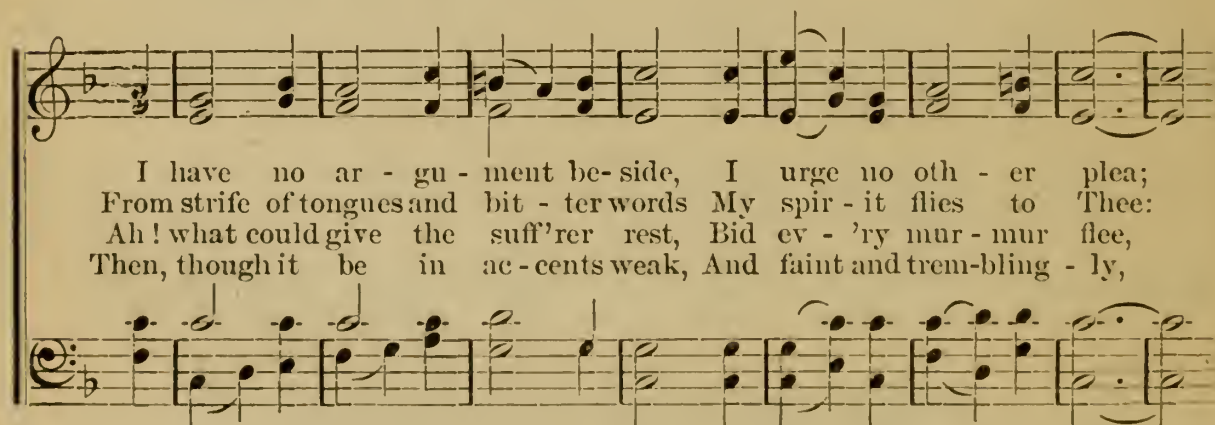
Oratory Hymns.



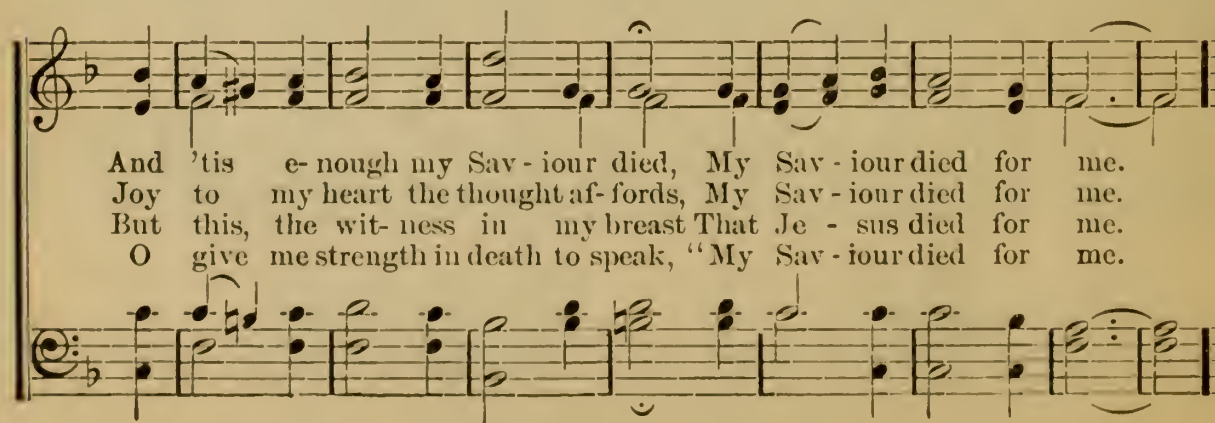
1. Thou art my Hid-ing-place, O Lord, In Thee I put my trust;  
 2. When storms of fierce temp-ta-tion beat. And fur-ious foes as-sail,  
 3. 'Mid tri-als heav-y to be borne, When mortal strength is vain,  
 4. And when Thine aw-ful voice commands This bod-y to de-cay,



En-cour-aged by Thy ho-ly word, A fee-ble child of dust:  
 My re-fuge is the mer-cy-seat, My hope with-in the veil.  
 A heart with grief and an-guish torn, A bod-y racked with pain;  
 And life, in its last ling'ring sands, Is ebb-ing fast a-way,—



I have no ar-gu-ment be-side, I urge no oth-er plea;  
 From strife of tongues and bit-ter words My spir-it flies to Thee:  
 Ah! what could give the suff'rer rest, Bid ev-'ry mur-mur flee,  
 Then, though it be in ac-cents weak, And faint and trem-bling-ly,



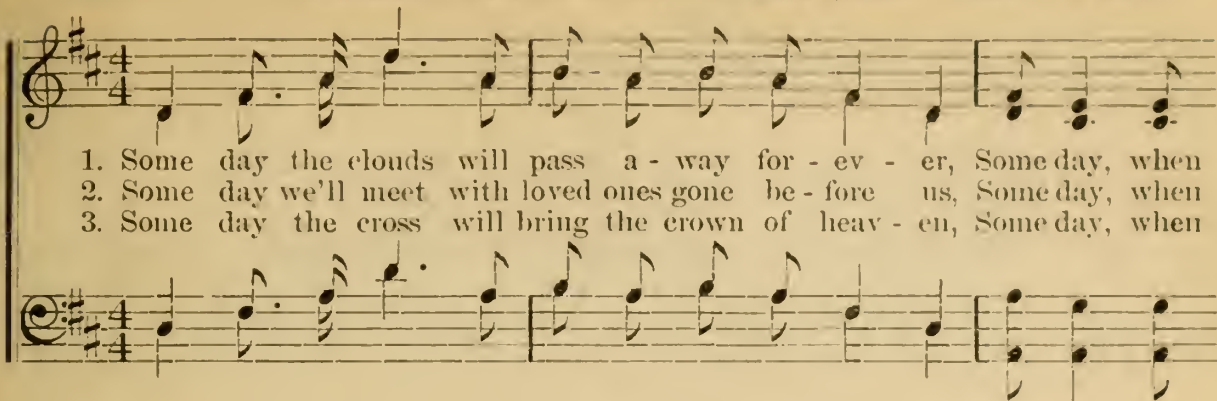
And 'tis e-nough my Sav-iour died, My Sav-iour died for me.  
 Joy to my heart the thought af-fords, My Sav-iour died for me.  
 But this, the wit-ness in my breast That Je-sus died for me.  
 O give me strength in death to speak, "My Sav-iour died for me.

# No. 148. SOME DAY WHEN WE GET HOME.

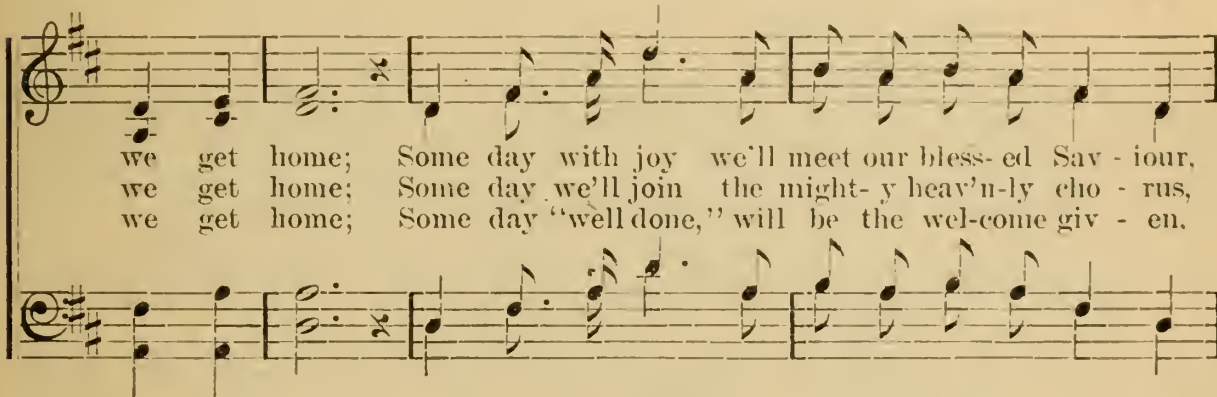
T. C. N.

(Dedicated to the North Indiana Conference Quartet.)

Rev. T. C. NEAL.

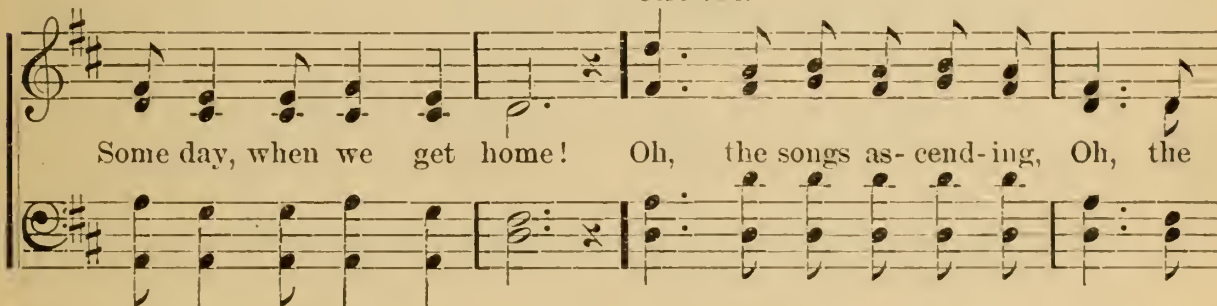


1. Some day the clouds will pass a - way for - ev - er, Some day, when  
 2. Some day we'll meet with loved ones gone be - fore us, Some day, when  
 3. Some day the cross will bring the crown of heav - en, Some day, when

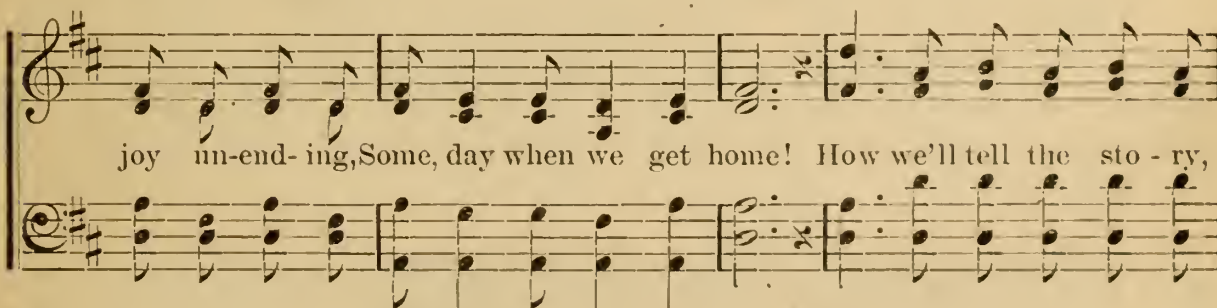


we get home; Some day with joy we'll meet our bless - ed Sav - iour,  
 we get home; Some day we'll join the might - y heav'n - ly cho - rus,  
 we get home; Some day "well done," will be the wel - come giv - en.

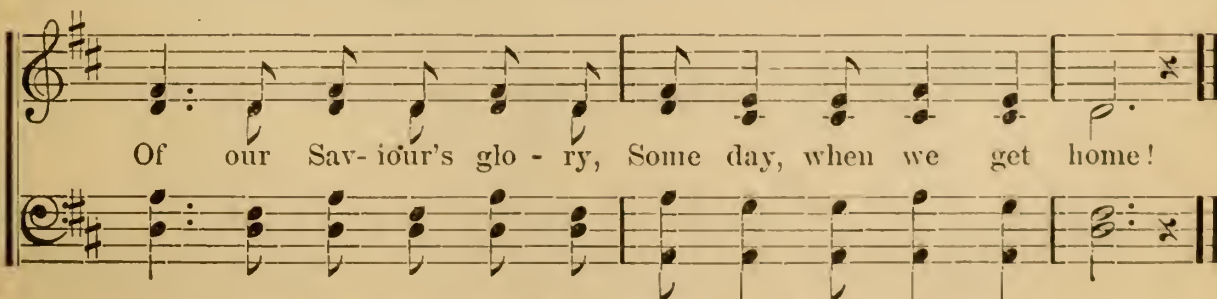
## CHORUS.



Some day, when we get home! Oh, the songs as - cend - ing, Oh, the



joy un - end - ing, Some, day when we get home! How we'll tell the sto - ry,



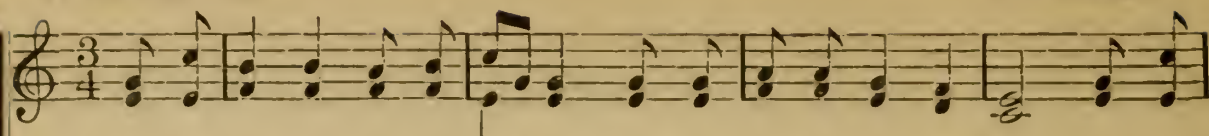
Of our Sav - iour's glo - ry, Some day, when we get home!



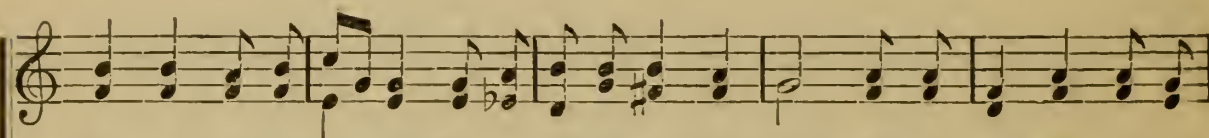
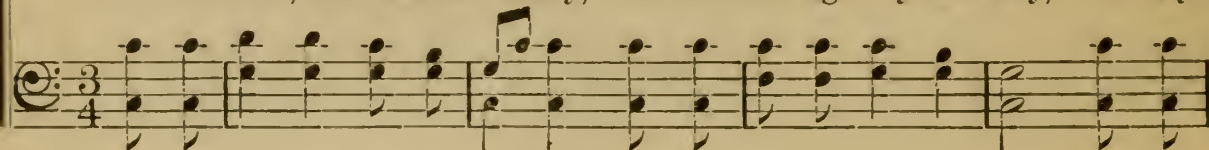
# No. 149. HE WILL GENTLY LEAD.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

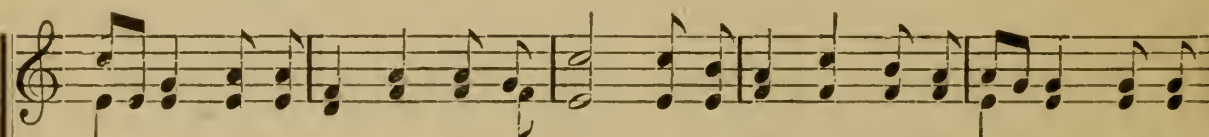
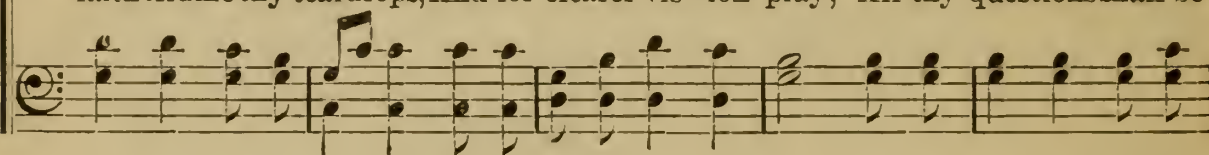
W. S. WEEDEN.



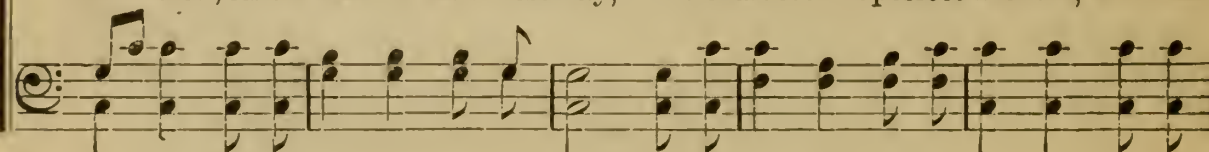
1. He will gen - tly, gen - tly lead thee Where the still - est wa - ters flow He will
2. In the path that he hath chos - en, Tho' some rocks of tri - al be, Rest as -
3. Child of God, when sad and weary, And dis - cour - aged by the way, Let thy



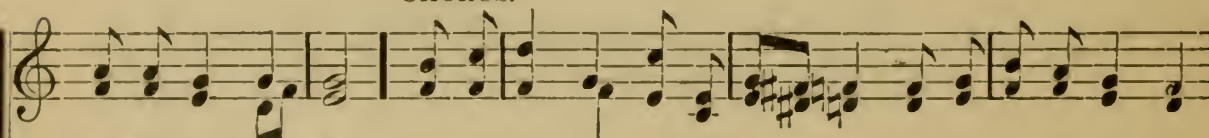
care for thee and feed thee, Where the greenest pastures grow; Trust Him now, and trust Him  
sured, thro' ev'ry sor - row, That His choice is best for thee; He who sees the fu - ture  
faith illumeth thy teardrops, And for clearer vis - ion pray; All thy questions shall be



ev - er, Thro' the dark days and the bright, For His wisdom faileth nev - er, He will  
plainly, Knoweth what thy need shall be, And He chooseth for thy journey What is  
answered, In the land of fade - less day, Thou shalt see His perfect wisdom, Who hath

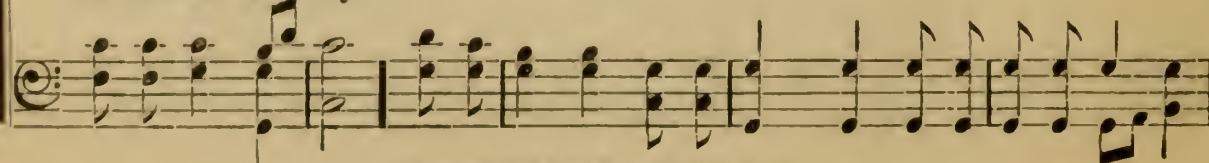


## CHORUS.



guide thy steps a - right.  
always best for thee.  
led thee all the way.

He will gently, gently lead thee, Where the stillest waters



# HE WILL GENTLY LEAD.—Concluded.

flow, He will care for thee and feed thee, Where the greenest pastures grow.

## No. 150. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
2. I am so wondrously saved from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a-bides with-in;
3. Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have entered in;
4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;

FINE.

There to my heart was the blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to His name.  
 There at the cross where He took me in, Glo - ry to His name.  
 There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to His name.  
 Plunge in to - day and be made com - plete, Glo - ry to His name.

*D.S.*—There to my heart was the blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to His name.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

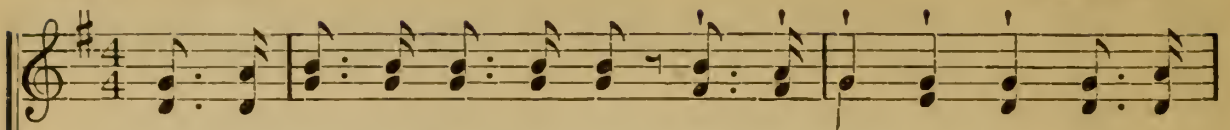
Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name,



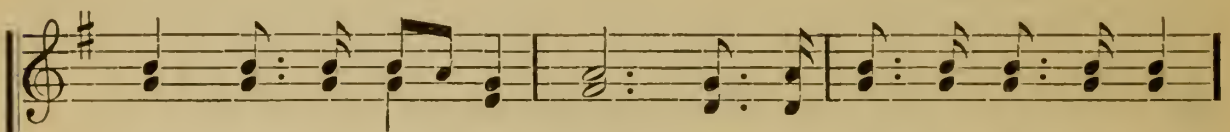
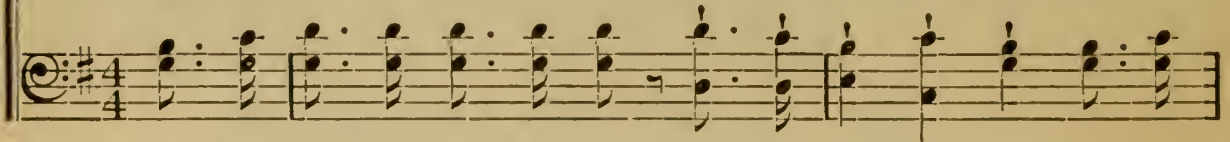
# No. 151. I CANNOT LET HIM GO.

Mrs. S. A. COLLINS.

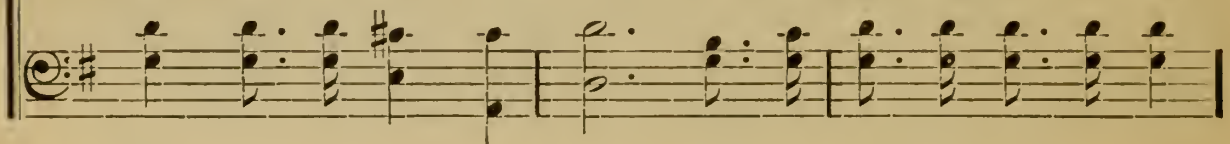
W. H. DOANE.



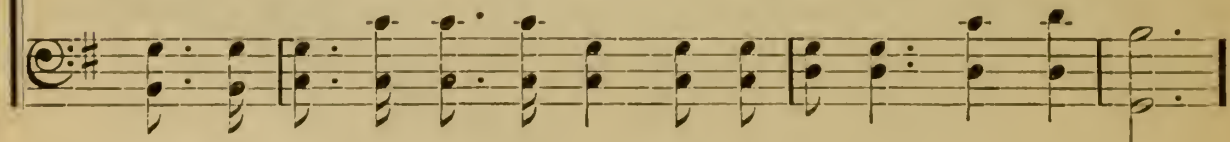
1. One is stand - ing at the door, Hear Him knock, knock, knock, O my
2. Still He stand - eth at the door; Hear Him call, call, call, He has
3. Yes, He stand - eth at the door, See Him wait, wait, wait, Will He



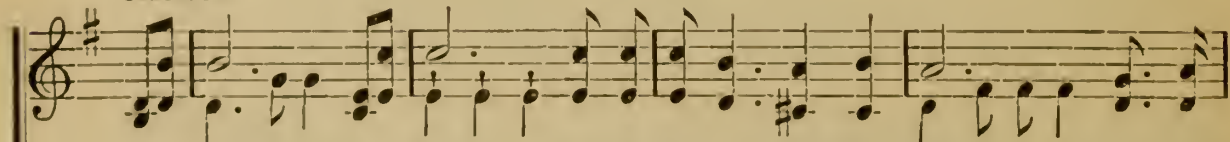
heart wilt thou yield or no; Shall I now as oft be - fore,  
died for my guilt and sin; I am wea - ry and would rest,  
leave and re - turn no more? No, that gen - tle voice so dear,



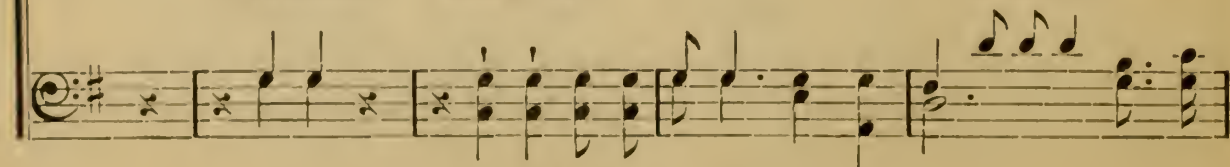
From my Sav - iour close the door? No, I can - not let Him go.  
I may find it on His breast, I will quickly let Him in.  
How it calms my ev - 'ry fear, I will o - pen now the door.



## CHORUS.



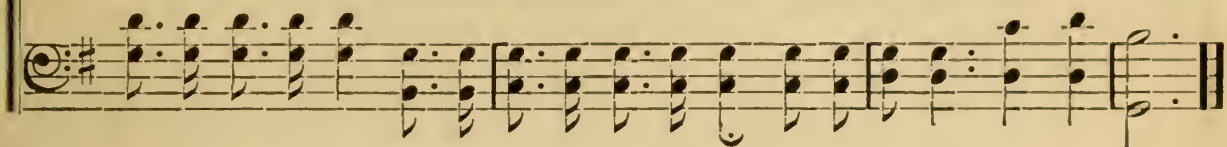
He stands and knocks, No, I can - not let Him go, Shall I  
He stands, and knocks, let Him go,



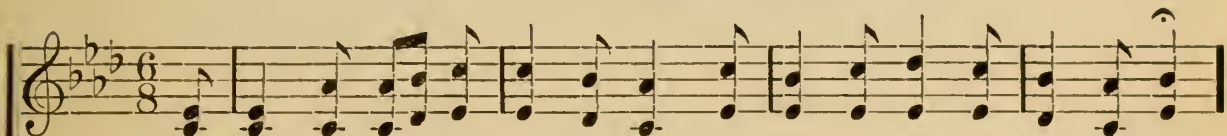
# I CANNOT LET HIM GO.—Concluded.



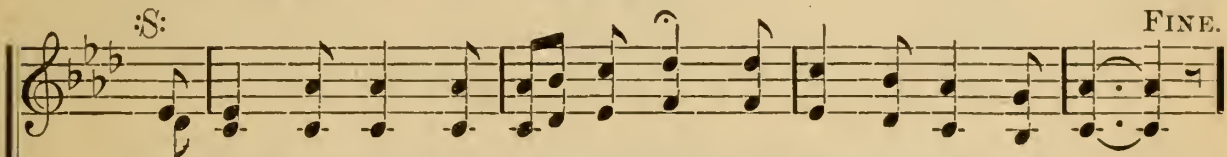
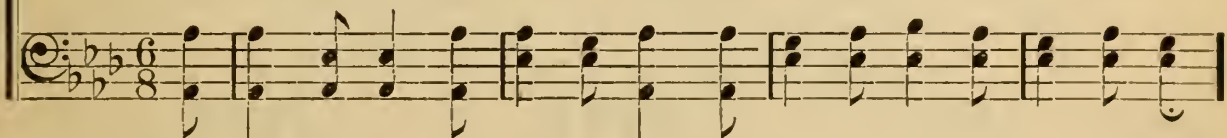
now as oft before, From my Saviour close the door? No, I cannot let Him go!



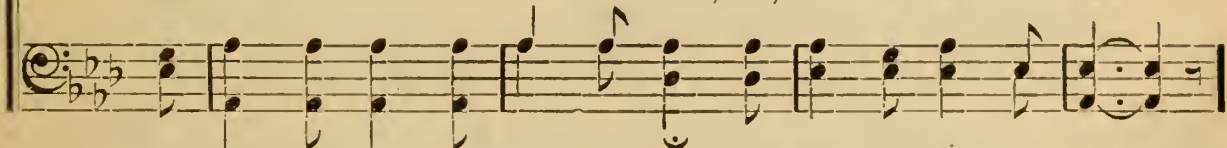
## No. 152. TAKE ME AS I AM.



1. Je - sus my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un-less Thou help me, I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt:
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re-solves I on - ly break;
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;



Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.  
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am.  
 Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.  
 But since to Thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am.



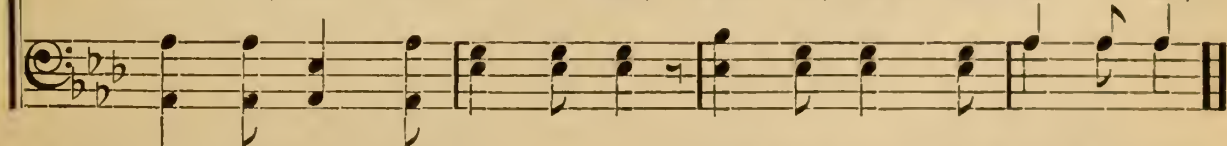
*D. S.*—Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

REFRAIN.

*D. S.*



Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am,.....  
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am,



5 If Thou hast work for me to do,  
 Inspire my will, my heart renew,  
 And work both in and by me, too,  
 And take me as I am!

6 And when at last the work is done,  
 The battle o'er, the victory won,  
 Still, still my cry shall be alone,  
 Lord, take me as I am!



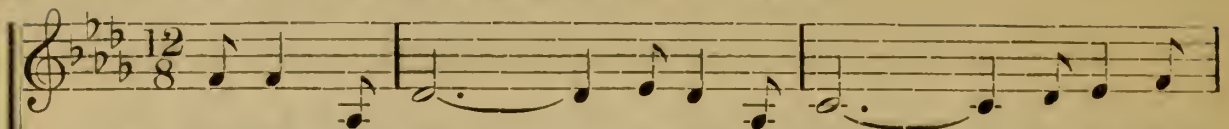
# No. 153. JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

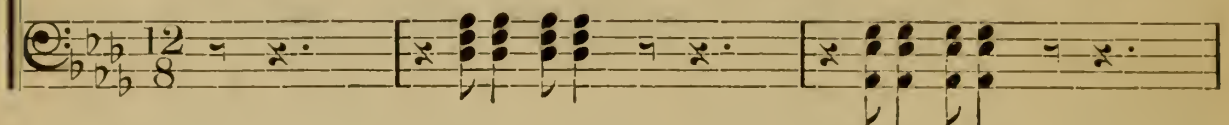
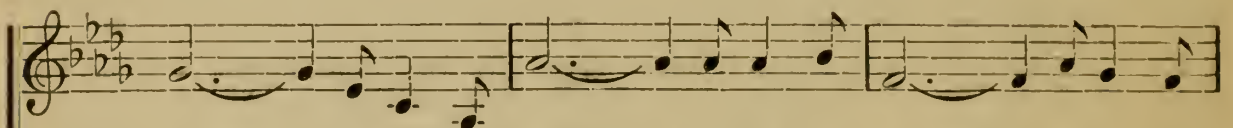
(Written for and dedicated to my wife.)

W. H. MORRIS.

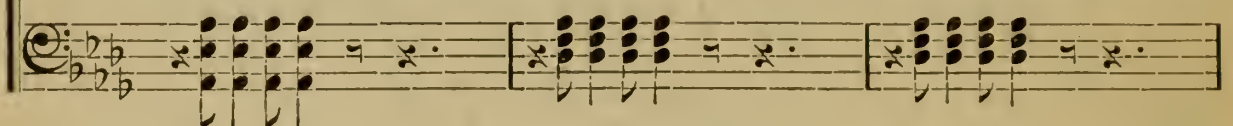
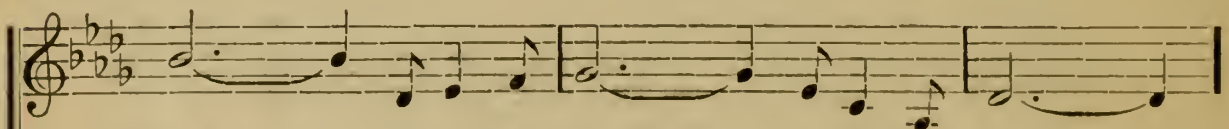
*Tenderly. Alto or Baritone Solo, or all in Unison.*



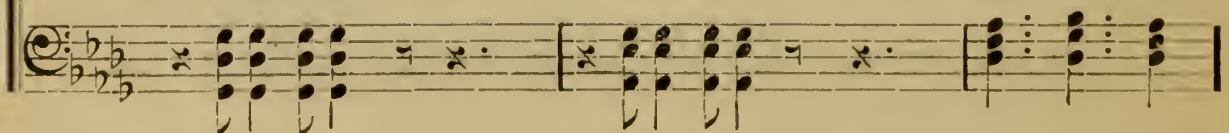
1. Just as I am..... without one plea,..... But that Thy  
 2. Just as I am..... and wait-ing not..... To rid my  
 3. Just as I am..... Thou wilt receive..... Wilt welcome,  
 4. Just as I am..... Thy love unknown..... Has brok-en


blood..... was shed for me,..... And that Thou bidst..... me come to  
 soul..... of one dark blot,..... To Thee whose blood..... can cleanse each  
 par - don, cleanse, re-lieve,..... Because Thy prom - ise I be-  
 ev - - 'ry barrier down;..... Now to be Thine..... yes, Thine a-

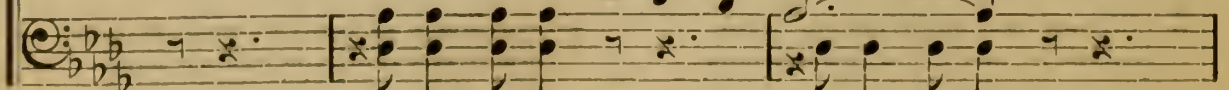
Thee,..... O Lamb of God,..... I come, I come.....  
 spot,..... O Lamb of God,..... I come, I come.....  
 lieve;..... O Lamb of God,..... I come, I come.....  
 lone, ..... O Lamb of God,..... I come, I come.....



REFRAIN. *Slowly.*



I come to Thee,..... I come to Thee, Thou blessed  
 I come to Thee, I come to Thee,



# JUST AS I AM.—Concluded.

Lamb..... of Cal-va-ry, At Thy dear feet  
 Thou blessed Lamb of Cal-va-ry,..... At Thy dear feet..... I humbly  
 bow ;..... O, hear me, Lord,..... and bless me now,.....  
 bow ;..... O, hear me, Lord, and bless me now.

*rit.*

## No. 154. ALL FOR JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES.

Arranged.

1. { All for Je-sus, all for Je - sus! All my being's ransom'd pow'rs: }  
 { All my thot's and words and doings, All my days and all my..... } hours.  
 2. { Let my hands perform His bidding, Let my feet run in His ways— }  
 { Let my eyes see Jesus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His..... } praise ;

{ All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours ; }  
 { All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His..... } praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,  
 I've lost sight of all beside ;  
 So enchained my spirit's vision,  
 Looking at the Crucified,  
 ||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
 Looking at the Crucified.:||

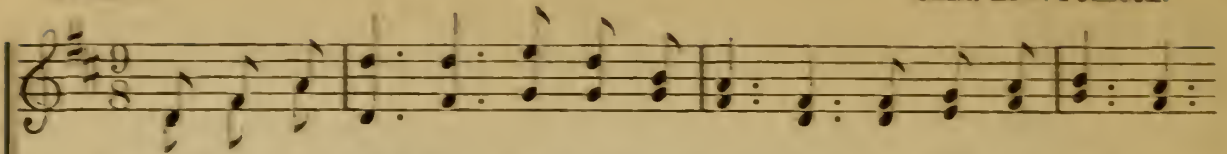
4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!  
 Jesus, glorious King of kings—  
 Deigns to call me His beloved,  
 Lets me rest beneath His wings.  
 ||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
 Resting now beneath His wings.:||



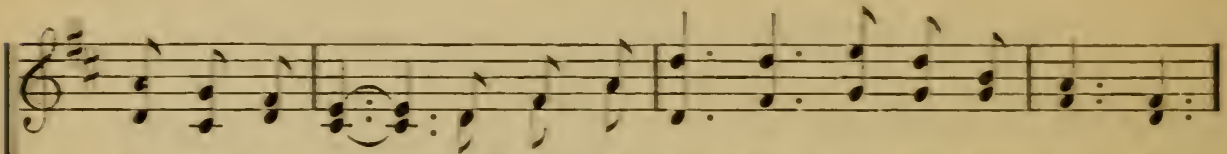
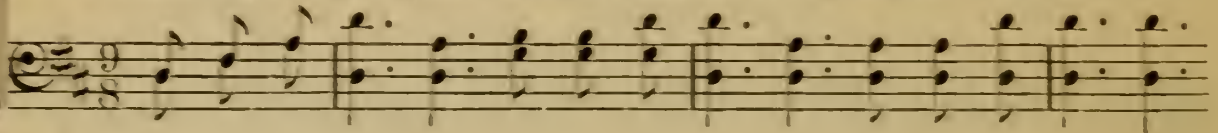
# No. 155. DAYLIGHT IS DAWNING.

Selected.

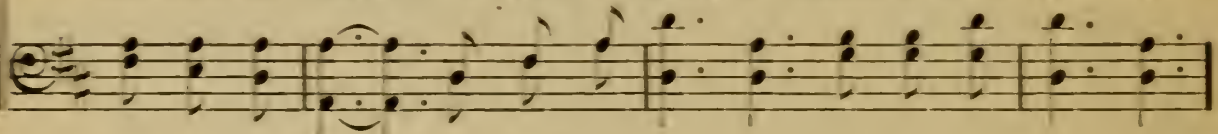
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



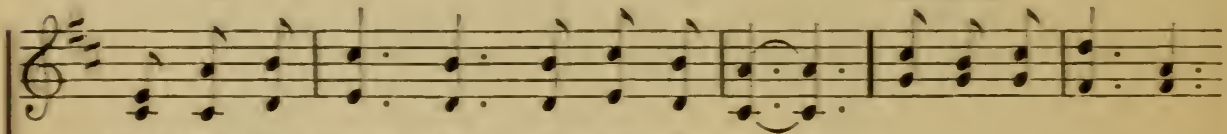
1. Christian, a-wake! the day-light breaks o'er thee, All the dark shad-ows
2. Toss'd on the dark, proud waves of the o - cean. Calm-ly composed, un -
3. Christian, be-hold! the home-land is near-ing. And the wild tem-pest
4. Cheer up, O pil-grim! daylight breaks o'er thee. Bright as the sun in



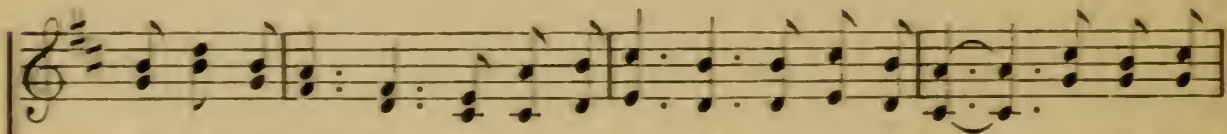
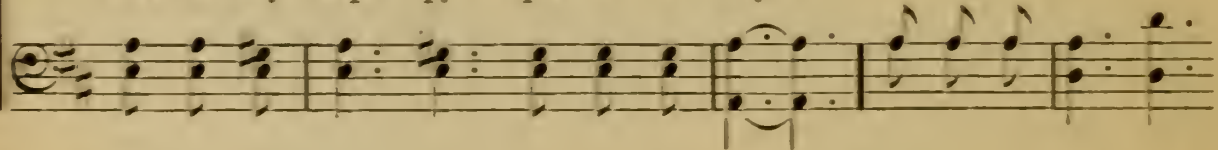
has - ten a - way; Ting'd are the dis - tant clouds that hang o'er thee,  
daunt-ed still be; 'Mid the fierce tem-pest's an-gry com - mo - tion,  
soon will be o'er: List-en, the heav'n-ly hosts are now cheer-ing!  
mid-sum-mer day; An-gel - ic throngs in realms of bright glo - ry,



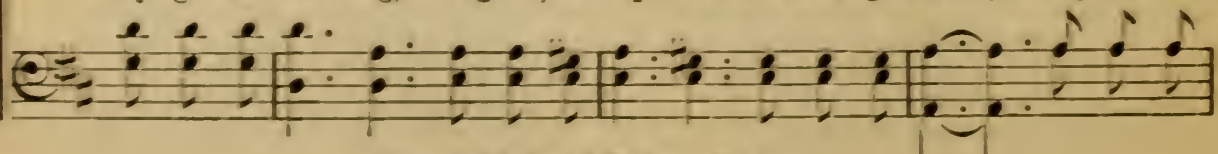
## CHORUS.



Christian, be - hold the com-ing of day.  
Je - sus, thy Sav - iour, lin-gers with thee. } Glo - ry to Je - sus!  
See how the ransomed are thronging the shore.  
Beck-on thy hap - py spir - it a - way. }



daylight is dawn-ing, Pilgrim, look up! behold the bright shore; Soon you'll cast



# DAYLIGHT IS DAWNING.—Concluded.

an - chor in the safe har - bor, Glo - ry to God, you'll sor - row no more.

## No. 156. GRACIOUS SAVIOUR.

St. Agatha.

*Quietly.*

1. Gra - cious Sav - iour, gen - tle Shep - herd, Lit - tle ones are dear to Thee;
2. Ten - der Shep - herd, nev - er leave us From Thy fold to go a - stray;
3. Let Thy ho - ly Word in - struct us; Fill our minds with heav'nly light;
4. Taught to lisp the ho - ly prais - es Which on earth Thy children sing,

Gath - ered with Thine arms, and car - ried In Thy bo - som may we be;  
 By Thy look of love di - rect - ed May we walk the nar - row way;  
 Let Thy love and grace con - strain us To approve what - e'er is right,  
 Both with lips and hearts un - feign - ed May we our thank - off' rings bring;

Sweet - ly, fond - ly, safe - ly tend - ed, From all want and an - ger free.  
 Thus di - rect us, and pro - tect us, Lest we fall an eas - y prey.  
 Take Thine eas - y yoke and wear it, And to prove Thy bur - den light.  
 Then, with all the saints in glo - ry, Join to praise our Lord and King.

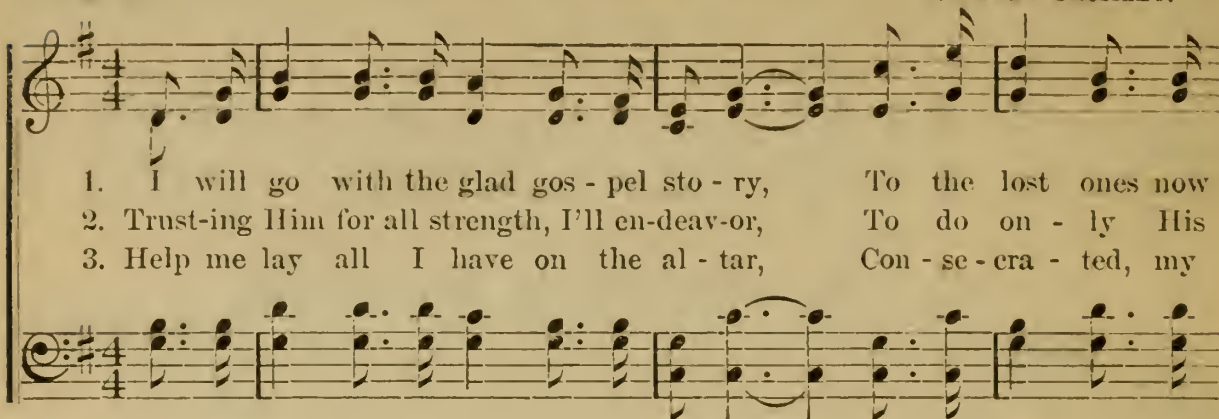


# No. 157. I WILL BE WHAT YOU WANT ME TO BE, LORD.

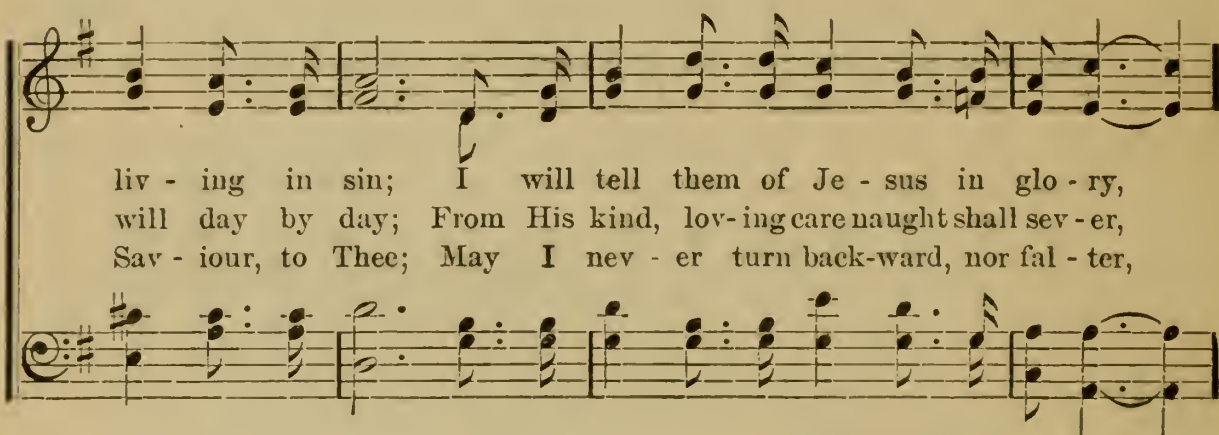
J. H. C.

Dedicated to Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D.

J. HARRY CROSSLEY.

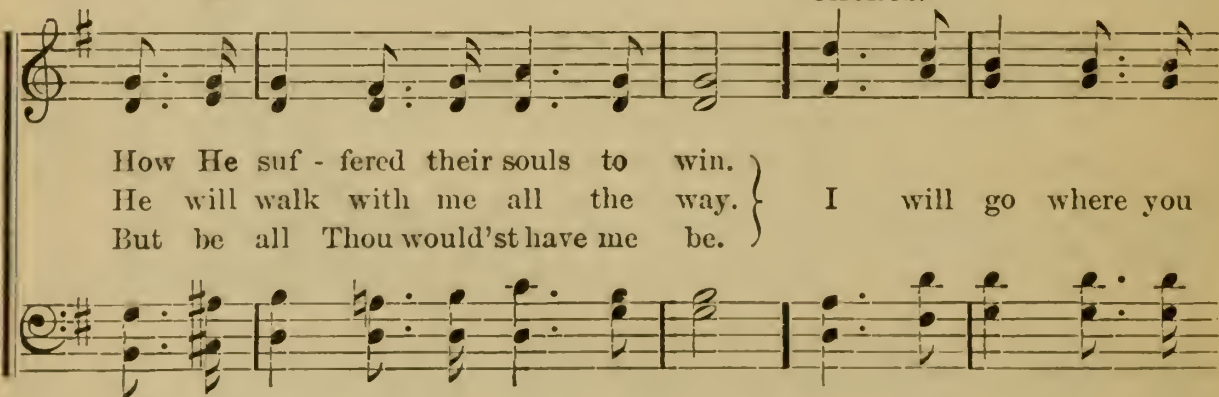


1. I will go with the glad gos - pel sto - ry, To the lost ones now  
 2. Trust-ing Him for all strength, I'll en-deav-or, To do on - ly His  
 3. Help me lay all I have on the al - tar, Con - se - cra - ted, my

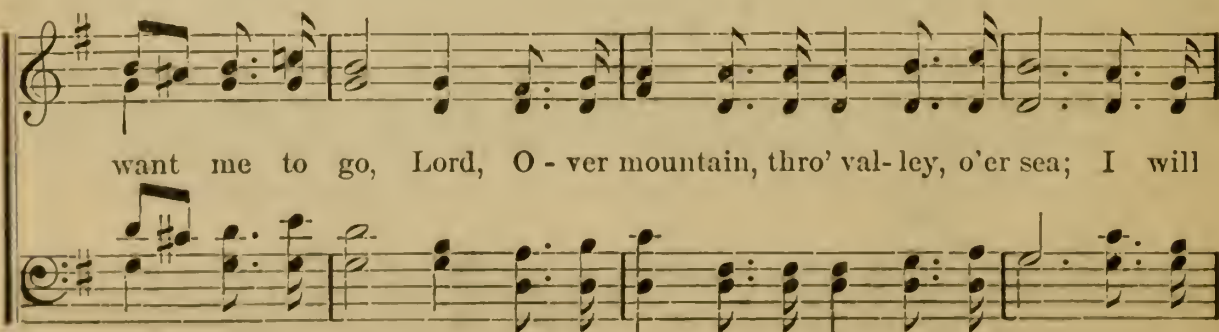


liv - ing in sin; I will tell them of Je - sus in glo - ry,  
 will day by day; From His kind, lov-ing care naught shall sev - er,  
 Sav - iour, to Thee; May I nev - er turn back-ward, nor fal - ter,

## CHORUS.



How He suf - fered their souls to win. }  
 He will walk with me all the way. } I will go where you  
 But be all Thou would'st have me be. }



want me to go, Lord, O - ver mountain, thro' val - ley, o'er sea; I will

# I WILL BE, etc.—Concluded.

*rit.*

do what you want me to do, Lord, I will be what you want me to be.

## No. 158. I'M NOT ALONE.

MARY B. PECK.

JOHN E. KURZENKNABE.

1. When darkening shadow 'round me falls, And light and hope seem gone, There is one  
 2. His eye can pierce the darkest cloud, His arm all danger stay; He waits for  
 3. When sorrows come with crushing blow, O'er my de-fence-less head; I trem-ble  
 4. So, cheer-ful-ly I'll trav-el on, Thro' life's dark, thorny way; I'll fear no

REFRAIN.

tho't my heart upholds, It is: I'm not a-lone. } No, nev-er alone, Can  
 nei-ther look nor word, Our troubles to al-lay. }  
 not, for well I know Who by my side doth tread. }  
 ill, I'm not a-lone While Jesus is my stay. } No, not a-lone,

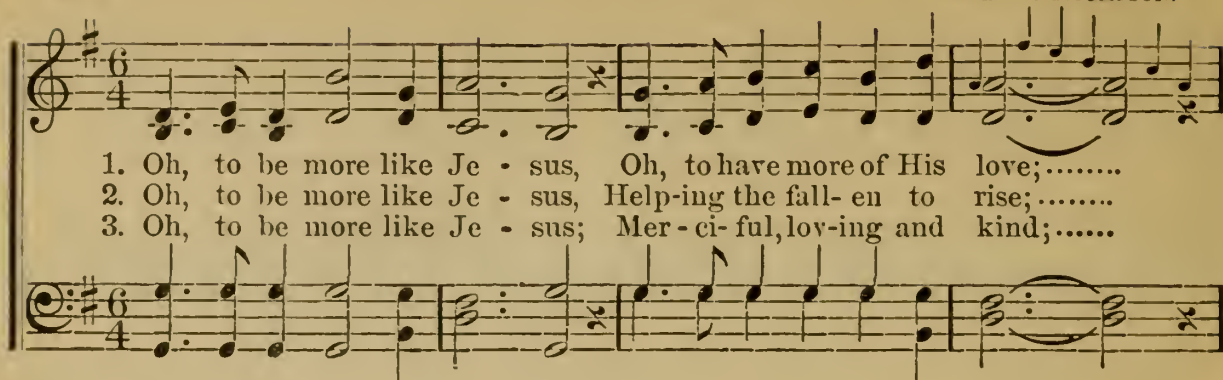
Je-sus' foll'wers be; He's ever near, why should we fear? Our Guide and Hope is He.




# No. 159. OH, TO BE MORE LIKE JESUS.

W. L. T.

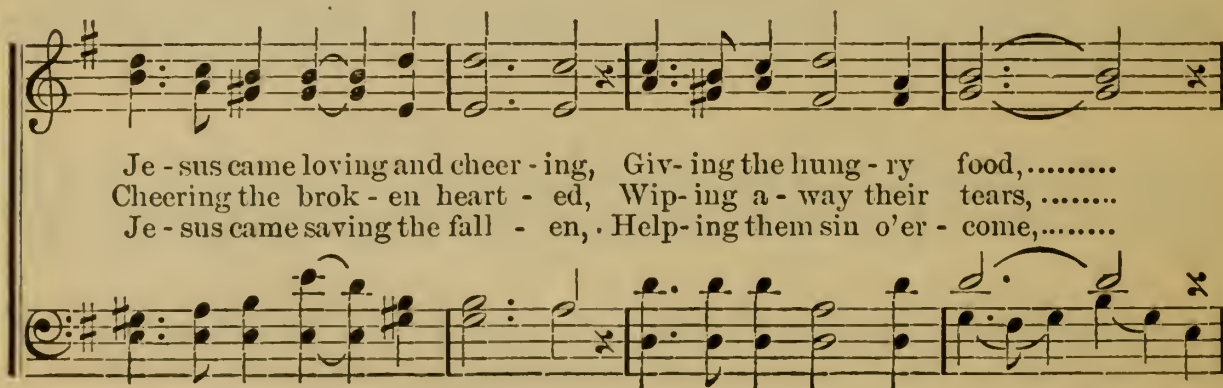
WILL L. THOMPSON.



1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Oh, to have more of His love;.....  
 2. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Help-ing the fall-en to rise;.....  
 3. Oh, to be more like Je - sus; Mer-ci-ful, lov-ing and kind;.....

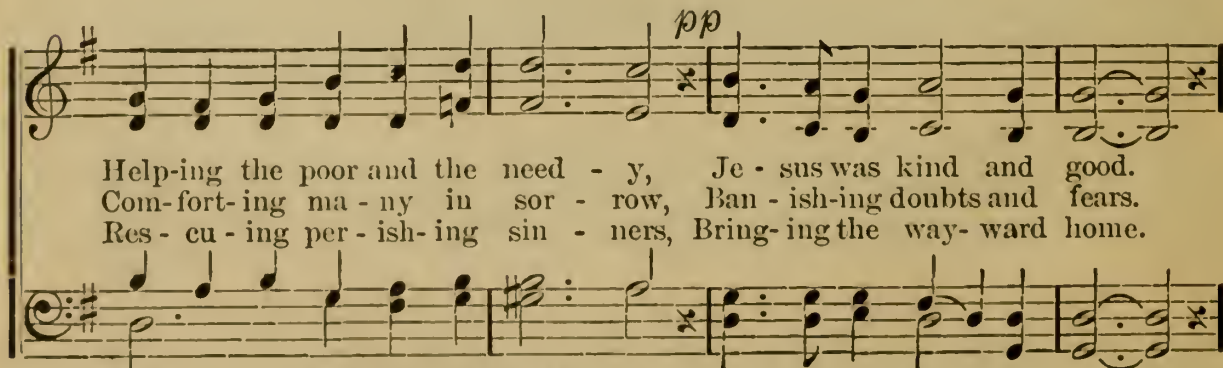


Deep in my heart, Fill-ing my soul, From the great heart a - bove.  
 Giv-ing a hand, Bidding, to stand, Firm in the faith we prize.  
 Lead-ing the way, Bright'ning the day, Help-ing the lame and blind.



Je - sus came loving and cheer - ing, Giv-ing the hung - ry food,.....  
 Cheering the brok - en heart - ed, Wip-ing a - way their tears,.....  
 Je - sus came saving the fall - en, Help-ing them sin o'er - come,.....

the hun - gry  
 a - way their  
 sin o'er-



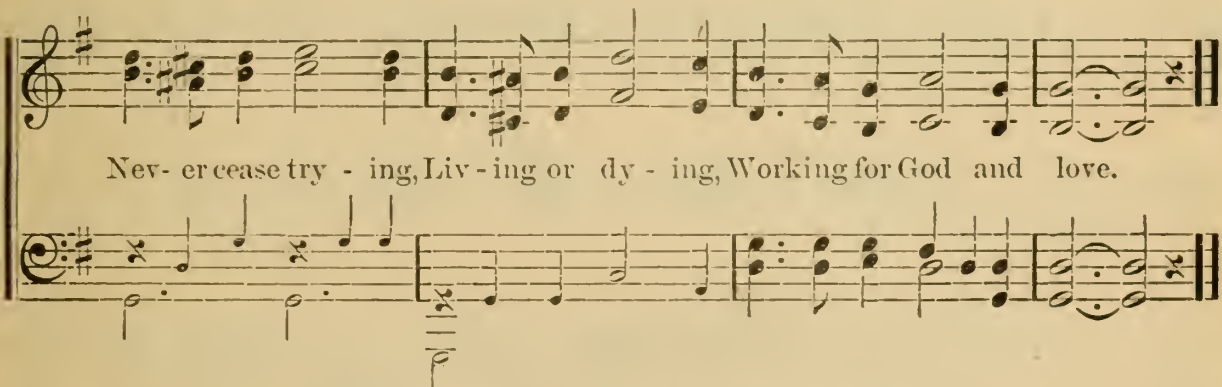
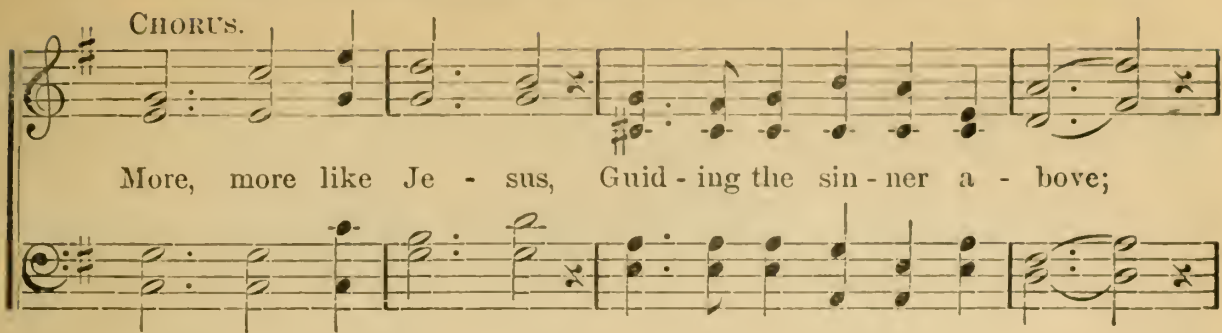
Help-ing the poor and the need - y, Je - sus was kind and good.  
 Com-fort-ing ma - ny in sor - row, Ban - ish-ing doubts and fears.  
 Res - cu - ing per - ish-ing sin - ners, Bring-ing the way-ward home.

food,  
 tears,  
 come,

Help-ing the need - y,  
 Com-fort-ing sor - row,  
 Res - cu - ing sin - ners,

# OH, TO BE MORE LIKE JESUS.—Concluded.

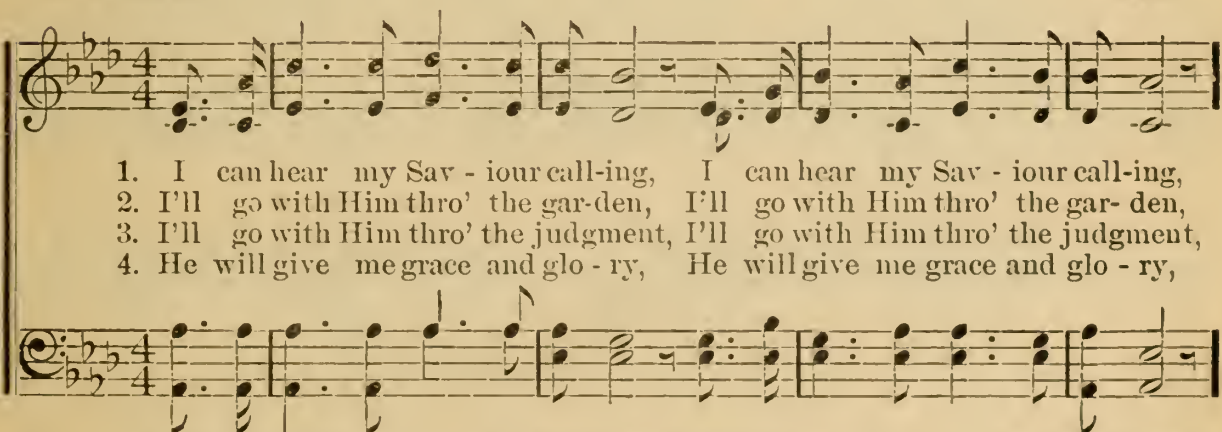
CHORUS.



## No. 160. WHERE HE LEADS ME.

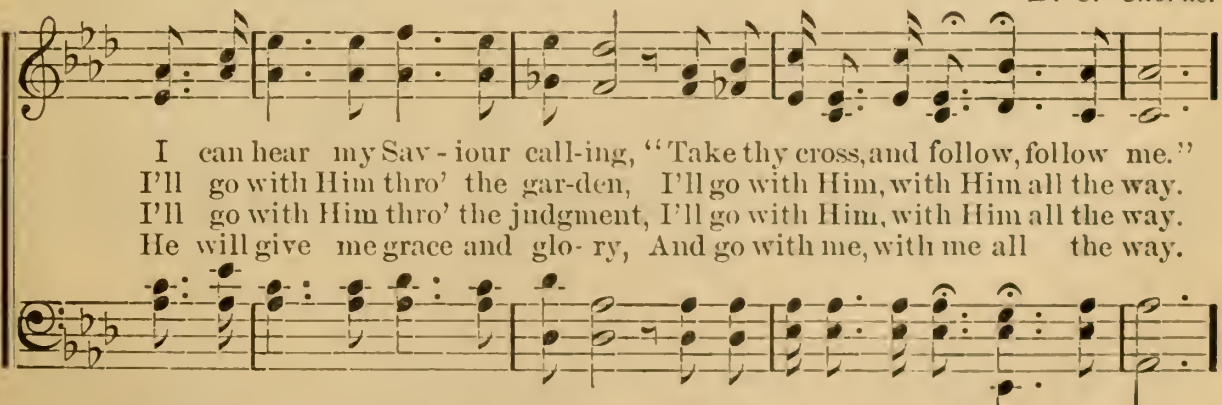
E. W. BLANDLY.

Arr.



CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

*D. C. Chorus.*



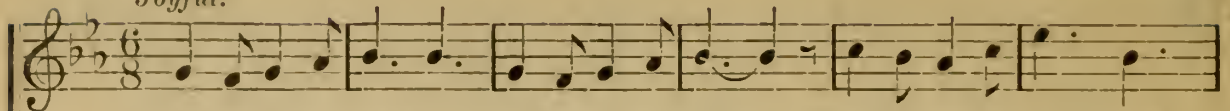
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.



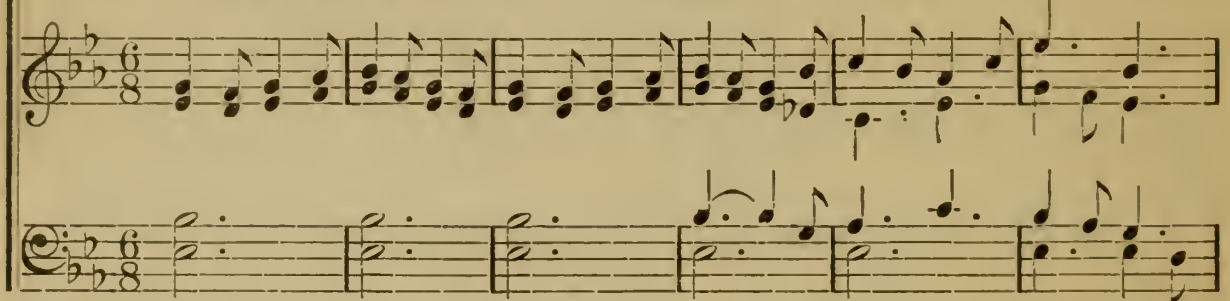
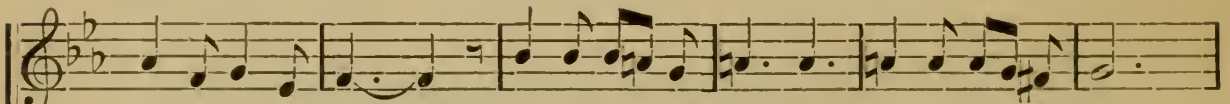
# No. 161. GOLDEN HARPS ARE SOUNDING.

S. THERESA.

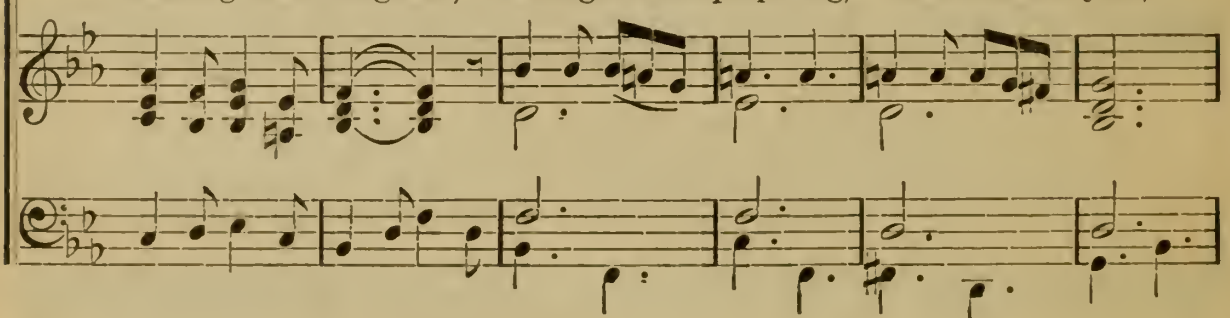
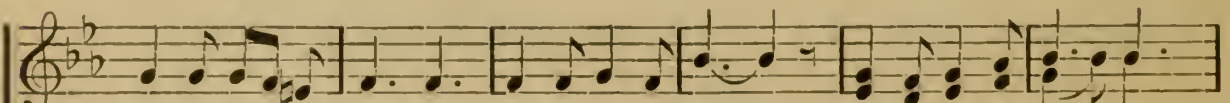
*Joyful.*



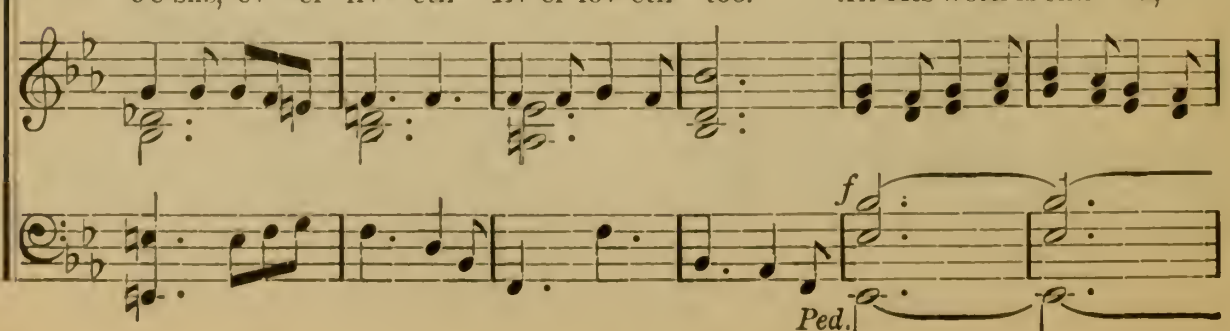
1. Gold-en harps are sounding, Angel voices ring, Pearly gates are o - pened,  
 2. He who come to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with glory  
 3. Praying for His children In that blessed place, Calling them to glo - ry,

Opened for the King, Christ the King of glo - ry, Jesus, King of Love,  
 At His Father's side; Never more to suf - fer; Never more to die;  
 Sending them His grace; His bright home preparing, Little ones for you;

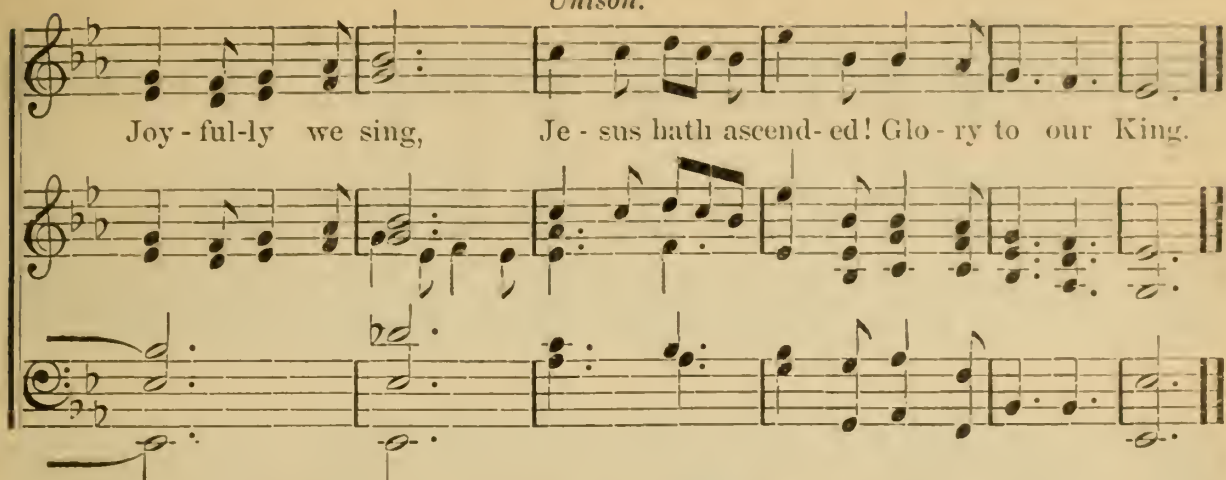
Is gone up in triumph, To His Home a - bove. All His work is end - ed,  
 Jesus, King of glo - ry, Is gone up on high. All His work is end - ed,  
 Je - sus, ev - er liv - eth Ev - er lov - eth too. All His work is end - ed,



*f*  
*Ped.*

# GOLDEN HARPS ARE SOUNDING.—Concluded.

*Unison.*

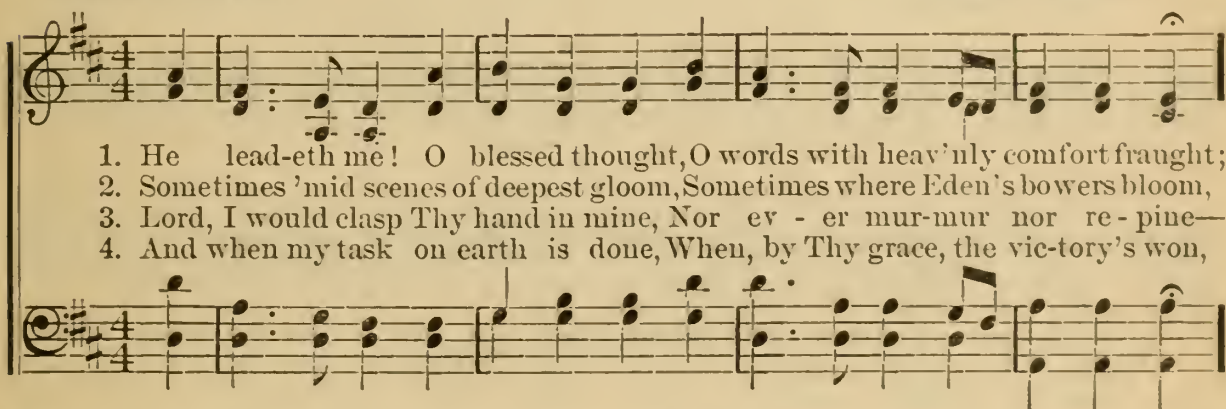


Joy-ful-ly we sing, Je-sus bath ascend-ed! Glo-ry to our King.

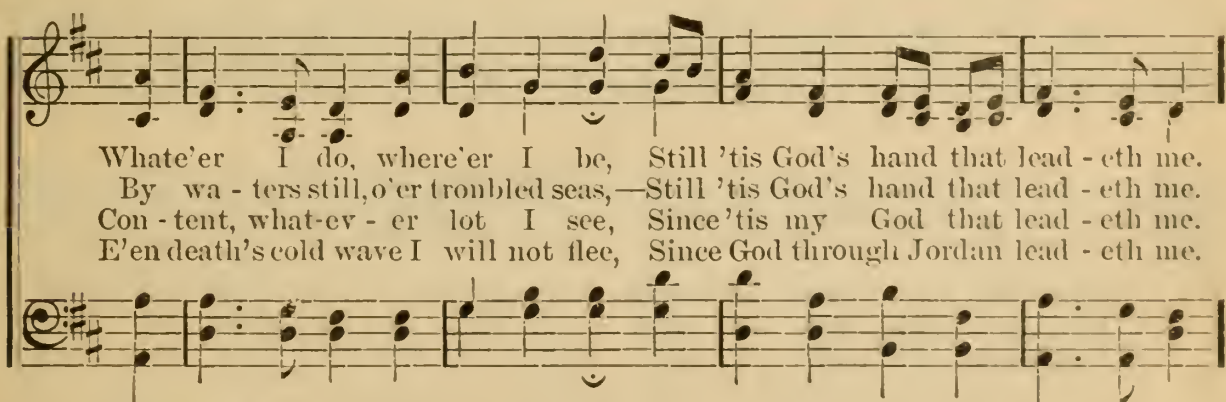
## No. 162. HE LEADETH ME.

JOSEPH H. GILMORE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

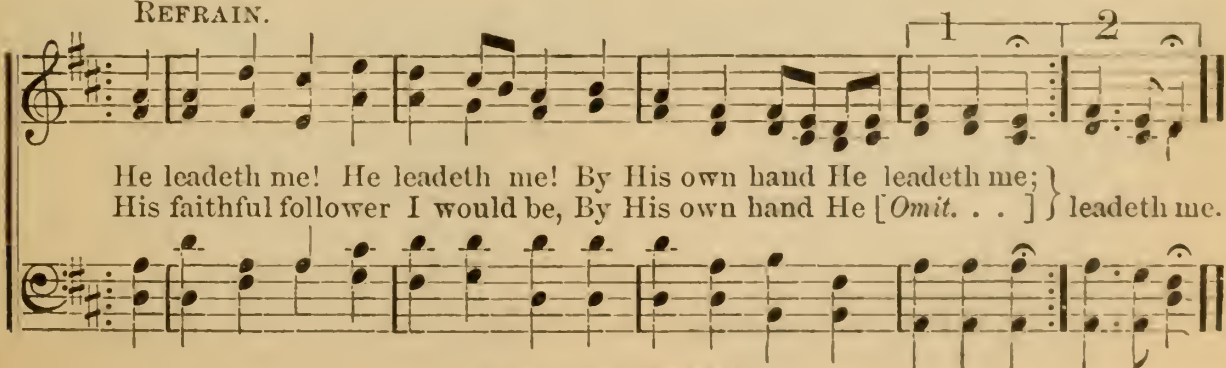


1. He lead-eth me! O blessed thought, O words with heav'nly comfort fraught;  
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur nor re-pine—  
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-tory's won,



Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.  
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled seas, — Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.  
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jordan lead - eth me.

REFRAIN.



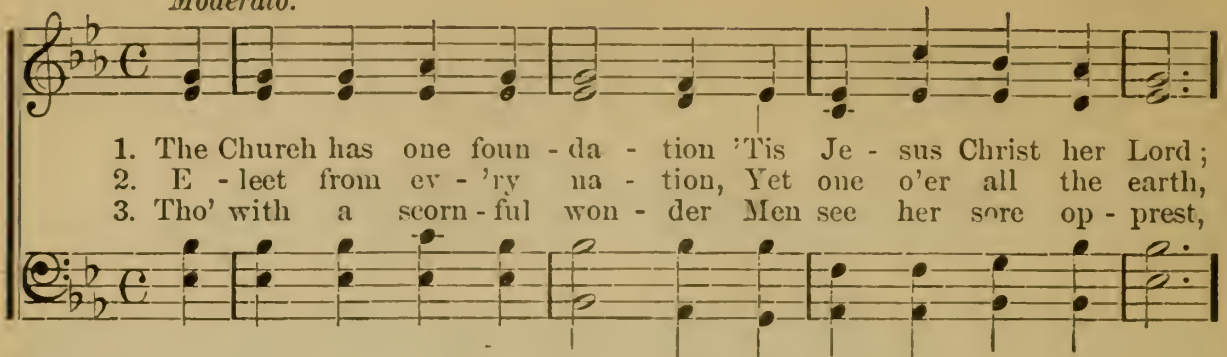
He leadeth me! He leadeth me! By His own hand He leadeth me; }  
His faithful follower I would be, By His own hand He [Omit. . . ] } leadeth me.



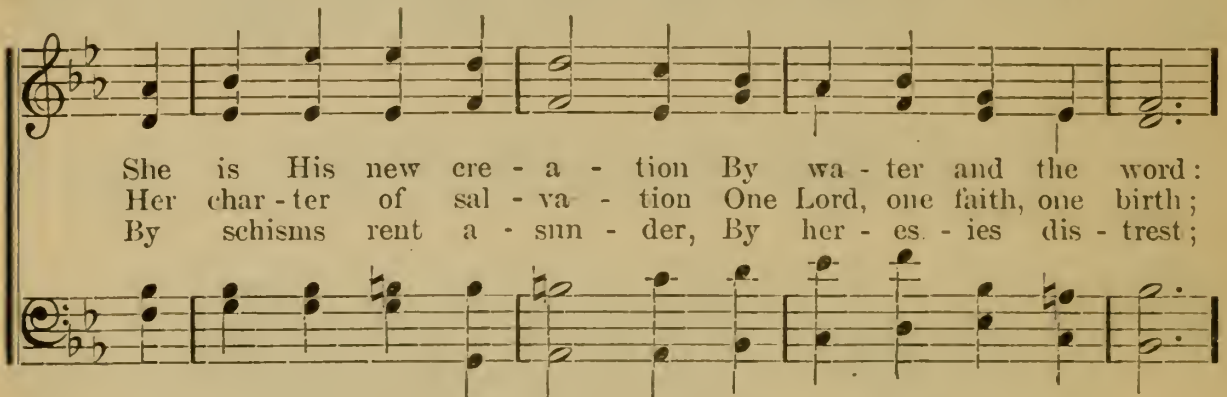
# No. 163. THE CHURCH HAS ONE FOUNDATION.

AURELIA.

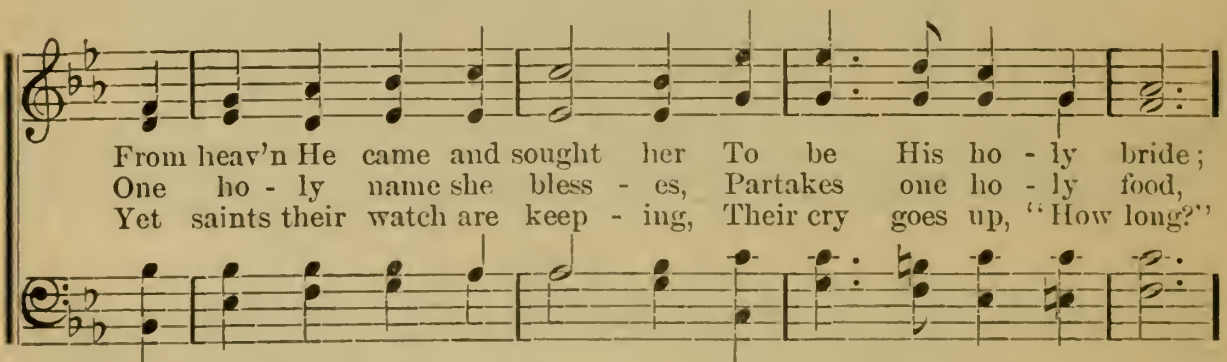
*Moderato.*



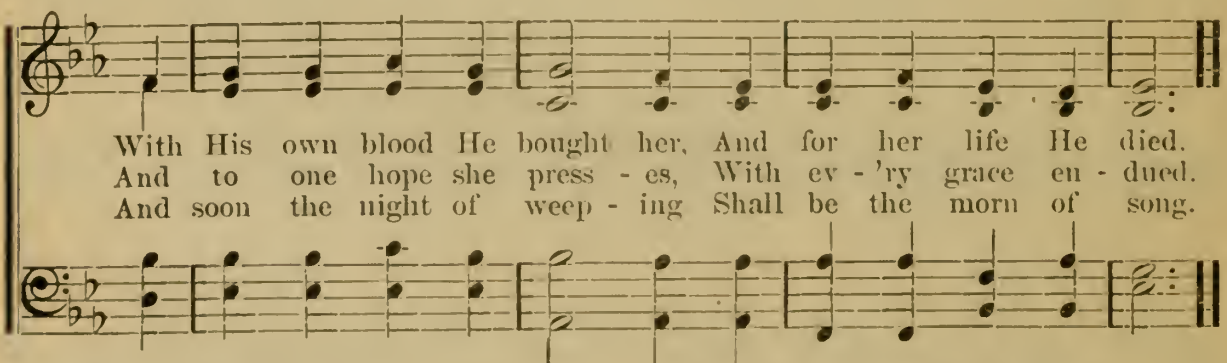
1. The Church has one foun - da - tion 'Tis Je - sus Christ her Lord ;  
 2. E - leet from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 3. Tho' with a scorn - ful won - der Men see her sore op - prest,



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word :  
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth ;  
 By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - es - ies dis - trest ;



From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride ;  
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Partakes one ho - ly food,  
 Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.  
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.  
 And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
 And tumult of her war,  
 She waits the consummation  
 Of peace for evermore :  
 Till with the vision glorious  
 Her longing eyes are blest,  
 And the great Church victorious  
 Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union  
 With God the Three in One,  
 And mystic sweet communion  
 With those whose rest is won :  
 O happy ones and holy !  
 Lord, give us grace that we  
 Like them, the meek and lowly,  
 On high may dwell with Thee.

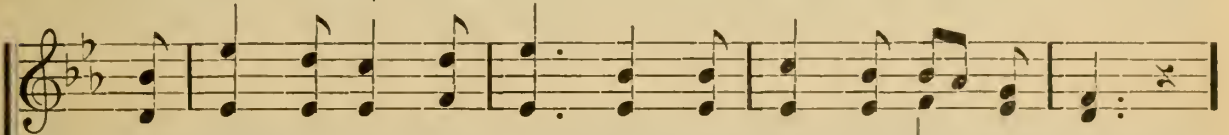
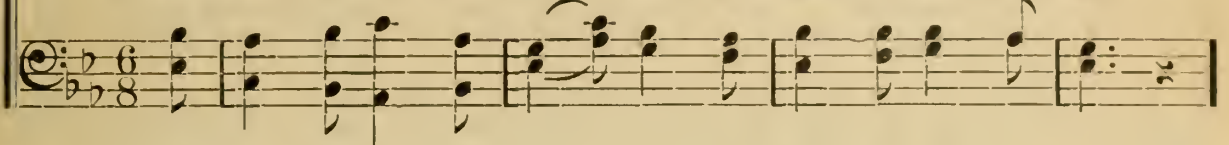
# No. 164. I LOVE THE HOLY ANGELS.

STAINER.

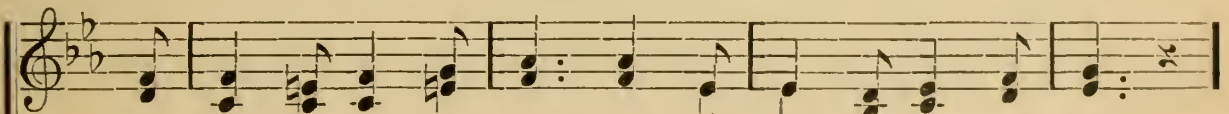
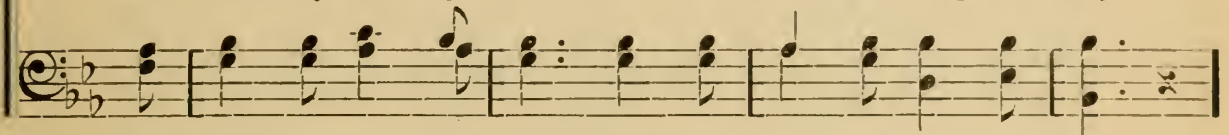
*Moderato.*



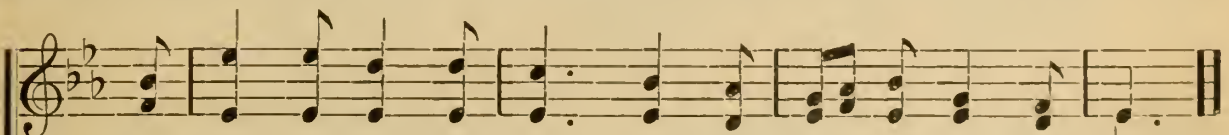
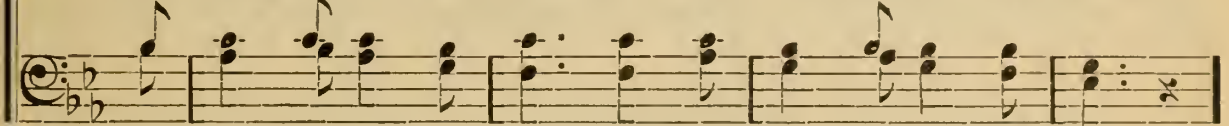
1. I love the Ho - ly An - gels, So bean - ti - ful and bright ;
2. 'Tis God our Heavenly Fath - er, Who doth the An - gels send,
3. And when I die, the An - gels Will bear my soul a - way,



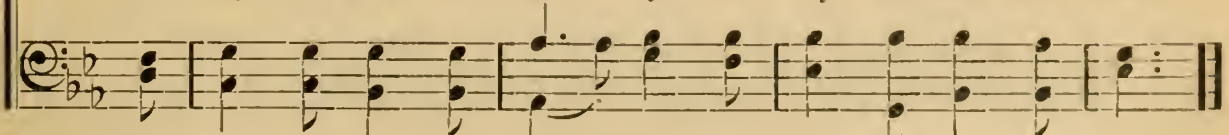
And though I can - not see them, They're with me day and night :  
To guard His lit - tle chil - dren Un - til their life shall end.  
While here my bod - y rest - eth Un - til the Judgment Day.



They watch around my bed - side. They see me at my play ;  
When we are cross and naughty, The Ho - ly An - gels grieve,  
They'll bear me gen - tly, soft - ly, With lov - ing care most sweet,



They know my ev - 'ry ac - tion, They hear the words I say.  
For they are sad when chil - dren The way of good - ness leave.  
And lay me down in safe - ty At my Re-deem - er's feet.



4 There with the Holy Angels,  
And holy men of old,  
And all good friends who loved me,  
Too many to be told,  
Shall I be with the Angels,  
And all that people bright,  
For ever and for ever,  
In God's most glorious light,

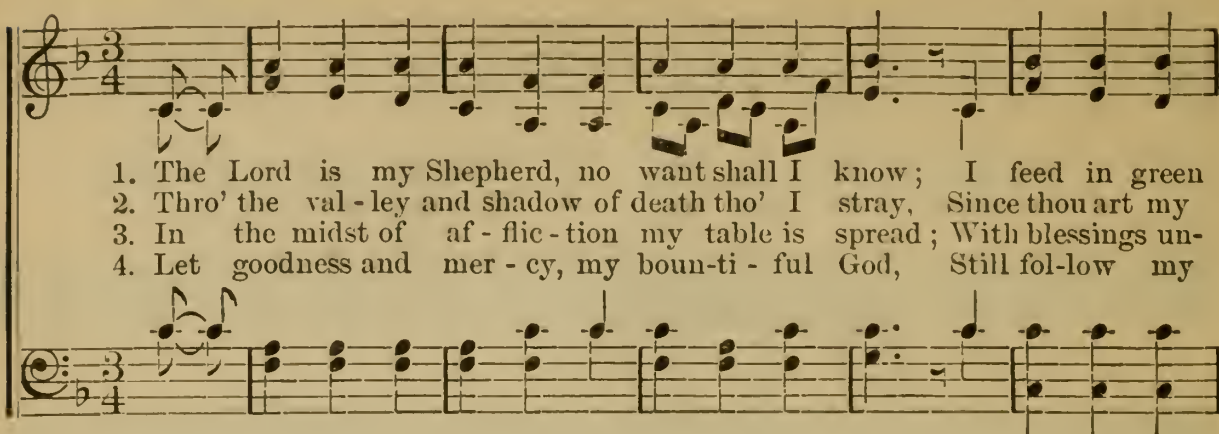
5 Among the flowers of Heaven  
That never die or fade.  
And far more lovely music,  
Than here on earth is made,  
For ever, ever happy  
Together we shall be,  
For there our Lord and Saviour  
For ever we shall see.



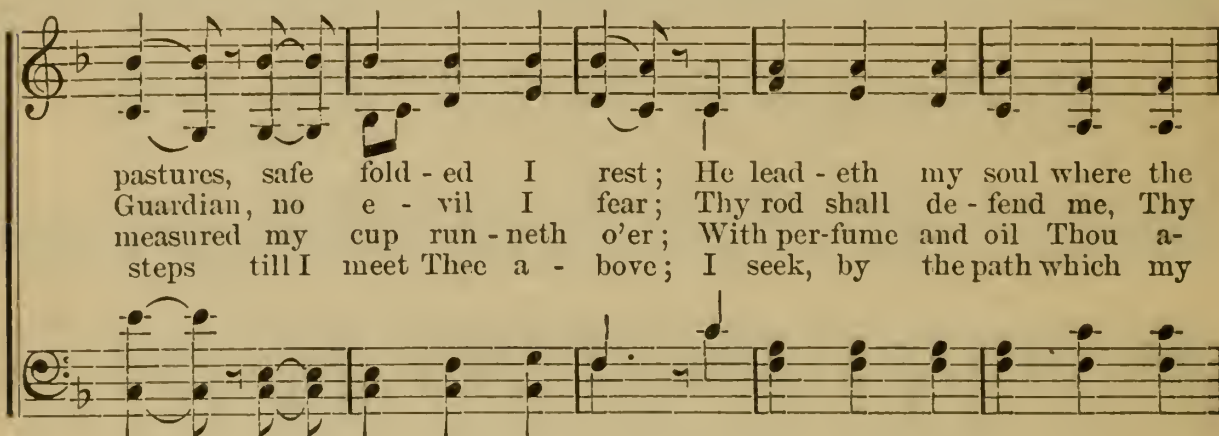
# No. 165. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

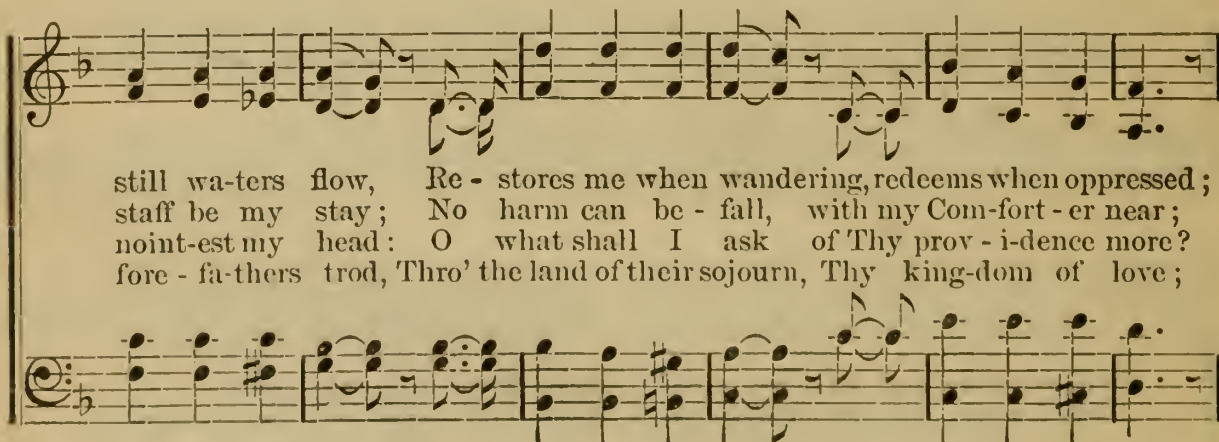
Arr. from THOMAS KOSCHAT.



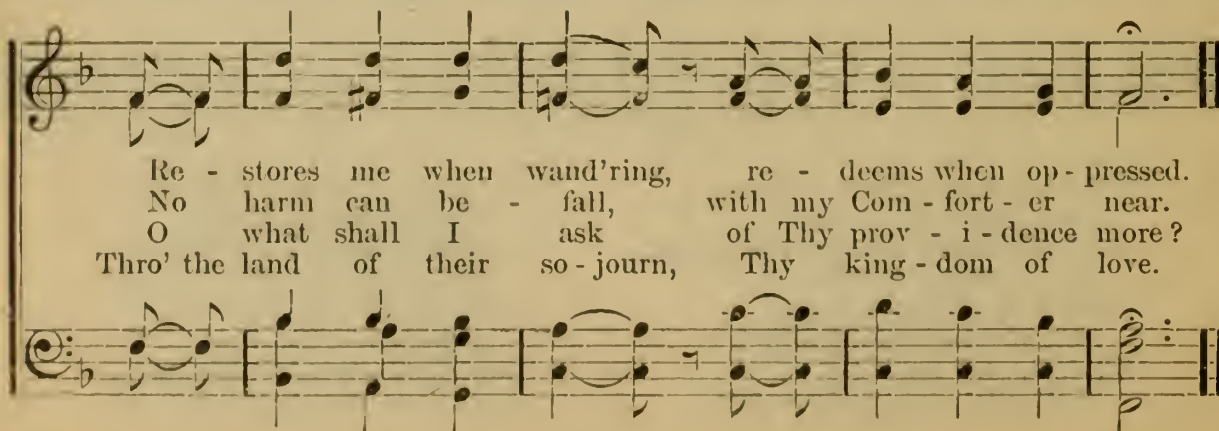
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green  
 2. Thro' the val - ley and shadow of death tho' I stray, Since thou art my  
 3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my table is spread; With blessings un -  
 4. Let goodness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my



pastures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the  
 Guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy  
 measured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and oil Thou a -  
 steps till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek, by the path which my



still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed;  
 staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near;  
 noint - est my head: O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?  
 fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy king - dom of love;

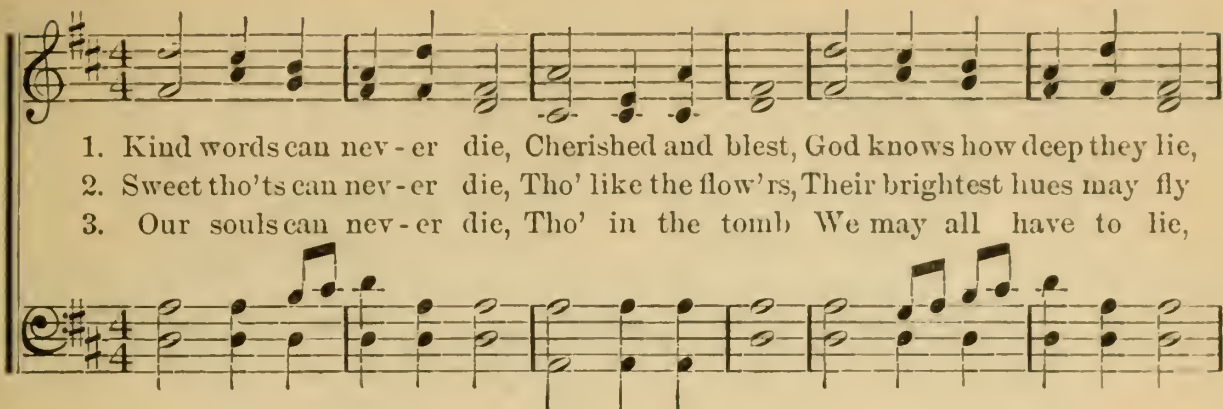


Re - stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.  
 No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.  
 O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?  
 Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king - dom of love.

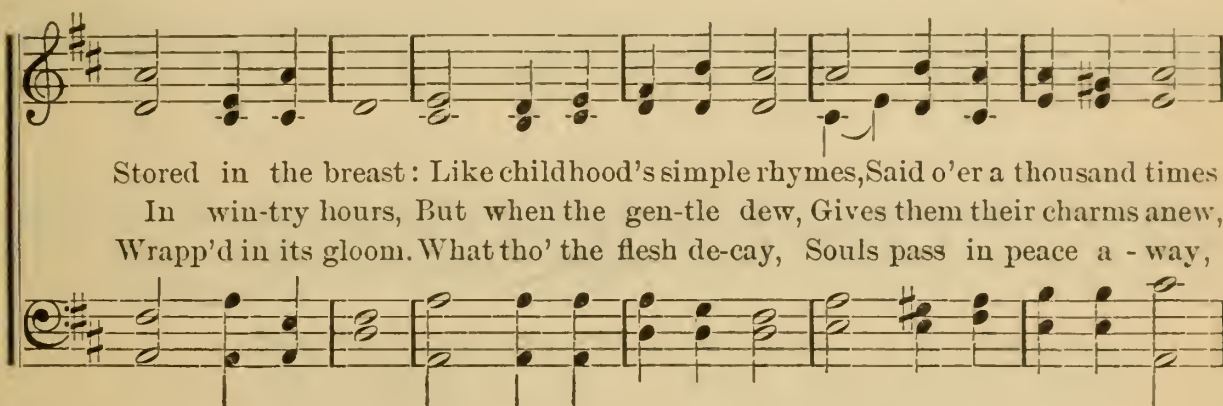
# No. 166. KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

A. H.

ABBY HUTCHINSON.

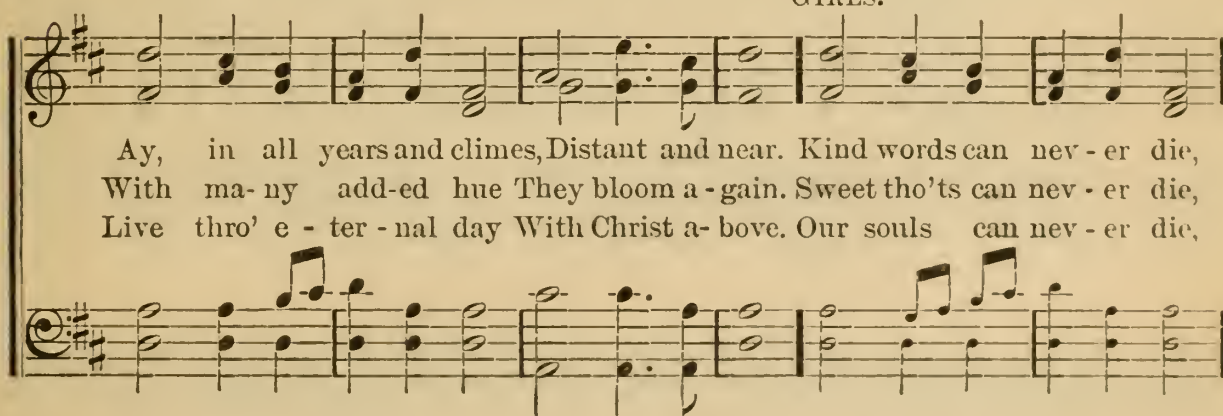


1. Kind words can nev - er die, Cherished and blest, God knows how deep they lie,  
 2. Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, Tho' like the flow'rs, Their brightest hues may fly  
 3. Our souls can nev - er die, Tho' in the tomb We may all have to lie,



Stored in the breast: Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times  
 In win-try hours, But when the gen-tle dew, Gives them their charms anew,  
 Wrapp'd in its gloom. What tho' the flesh de-cay, Souls pass in peace a - way,

GIRLS.



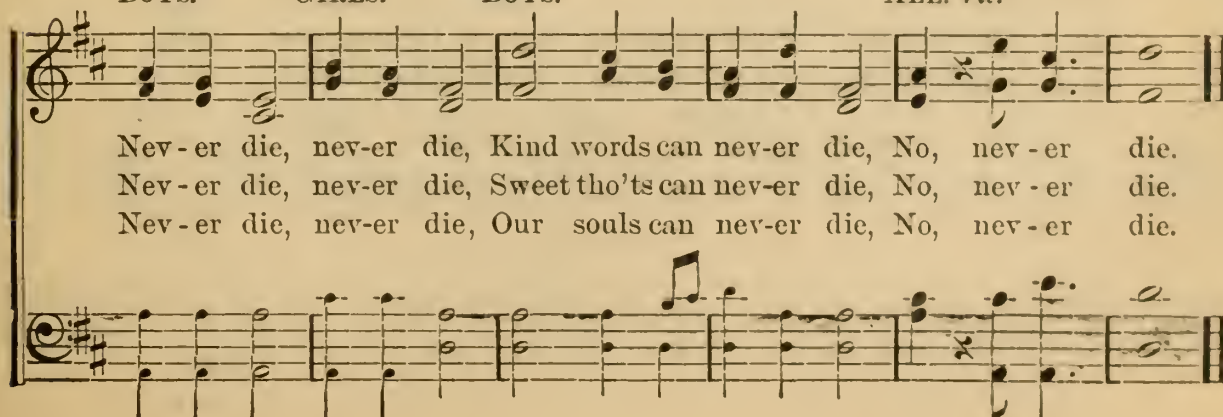
Ay, in all years and climes, Distant and near. Kind words can nev - er die,  
 With ma - ny add - ed hue They bloom a - gain. Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die,  
 Live thro' e - ter - nal day With Christ a - bove. Our souls can nev - er die,

BOYS.

GIRLS.

BOYS.

ALL. *rit.*



Nev - er die, nev - er die, Kind words can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.  
 Nev - er die, nev - er die, Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.  
 Nev - er die, nev - er die, Our souls can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.

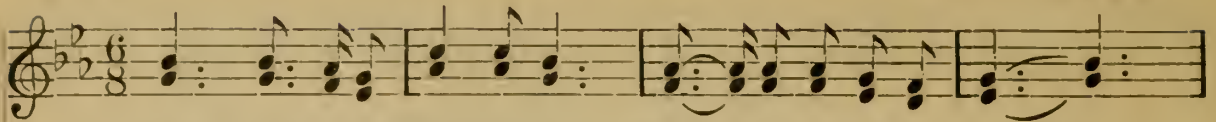


# No. 167. LOOK TO THE COMFORTER.

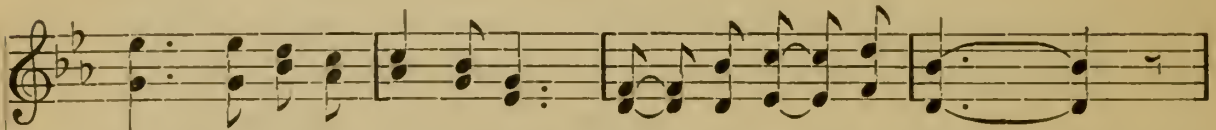
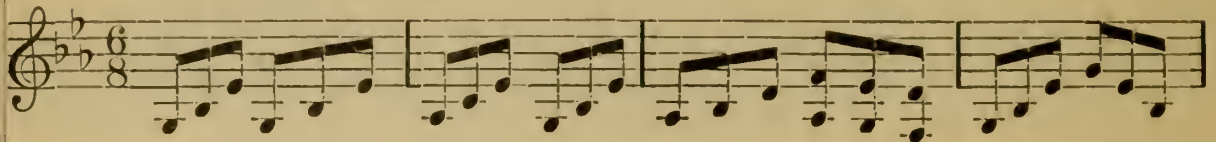
W. L. T.

(Duet and Quartette.)

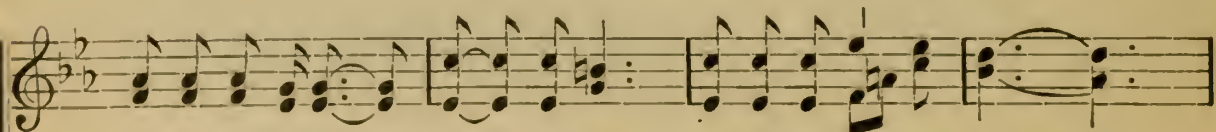
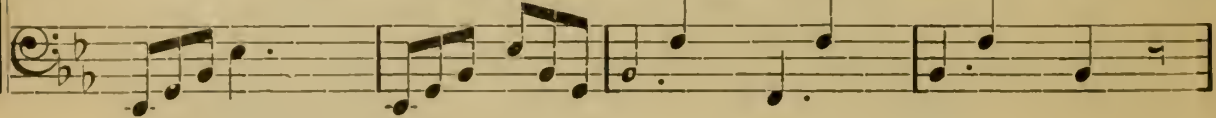
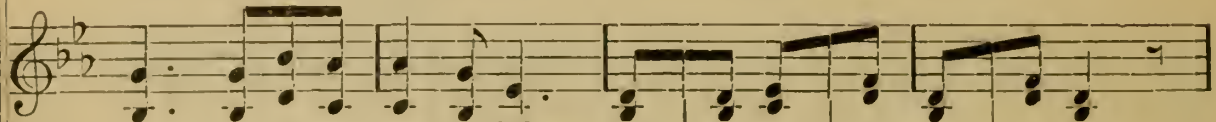
WILL L. THOMPSON.



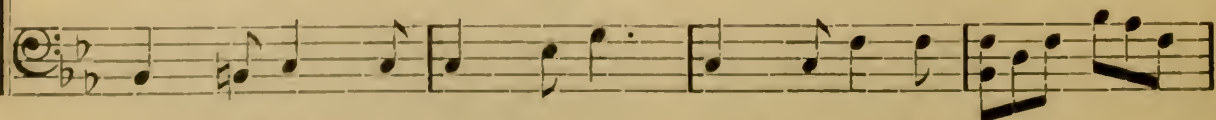
1. Look, look to the Com-for-ter, Ye who are troubled in mind,
2. Look, look to the Com-for-ter, On the dear Saviour be-lieve,
3. Look, look to the Com-for-ter, He has promised sweet rest,



Come, come with your aching hearts, Sweetest repose thou'lt find,.....  
 Come, while He invites you now, He is ready to save,.....  
 Far, far from these earthly cares, Far in the realms of the blest,.....



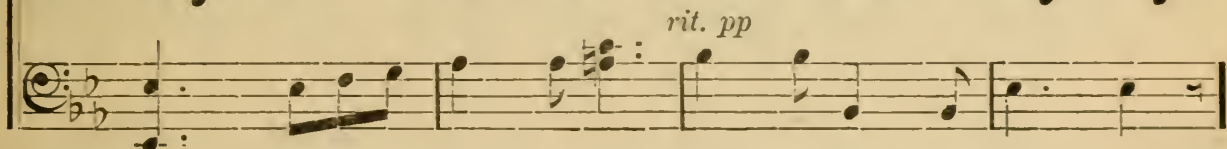
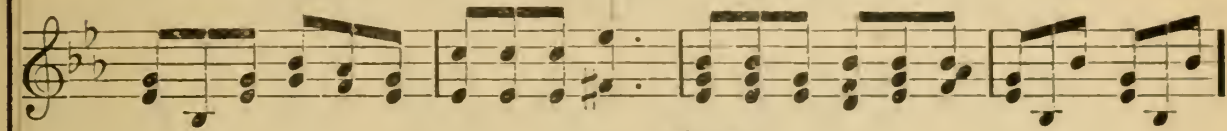
Ye who are weary and ready to weep, Cheer thy sad hearts a - gain,  
 Ask for His par-don, He will forgive, List to His ear-nest call,  
 He has prepared us a beautiful home, Waiting for you and me,



# LOOK TO THE COMFORTER.—Concluded.



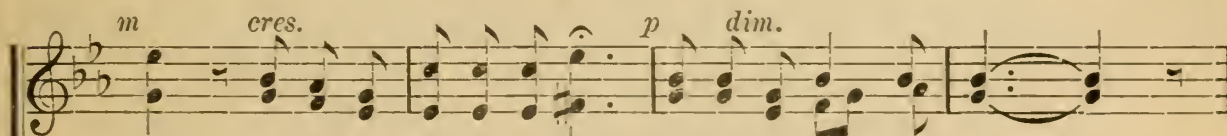
Cast thy cares at the Sav - iour's feet, He will thy burdens sus - tain.  
Oh, be - lieve and thou shalt live. Pardon is free to us all.  
Oh, ac - cept of His prom - ise now, Mer - cy is bounteous and free.



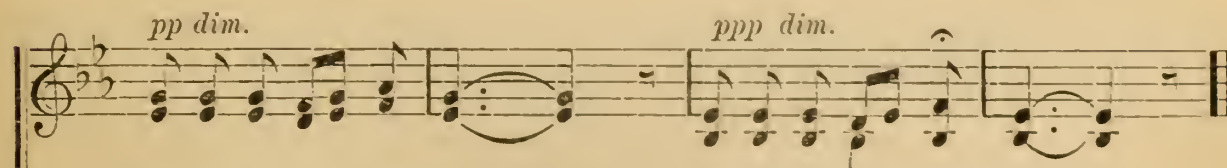
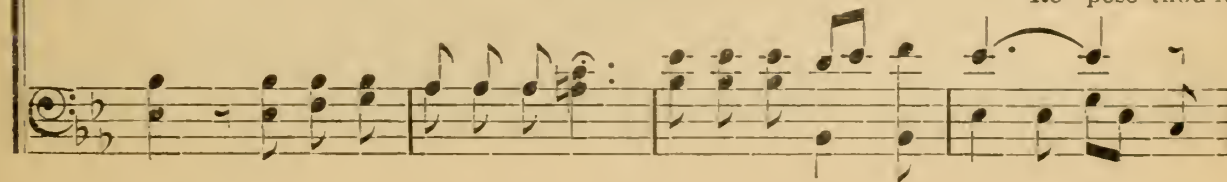
QUARTETTE. *m a tempo. dim.*



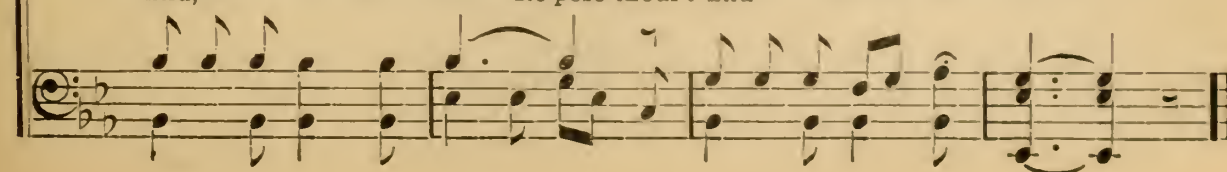
Come, ye who are ready to weep, O Come, kneel at the Saviour's feet, O  
Ye who are weary and Cast all thy cares



Come, ye who are weary in mind, Sweetest repose thou'lt find,  
Re - pose thou'lt



Sweetest re - pose thou'lt find, Sweetest re - pose thou'lt find.  
find, Re - pose thou'lt find





# No. 168. O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM.

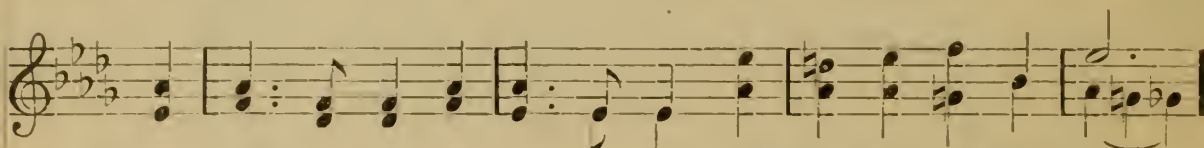
F. B. P.

(MATERNA. C.M.D.)

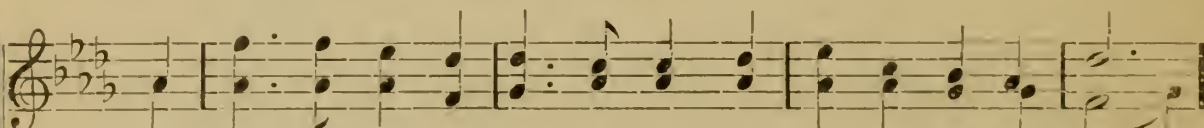
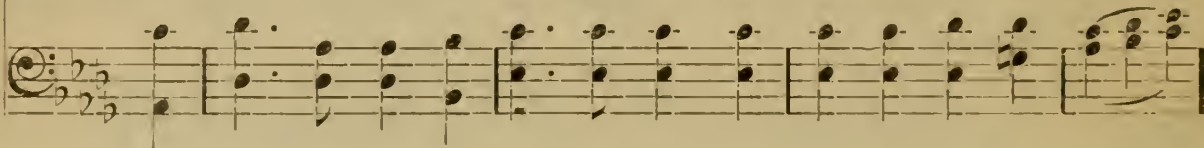
SAMUEL A. WARD.



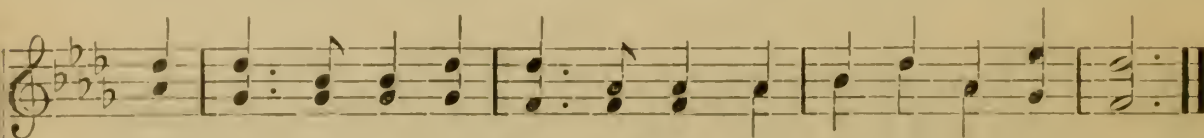
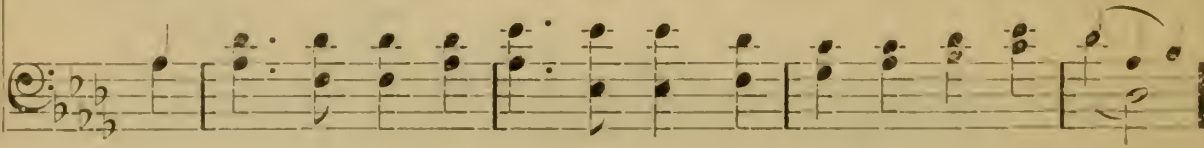
1. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?
2. Thy walls are made of pre - cious stones, Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
3. Thy gar - dens and thy gal - lant walks Con - tin - ual - ly are green,
4. There trees for - ev - er - more bear fruit, And ev - er - more do spring;



When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?  
 Thy gates are of right or - ient pearl, Ex - ceed - ing rich and rare.  
 There grow such sweet and pleasant flow'rs As no - where else are seen.  
 There ev - er - more the an - gels sit, And ev - er - more do sing.



O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleasant soil!  
 Thy tur - rets and thy pin - na - cles With car - bun - cles do shine;  
 Quite thro' the streets, with sil - ver sound, The flood of life doth flow;  
 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Would God I were in thee!



In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.  
 Thy ver - y streets are paved with gold, Sur - pass - ing clear and fine.  
 Up - on whose banks on ev - 'ry side The wood of life doth grow.  
 Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see!



# No. 169. GENTLY, LORD, O GENTLY LEAD US.

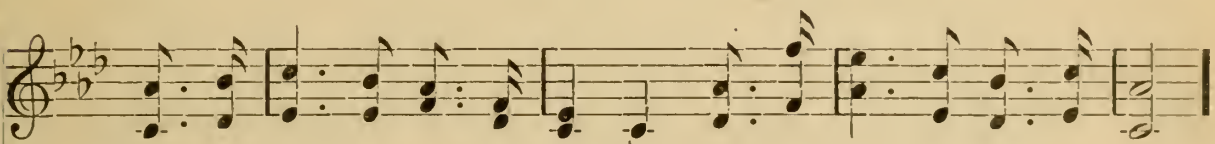
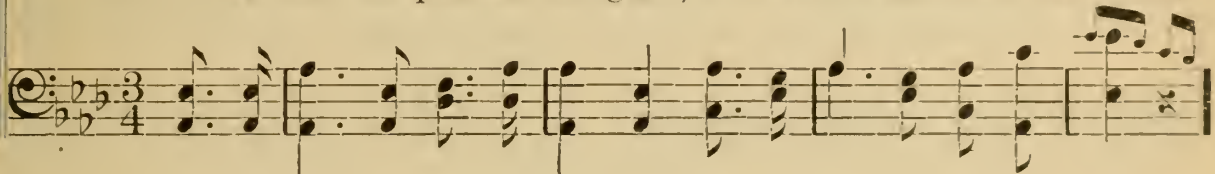
THOMAS HASTINGS.

(AUTUMN. 8s, 7s. D.)

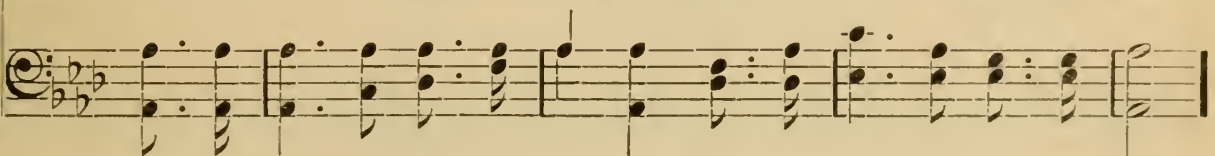
LOUIS VON ESCH.



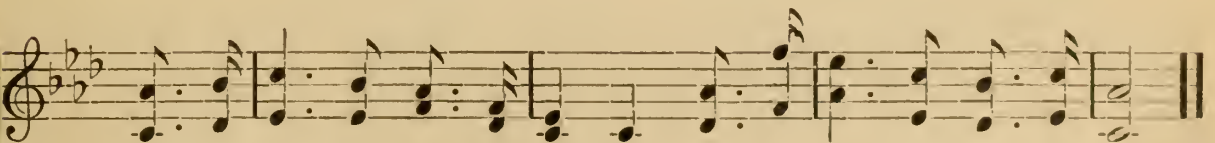
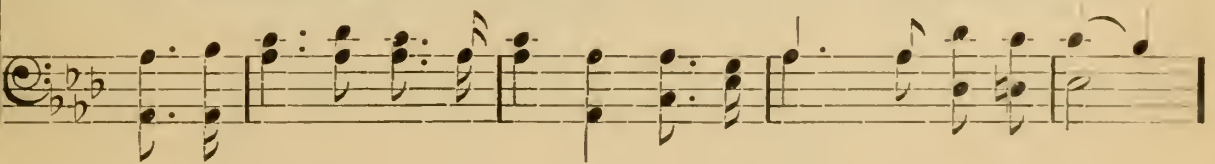
1. Gen - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us, Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
2. In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the hour when death draws near.



Thro' the tri - als yet de - creed us, Till our last great change appears.  
Suf - fer not our hearts to lan - guish, Suf - fer not our souls to fear;



When temptation's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,  
And, when mor - tal life is end - ed, Bid us in Thine arms to rest,



Let Thy goodness nev - er fail us, Lead us in Thy per - feet way.  
Till, by an - gel bands at - tend - ed, We a - wake a - mong the blest.





## No. 170. I WONDER IF THERE'S ROOM

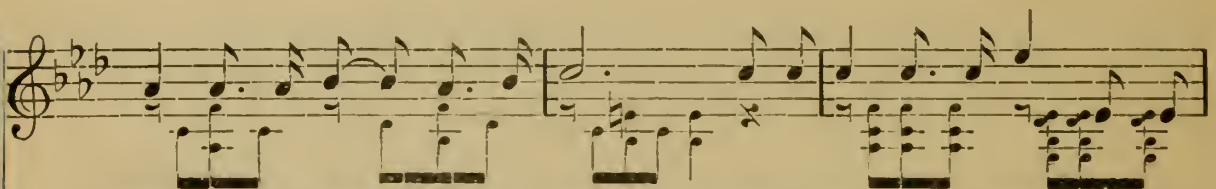
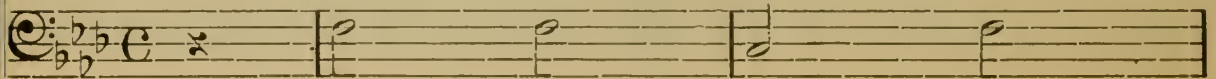
W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

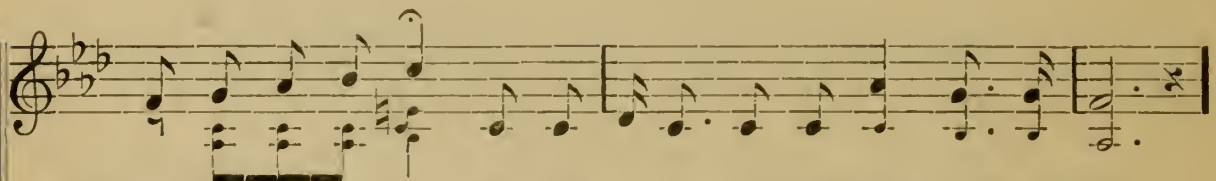
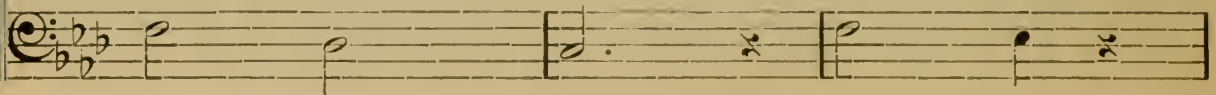
FIRST VOICE.



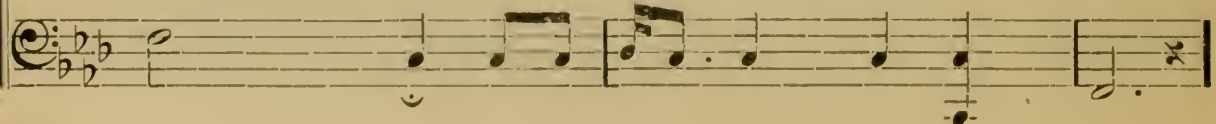
1. I have heard of a home far a-way a-bove the skies, Where the  
2. But they say that the right-eous shall scarcely en-ter there; How



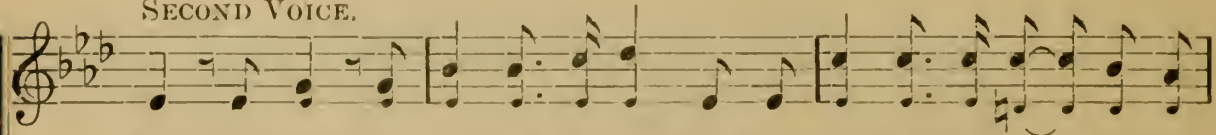
good and the true may hap-py be;      I have look'd thro' the stars, And I've  
then may a sin - ner like me!      I am far, far a-way From the



watch'd thro' lone - ly hours, And I've wondered if there's room there for me.  
gen- tle Shepherd's care; Oh, I won-der if He'll make room for me.



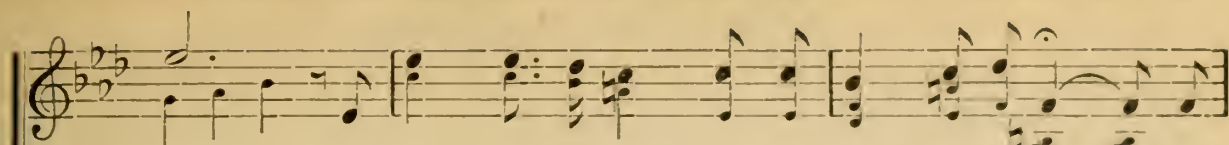
SECOND VOICE.



Yes, there's room for you and for me, And there's room for the whole world be-  
Yes, there's room, the call is for thee, 'Tis a grand in - vi - ta - tion, full and

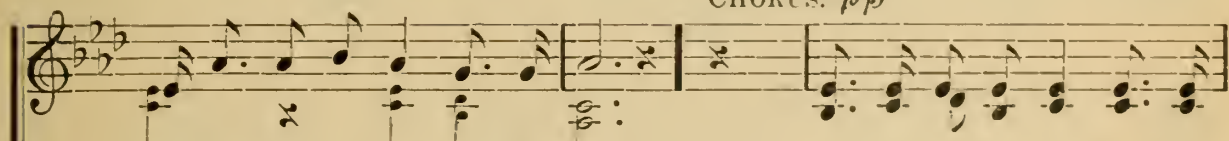


# I WONDER IF THERE'S ROOM, etc.—Concluded.



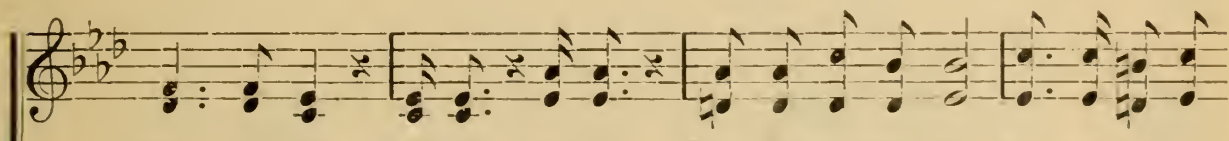
side; The won - der - ful love Of the Lord reaches all;..... It  
free; There's room for us all, If we list to His call; Yes, He's

## CHORUS. *pp*

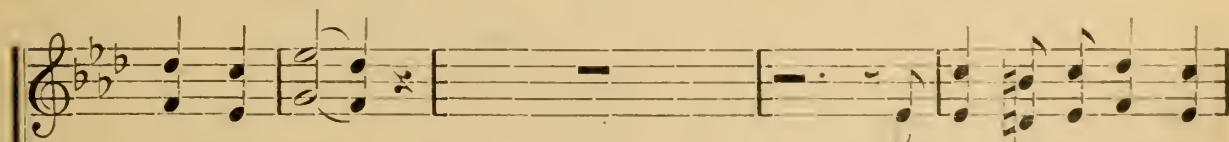


gently calls us now to His side. } Room for you and me, And there's  
will-ing to make room there for thee. }

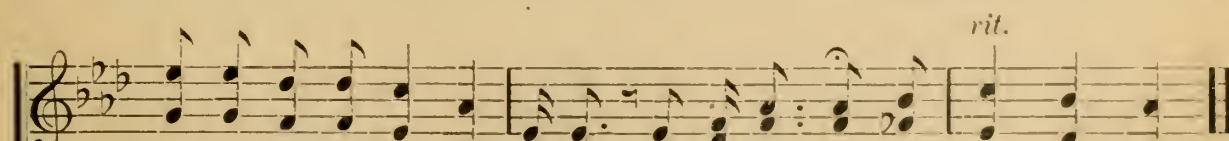
Yes, there's room for you,



room for all; List-en, list-en, Hear His earnest call, Who-so-ev-er



will may come; Who-so-ev-er will may come; Come ye that are wea-ry



And are heav-y la-den, List-en, He's calling thee, There's room for all.

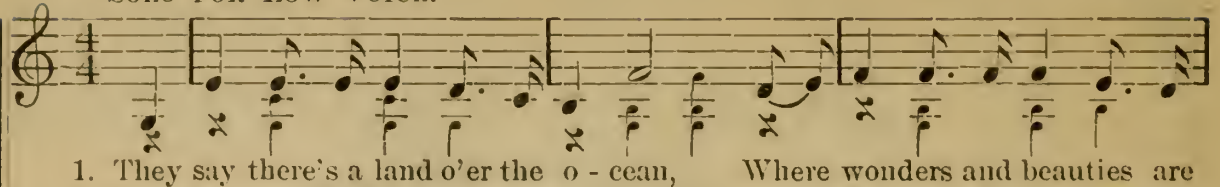


# No. 171. THEY SAY THERE'S A LAND O'ER THE OCEAN.

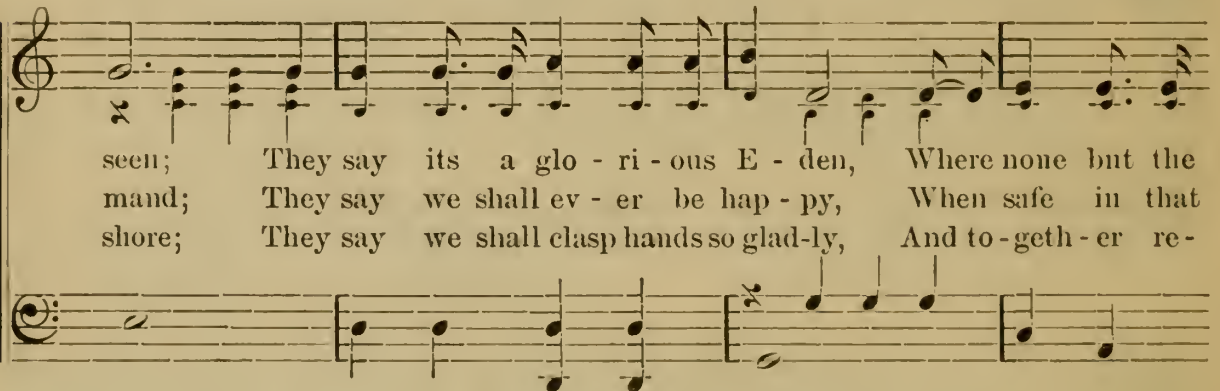
W. L. T.

SOLO FOR LOW VOICE.

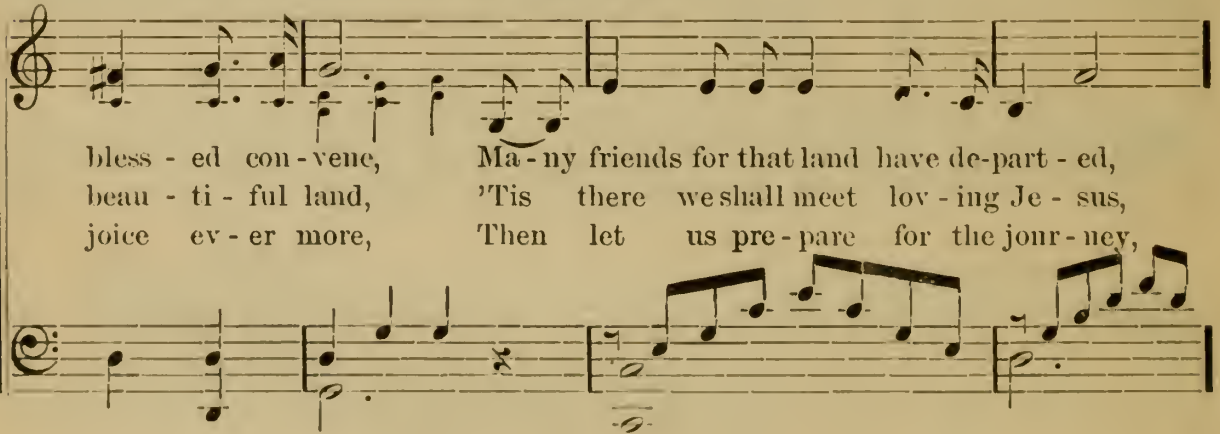
WILL L. THOMPSON.



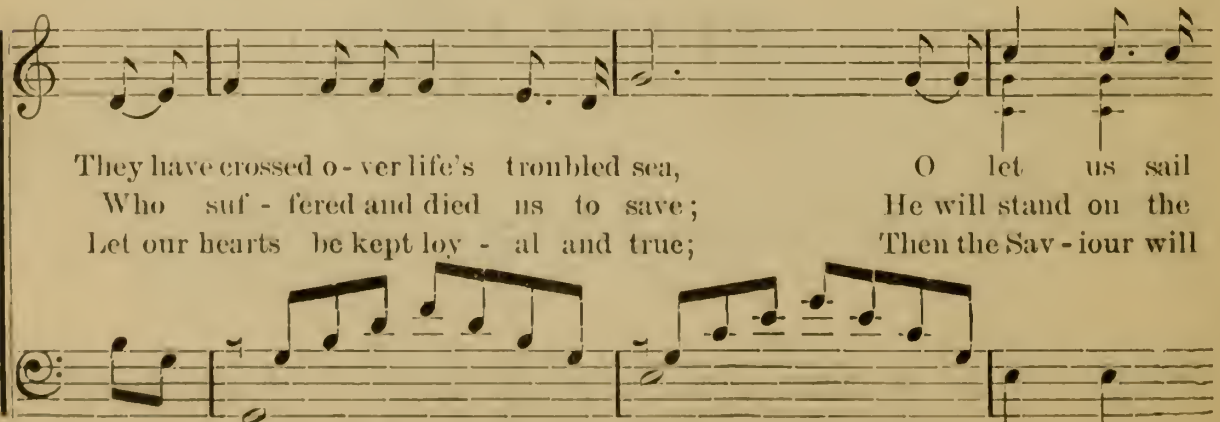
1. They say there's a land o'er the o - cean,      Where wonders and beauties are
2. They say we shall dwell there for-ev-er,      If we list to our Saviour's com-
3. They say we shall know all our loved ones,      When we meet on that bright golden



seen;      They say its a glo - ri - ous E - den,      Where none but the  
mand;      They say we shall ev - er be hap - py,      When safe in that  
shore;      They say we shall clasp hands so glad-ly,      And to-geth - er re -

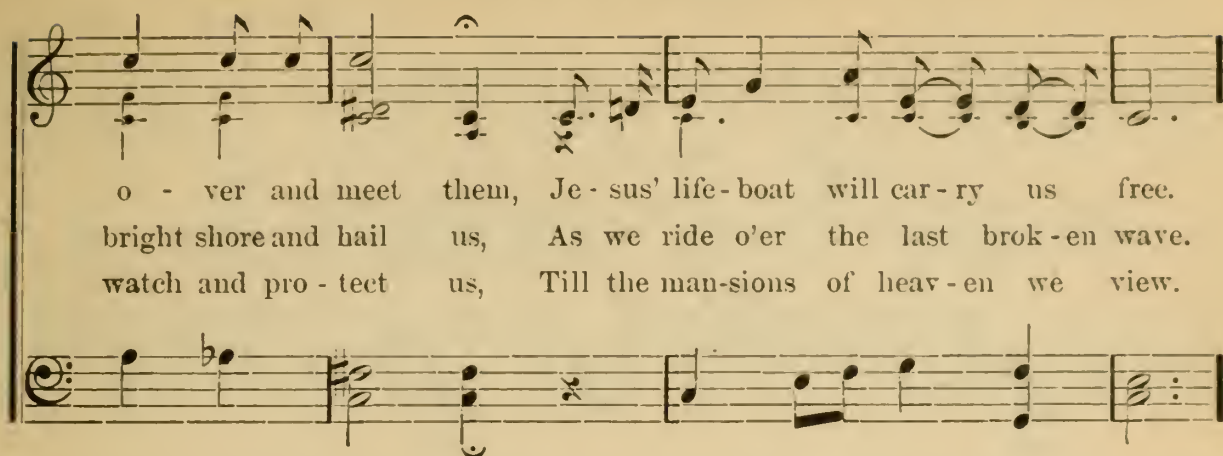


bless - ed con-vene,      Ma - ny friends for that land have de-part - ed,  
beau - ti - ful land,      'Tis there we shall meet lov - ing Je - sus,  
joice ev - er more,      Then let us pre-pare for the jour - ney,



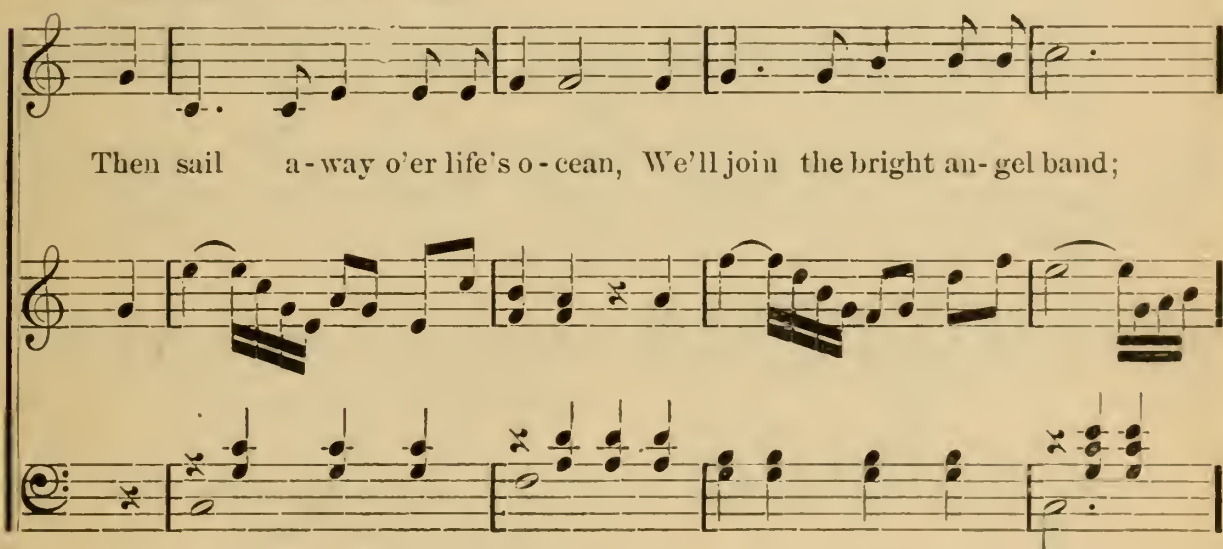
They have crossed o - ver life's trou - bled sea,      O let us sail  
Who suf - fered and died us to save;      He will stand on the  
Let our hearts be kept loy - al and true;      Then the Sav - iour will

# THEY SAY THERE'S A LAND, etc.—Concluded.

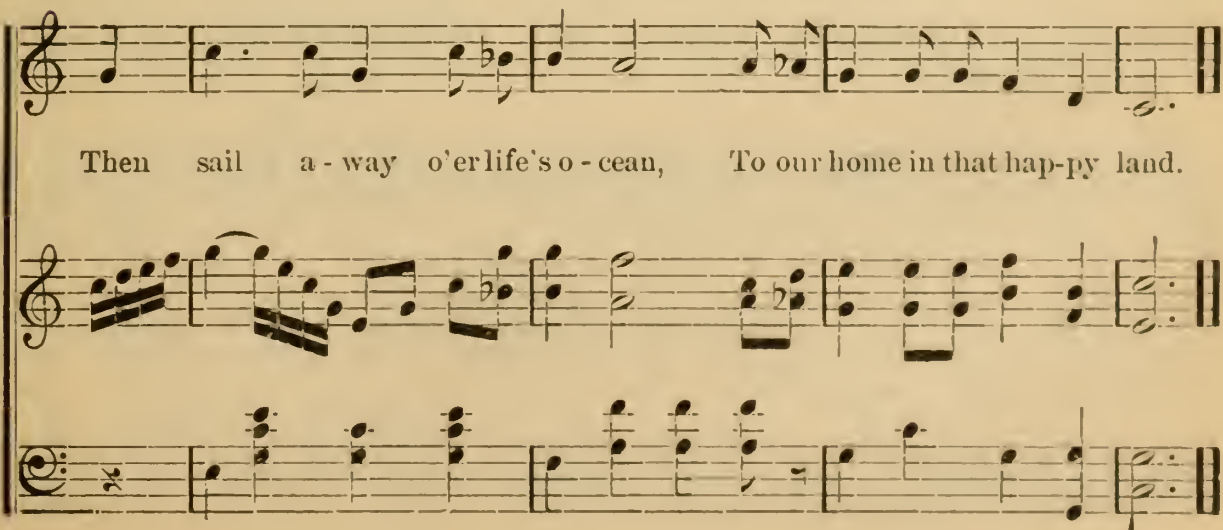


o - ver and meet them, Je - sus' life - boat will car - ry us free.  
 bright shore and hail us, As we ride o'er the last brok - en wave.  
 watch and pro - tect us, Till the man - sions of heav - en we view.

## REFRAIN. *Voices in Unison.*



Then sail a - way o'er life's o - cean, We'll join the bright an - gel band;



Then sail a - way o'er life's o - cean, To our home in that hap - py land.

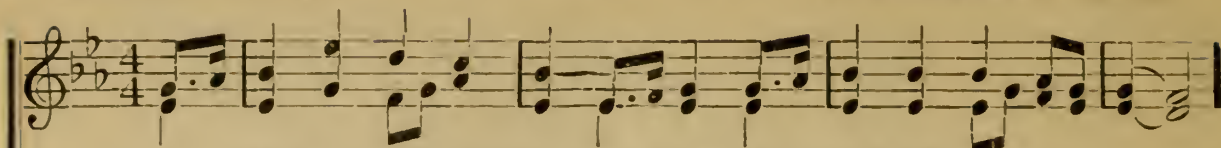


# No. 172. AWAKE, MY SOUL.

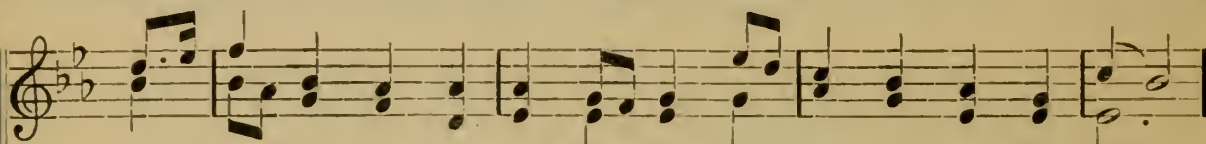
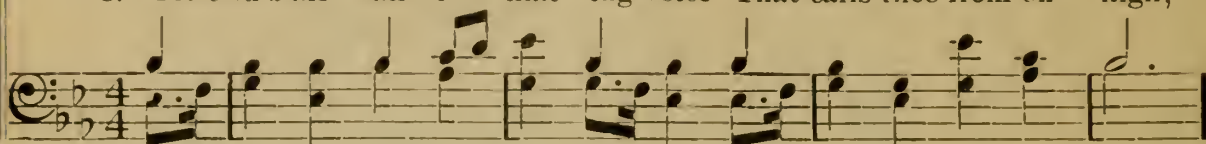
(CHRISTMAS. C. M.)

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Arr. from GEORGE F. HANDEL.



1. A - wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vig - or on;
2. A cloud of wit-ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey:
3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on high;



A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown,  
For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And on - ward urge thy way.  
'Tis His own hand presents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye:



And an im - mor - tal crown.  
And on - ward urge thy way.  
To thine as - pir - ing eye:



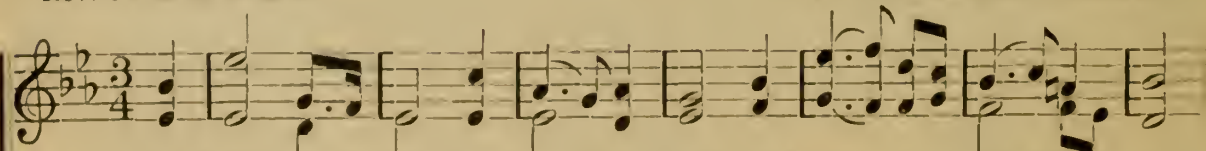
4 That prize with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victors' wreath and monarchs' gems.  
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

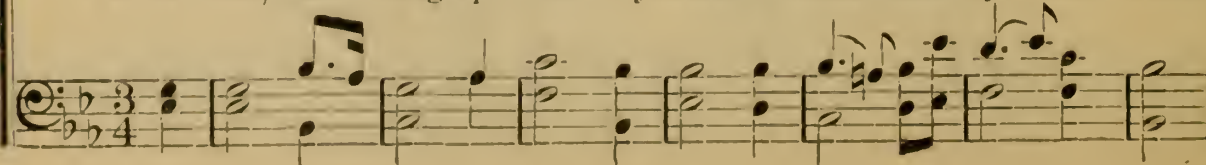
# No. 173. I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY.

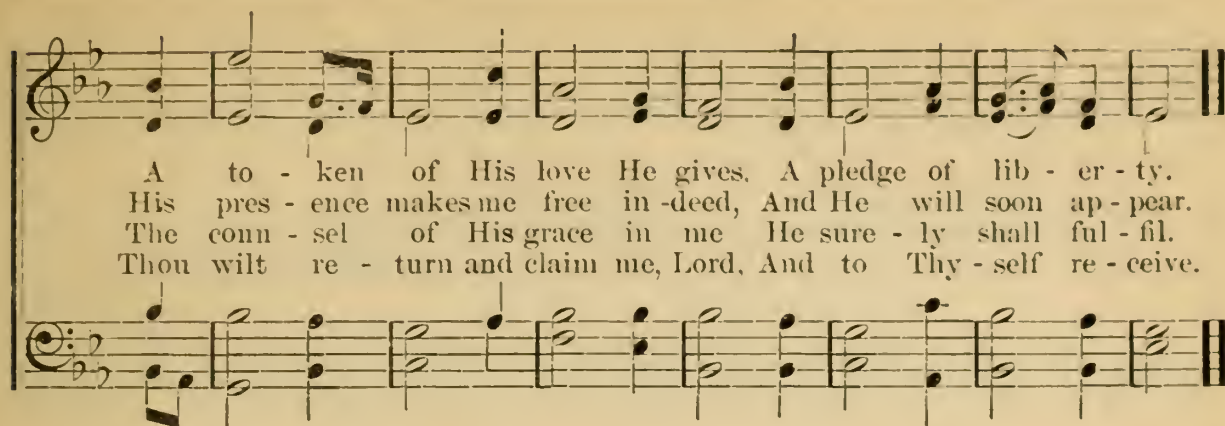
Arr. from GEORGE F. HANDEL.



1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
2. I find Him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near;
3. He wills that I should ho - ly be: Who can with - stand His will?
4. Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word: I stead - fast - ly be - lieve



# I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES.—Concluded.



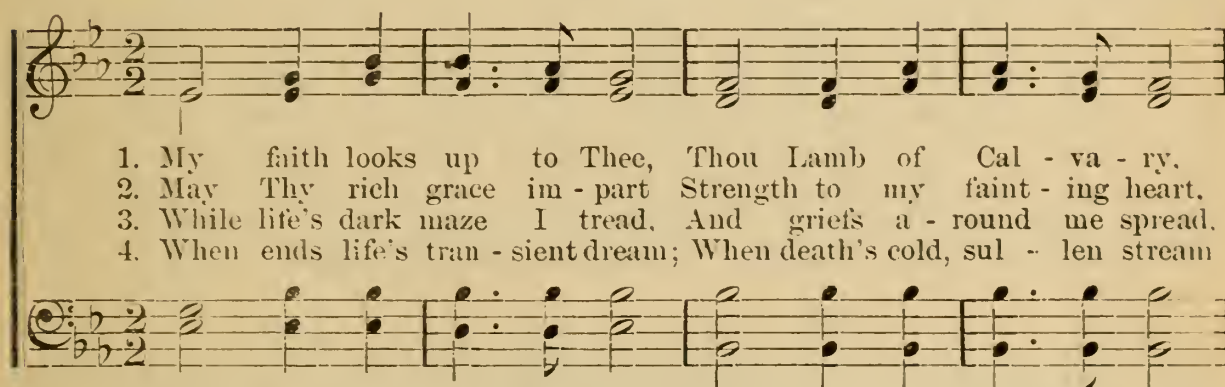
A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.  
His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.  
The conn - sel of His grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fil.  
Thou wilt re - turn and claim me, Lord, And to Thy - self re - ceive.

## No. 174. MY FAITH LOOKS UP.

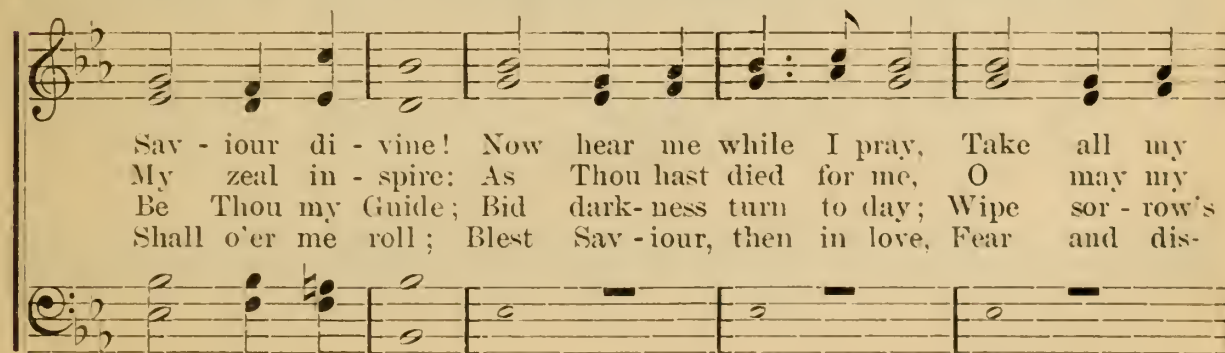
RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET.)

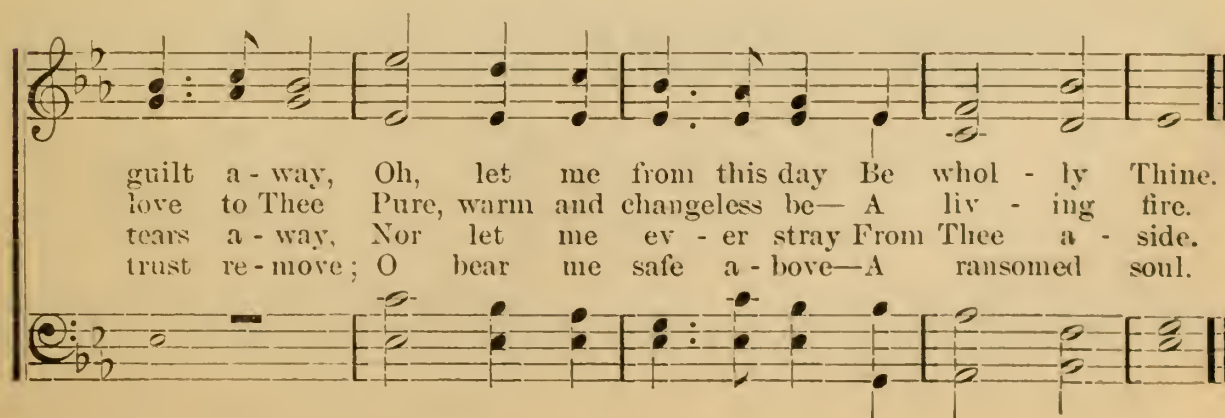
LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry.
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart.
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread.
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream; When death's cold, sul - len stream



Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my  
My zeal in - spire: As Thou hast died for me, O may my  
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day; Wipe sor - row's  
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - iour, then in love, Fear and dis -



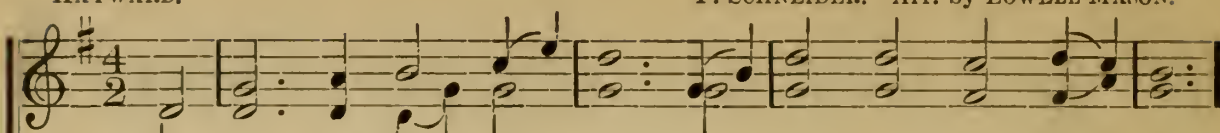
guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.  
love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be—A liv - ing fire.  
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.  
trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove—A ransomed soul.



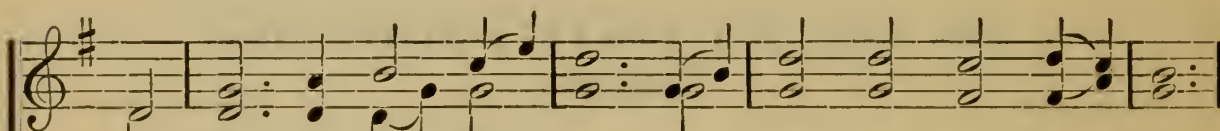
# No. 175. WELCOME, DELIGHTFUL MORN.

HAYWARD.

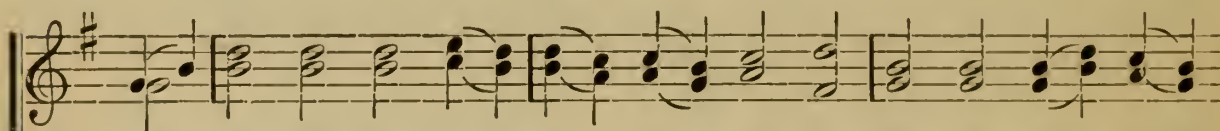
F. SCHNEIDER. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



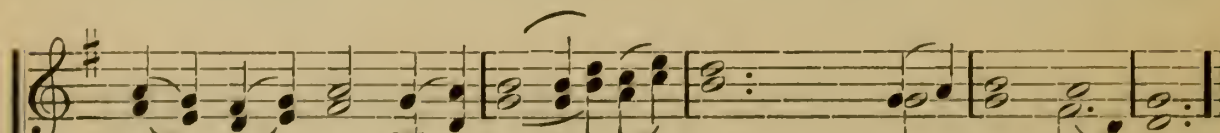
1. Wel-come, de-light-ful morn; Thou day of sa-cred rest!  
 2. Now may the King de-scend, And fill His throne of grace;  
 3. De-scend, ce-les-tial Dove, With all Thy quicken-ing pow'rs;



I hail Thy kind re-turn, Lord, make these mo-ments blest;  
 Thy sheep-tre, Lord, ex-tend, While saints ad-dress Thy face;  
 Dis-close a Sav-iour's love, And bless the sa-cred hours;



From the low train of mor-tal toys, I soar to reach im-  
 Let sin-ners feel Thy quicken-ing word, And learn to know and  
 Then shall my soul new life ob-tain, Nor Sab-baths be in-



mor-tal joys I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.  
 fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.  
 indulged in vain, Nor Sab-baths be in-dulged in vain.

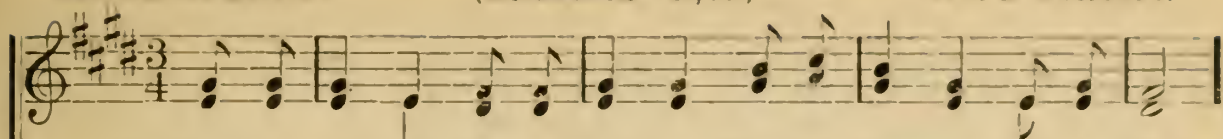
I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.

# No. 176. SWEET THE MOMENTS.

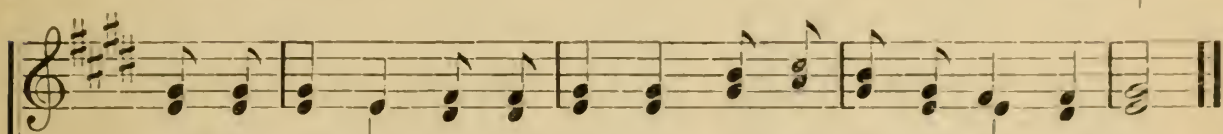
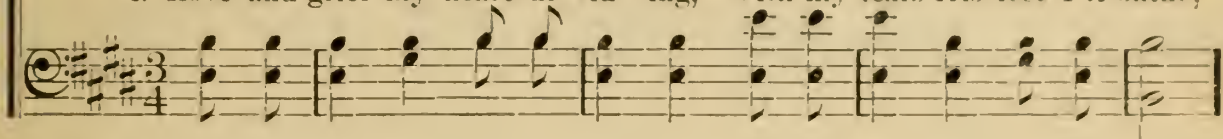
Rev. WALTER SHIRLEY.

(DORRANCE. 8s, 7s.)

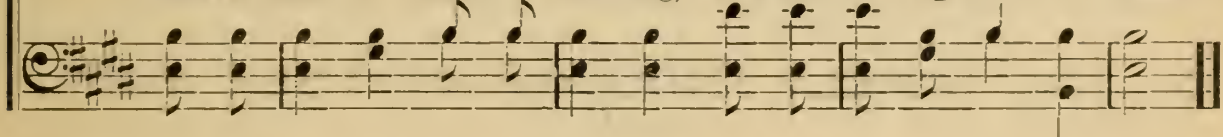
ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;
2. Here I'll sit, for ev - er view-ing Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
3. Tru - ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie,
4. Love and grief my heart di-vid - ing, With my tears His feet I'll bathe;



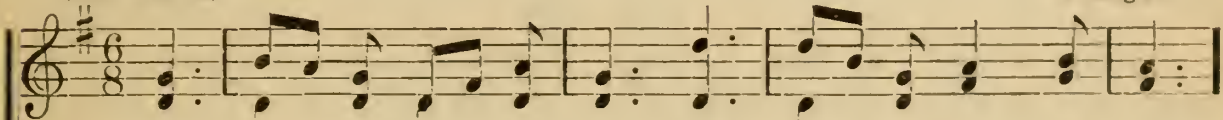
Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing From the sin-ner's dy - ing Friend.  
 Precious drops my soul be - dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.  
 While I see di - vine com-pas-sion Plead-ing in His lan - guid eye.  
 Constant still in faith a - bid-ing, Life de - riv-ing from His death.



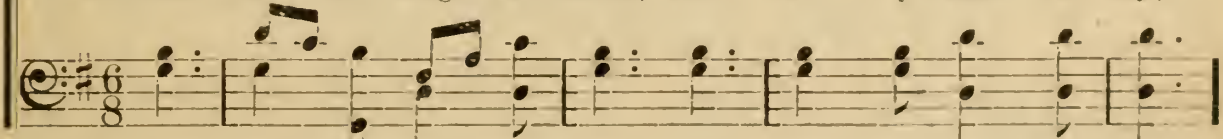
# No. 177. COME YE THAT LOVE THE LORD.

ISAAC WATTS.

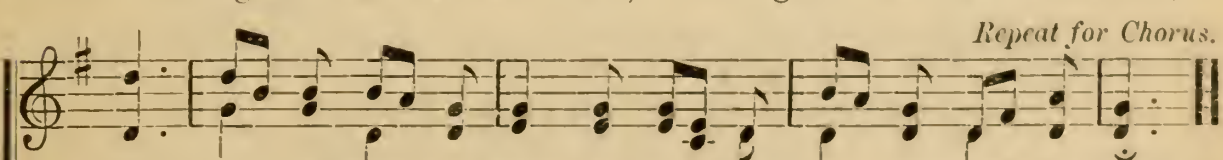
Arranged.



1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. There we shall see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

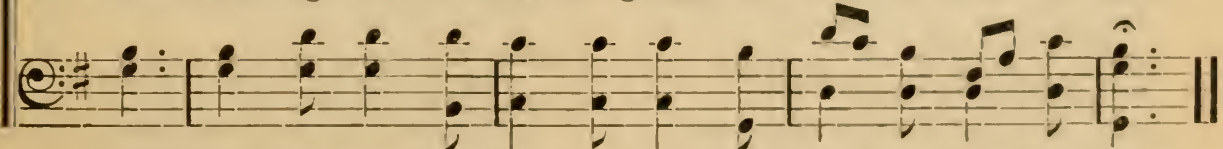


CHO.—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;



*Repeat for Chorus.*

Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, While ye sur-round the throne.  
 But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys a - broad.  
 There, from the riv - ers of His grace, Drink end - less pleas-ures in.  
 We're march-ing thro' Im - manuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.



Sal - va - tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.

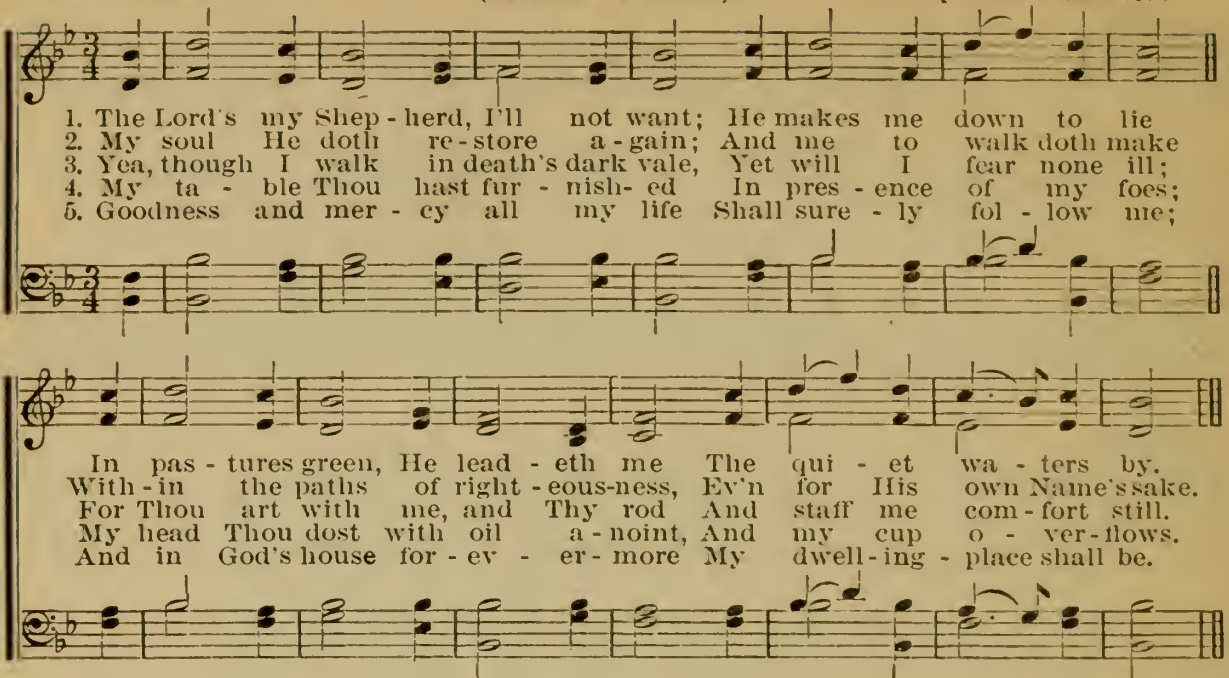


# No. 178. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Scottish Psalter.

(BALERMA. C. M.)

Arr. by ROBERT SIMPSON.



1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie  
 2. My soul He doth re-store a-gain; And me to walk doth make  
 3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear none ill;  
 4. My ta-ble Thou hast fur-nish-ed In pres-ence of my foes;  
 5. Goodness and mer-cy all my life Shall sure-ly fol-low me;

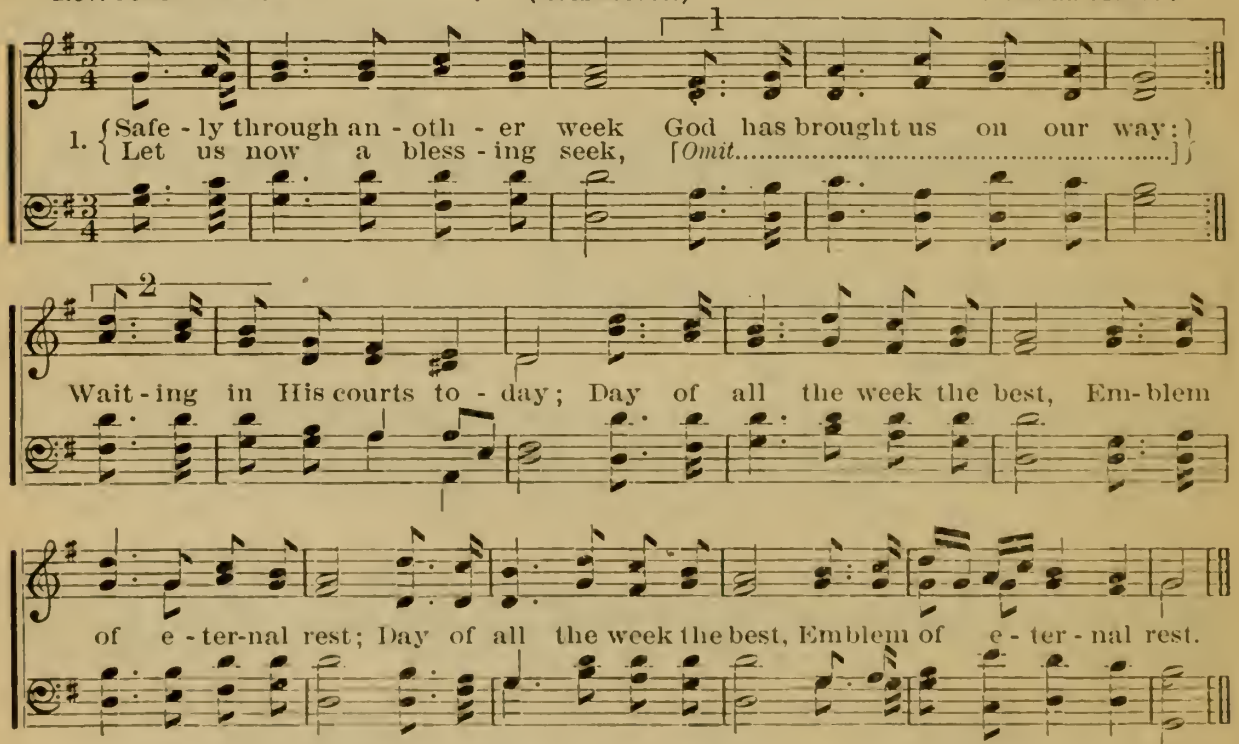
In pas-tures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.  
 With-in the paths of right-eous-ness, Ev'n for His own Name's sake.  
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod, And staff me com-fort still.  
 My head Thou dost with oil a-noint, And my cup o-ver-flows.  
 And in God's house for-ev-er-more My dwell-ing-place shall be.

# No. 179. SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

(SABBATH.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. { Safe-ly through an-oth-er week God has brought us on our way; }  
 { Let us now a bless-ing seek, [Omit.....] }

2  
 Wait-ing in His courts to-day; Day of all the week the best, Em-blem  
 of e-ter-nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,  
 Through the dear Redeemer's Name,  
 Show Thy reconciled face;  
 Take away our sin and shame;  
 From our worldly cares set free,  
 May we rest this day in Thee.

8 Here we come Thy Name to praise,  
 Let us feel Thy presenee near;  
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,

While we in Thy house appear:  
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound  
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
 May the fruits of grace abound,  
 Bring relief for all complaints:  
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove  
 Till we join the Church above.

# No. 180. BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

REGINALD HEBER.

(SILOAM, C. M.)

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - y grows!  
 2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod;  
 3. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill The lil - y must de - cay;  
 4. O thou, whose in - fant feet were found With - in Thy Fa - ther's shrine,  
 5. De - pend - ent on Thy boun - teous breath, We seek Thy grace a - lone

How sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Shar - on's dew - y rose!  
 Whose se - cret heart, with in - fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.  
 The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way.  
 Whose years, with change - less vir - tue crown'd, Were all a - like di - vine!  
 In child - hood, man - hood, age and death, To keep us still Thine own.

# No. 181. LORD, I HEAR OF SHOWERS.

ELIZABETH CODNER.

(EVEN ME.)

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free, }  
 { Show'rs the thirst-y land re - fresh - ing; Let some drops de - scend on me, }

REFRAIN.  
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops de - scend on me.

By per. of the Biglow & Main Co.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,  
 Sinful though my heart may be;  
 Thou might'st pass me, but the rather  
 Let Thy mercy light on me.

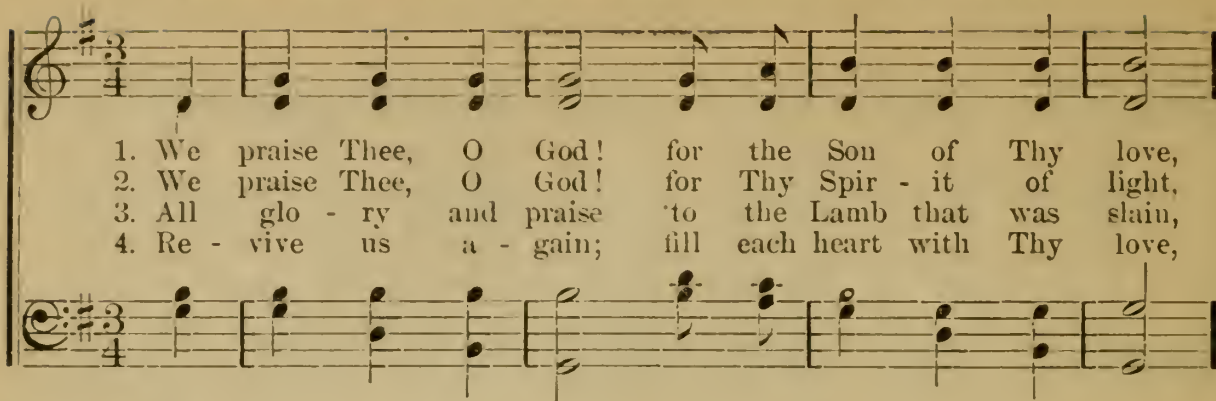
3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,  
 Let me love and cling to Thee;  
 I am longing for Thy favor;  
 When Thou comest, call for me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
 Thou canst make the blind to see;  
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak the word of power to me.

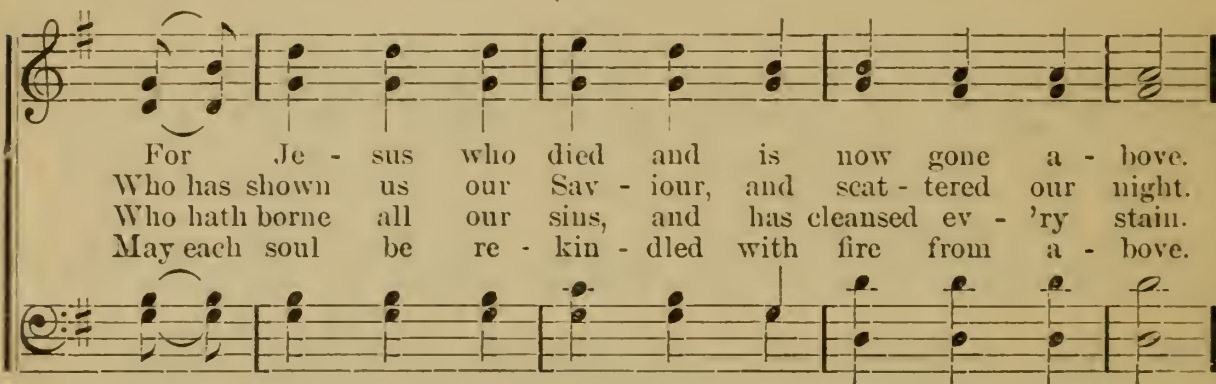
5 Have I long in sin been sleeping.  
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee?  
 Has the world my heart been keeping?  
 O forgive and rescue me.



## No. 182. WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

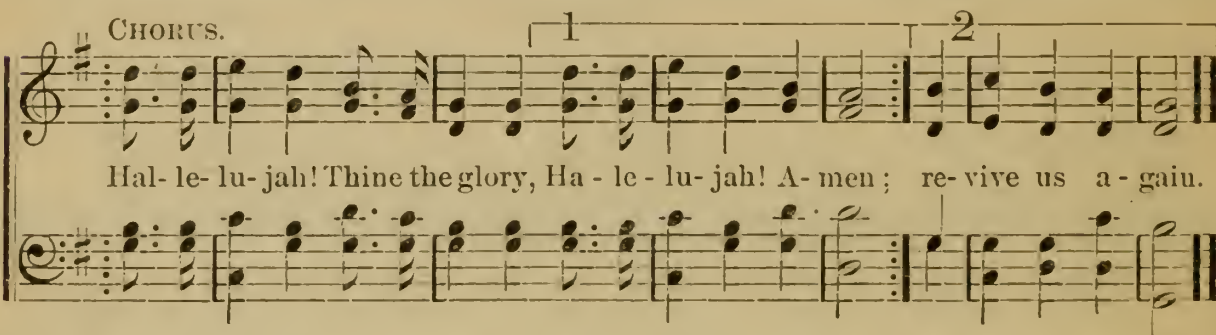


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,  
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light,  
 3. All glo - ry and praise 'to the Lamb that was slain,  
 4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love,



For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove.  
 Who has shown us our Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night.  
 Who hath borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.  
 May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

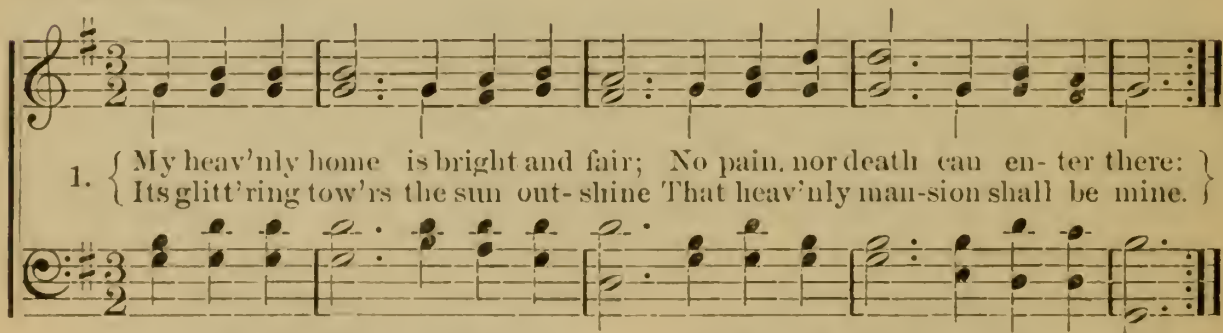
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glory, Ha - le - lu - jah! A - men; re - vive us a - gain.

## No. 183. I'M GOING HOME TO DIE NO MORE.

WM. HUNTER, D. D.



1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; No pain, nor death can en - ter there: }  
 { Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out - shine That heav'nly man - sion shall be mine. }

CHO. { I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home; I'm go - ing home to die no more! }  
 { To die no more, to die no more; I'm go - ing home to die no more! }

2 My Father's house is built on high,  
 Far, far above the starry sky:  
 When from this earthly prison free,  
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

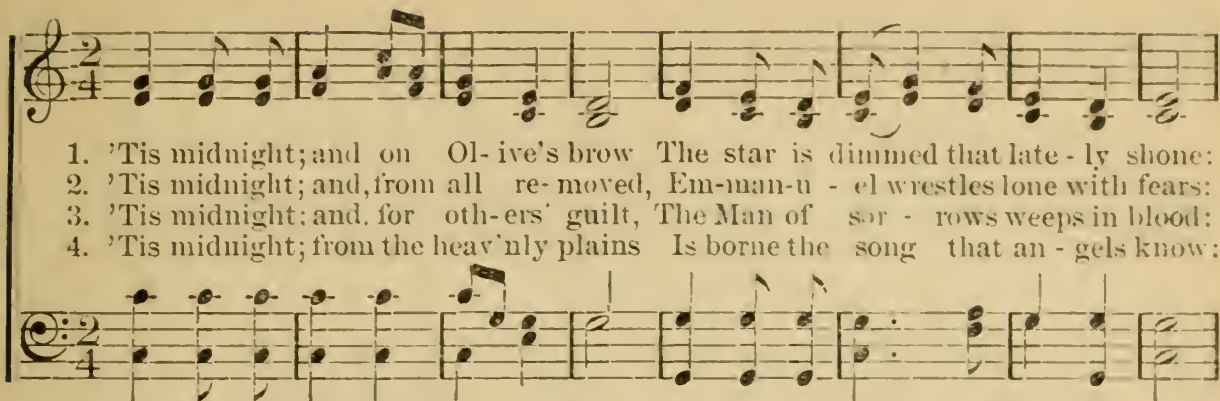
3 Let others seek a home below,  
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,  
 Be mine a happier lot to own  
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.

# No. 184. 'TIS MIDNIGHT.

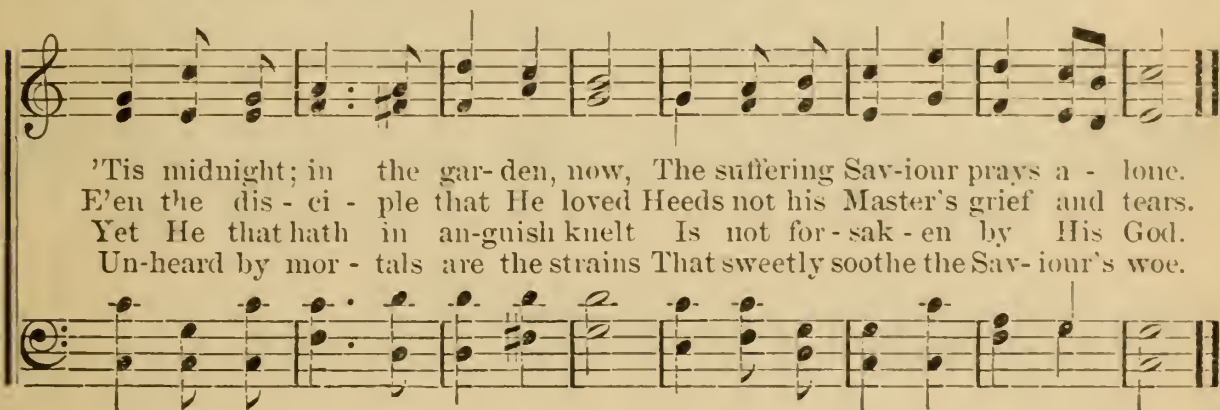
WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

(ZEPHYR. L. M.)

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone:  
 2. 'Tis midnight; and, from all re-moved, Em-man-u - el wrestles lone with fears:  
 3. 'Tis midnight; and, for oth-ers' guilt, The Man of sor - rows weeps in blood:  
 4. 'Tis midnight; from the heav'nly plains Is borne the song that an - gels know:



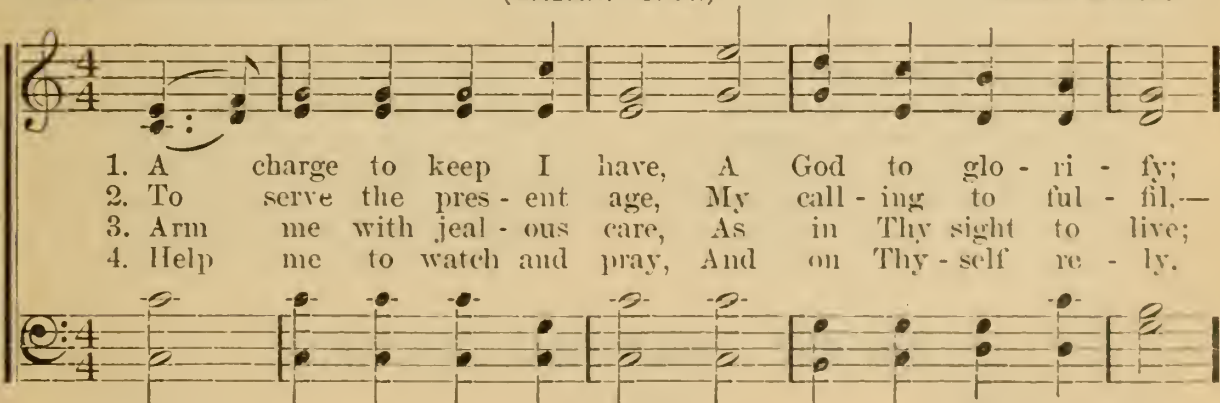
'Tis midnight; in the gar-den, now, The suffering Sav-iour prays a - lone.  
 E'en the dis - ci - ple that He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.  
 Yet He that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for-sak - en by His God.  
 Un-heard by mor - tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Sav-iour's woe.

# No. 185. A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.

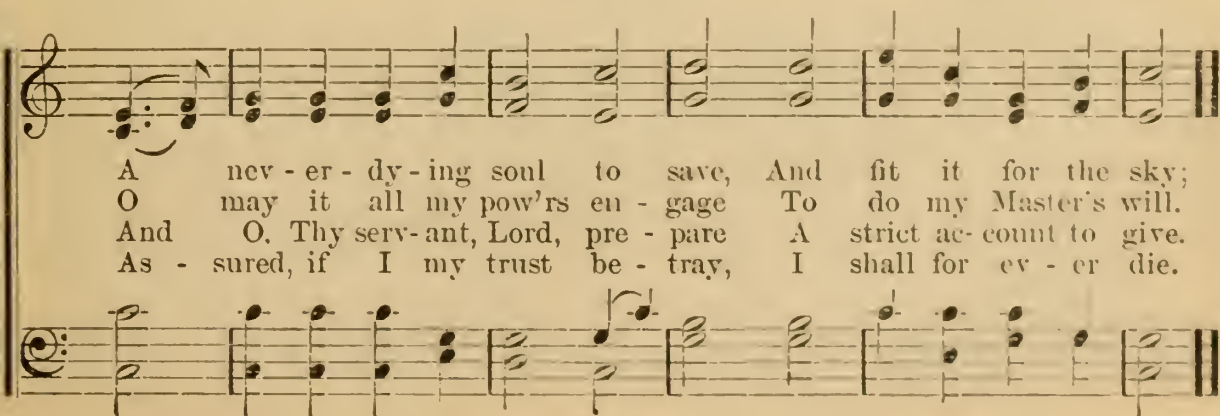
REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

(LABAN. S. M.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;  
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil,—  
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;  
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly.



A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky;  
 O may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Master's will.  
 And O, Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.  
 As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for ev - er die.



# No. 186. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!

*D.S.*—All be-cause we do not car-ry, Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!

Oh, what peace we oft-en for-feit, Oh, what need-less pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care,  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer,  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee;  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

# No. 187. PERFECT PEACE.

MARY A. S. BARBER.

(ALETTA. 7s.)

BRADBURY.

1. Prince of peace, con-trol my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;  
2. Thon hast bought me with Thy blood, O-pened wide the gate to God:  
3. May Thy will, not mine, be done; May Thy will and mine be one:  
4. Sav-iour, at Thy feet I fall; Thou my Life, my God, my All!

## PERFECT PEACE.—Concluded.

Bid my fears and doubtings cease,  
 Peace I ask—but peace must be,  
 Chase these doubtings from my heart;  
 Let Thy hap - py serv - ant be

Hush my spir - it in - to peace.  
 Lord, in be - ing one with Thee.  
 Now Thy per - fect peace in - part.  
 One for ev - er - more with Thee!

## No. 188. HARK! TEN THOUSAND HARPS.

Rev. THOMAS KELLY.

(HARWELL. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove; }  
 { Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love: }

See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 King of glory, reign for ever,  
 Thine an everlasting crown;  
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever  
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;  
 Happy objects of Thy grace,  
 Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;  
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,  
 When, the awful summons hearing,  
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;  
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,  
 "Glory, glory to our King!"



# No. 189. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(MARTYN. 7s.)

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }  
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; }

D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me.  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found  
 Grace to cover all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound;  
 Make and keep me pure within;  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee;  
 Spring Thou up within my heart;  
 Rise to all eternity.

# No. 190. COME, THOU FOUNT.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }  
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise: }

D. C.—Praise the mount—I'm fix'd up-on it! Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove.

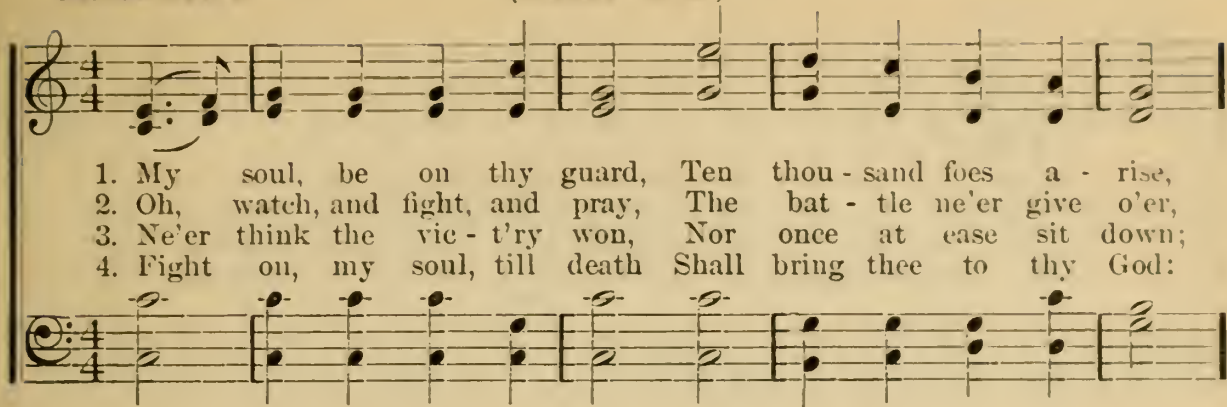
2 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee;

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
 Prone to leave the God I love—  
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

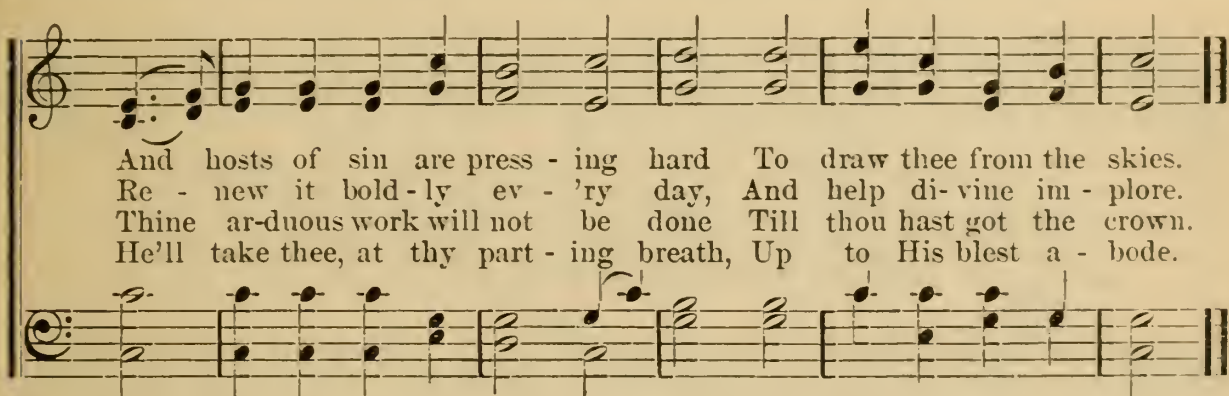
# No. 191. MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

GEORGE HEATH.

(LABAN. S. M.)



1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou - sand foes a - rise,  
 2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er,  
 3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor once at ease sit down;  
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God:

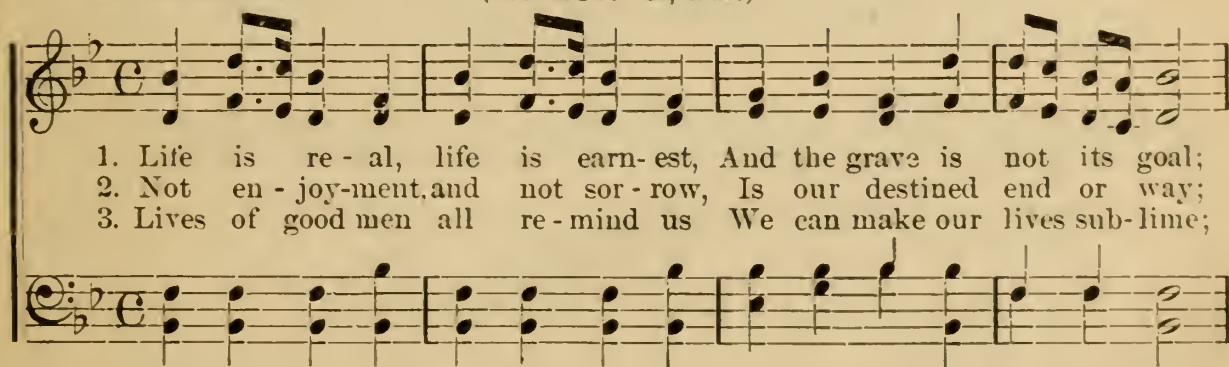


And hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.  
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.  
 Thine ar - duous work will not be done Till thou hast got the crown.  
 He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, Up to His blest a - bode.

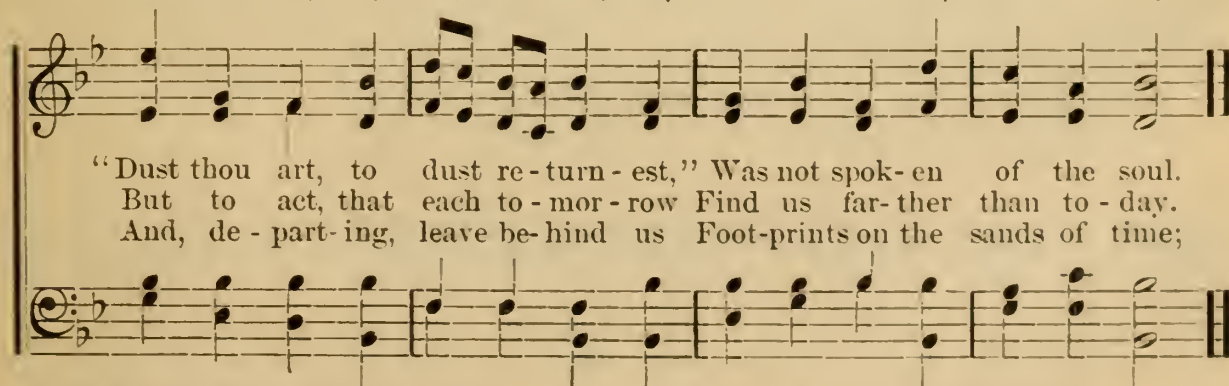
# No. 192. LIFE IS REAL, LIFE IS EARNEST.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

(WILMOT. 8s. & 7s.)



1. Life is re - al, life is earn - est, And the grave is not its goal;  
 2. Not en - joy - ment, and not sor - row, Is our destined end or way;  
 3. Lives of good men all re - mind us We can make our lives sub - lime;



"Dust thou art, to dust re - turn - est," Was not spok - en of the soul.  
 But to act, that each to - mor - row Find us far - ther than to - day.  
 And, de - part - ing, leave be - hind us Foot - prints on the sands of time;

4 Footprints that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 Some forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

5 Let us then be up and doing,  
 Nor our onward course abate;  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labor and to wait.



# No. 193. MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS ALONE?

THOS. SHEPHERD.

GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?  
 2. The eon - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;  
 3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,  
 4. Oh, pre - cious cross! oh, glorious crown, Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.  
 With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.  
 Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

# No. 194. STAND UP FOR JESUS.

G. DUFFIELD.

(WEBB.)

1. { Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; }  
 { Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not (Omit.....) } suf - fer loss;  
 2. { Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; }  
 { This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the (Omit.....) } victor's song;

D.C.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is (Omit.....) Lord indeed.  
 D.C.—He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - (Omit.....) ter - nal - ly.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,  
 To Him that o - ver - com - eth A crown of life shall be;

# No. 195. I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

(SHIRLAND. S. M.)

SAMUEL STANLEY.



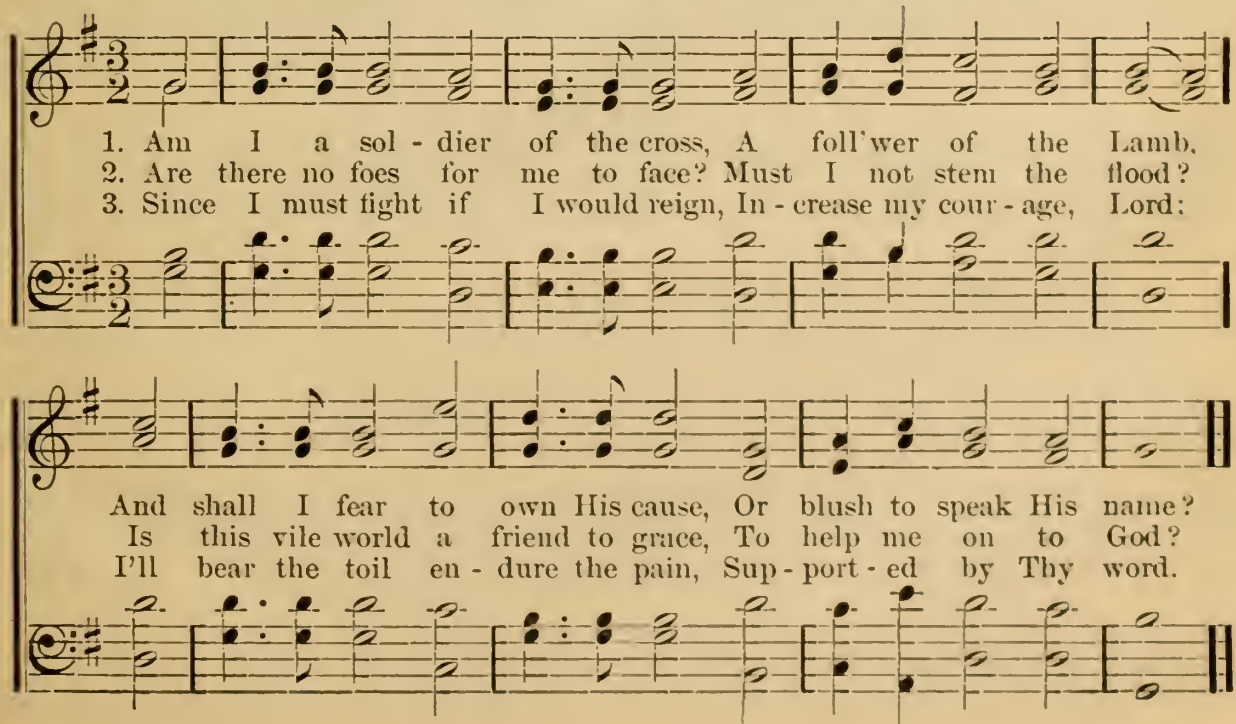
1. I love Thy king - dom Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,  
 2. I love Thy Church, O God : Her walls be - fore Thee stand,  
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend;  
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways,

The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.  
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.  
 To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.  
 Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,  
 Our Saviour and our King,  
 Thy hand from every snare and foe  
 Shall great deliverance bring,

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
 To Zion shall be given  
 The brightest glories earth can yield,  
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

# No. 196. AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.



1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb,  
 2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?  
 3. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord:

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toil en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.



# No. 197. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. { Sow-ing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide  
Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reaping, (*Omit*.....

and the dew-y eves; We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

ing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,  
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;  
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,  
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;  
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

# No. 198. TAKE MY HEART, O FATHER!

Anon.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. Take my heart, O Fa-ther! take it; Make and keep it all thine own;  
2. Fa-ther, make me pure and low-ly, Fond of peace and far from strife;  
3. Ev-er let Thy grace surround me, Strengthen me with pow'r di-vine,  
4. May the blood of Je-sus heal me, And my sins be all for giv'n;

# TAKE MY HEART, O FATHER. —Concluded.

Let Thy Spir - it melt and break it—This prond heart of sin and stone.  
 Turning from the paths un - ho - ly, Of this vain and sin - ful life.  
 Till Thy cords of love have bound me; Make me to be whol - ly Thine.  
 Ho - ly Spir - it, take and seal me, Guide me in the path to heav'n.

## No. 199. THE SOLID ROCK.

Rev. EDWARD MOTE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; }  
 { I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. }  
 2. { When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His unchan'ing grace; }  
 { In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the vail. }

### CHORUS.

On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is

sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,  
 Support me in the whelming flood;  
 When all around my soul gives way,  
 He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,  
 O may I then in Him be found;  
 Drest in His righteousness alone,  
 Faultless to stand before the throne.

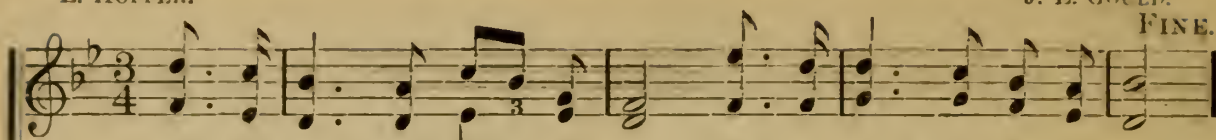


# No. 200. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

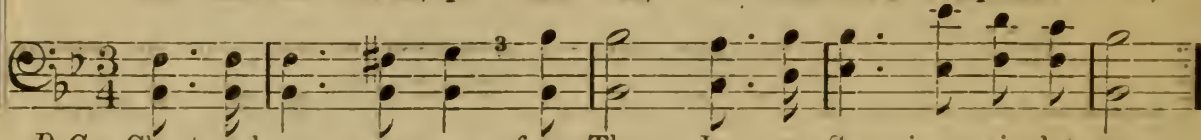
E. HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

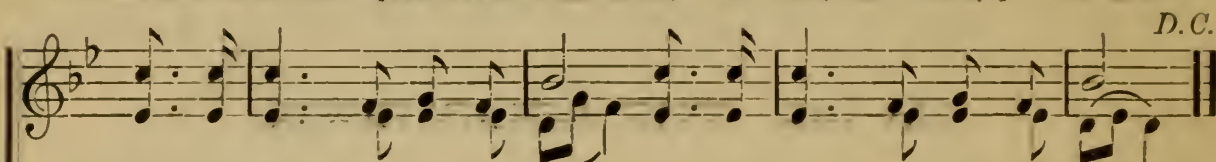
FINE.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea;

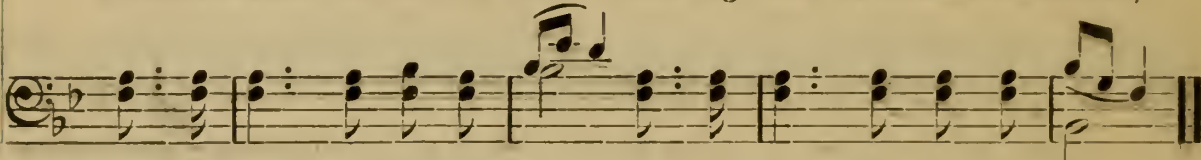


*D.C.*—Chart and com - pass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.



*D.C.*

Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;



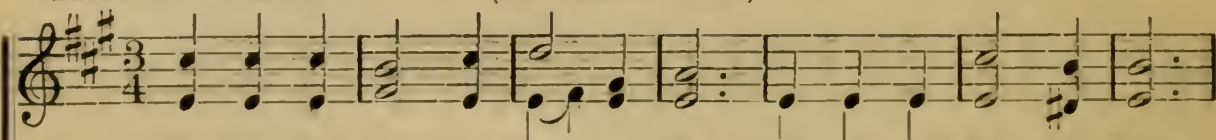
2 As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous waves obey Thy will  
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When, at last, I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
"Fear not: I will pilot thee!"

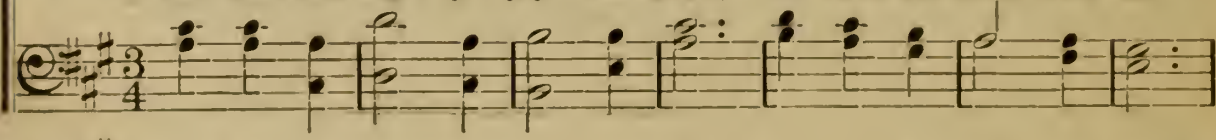
# No. 201. JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

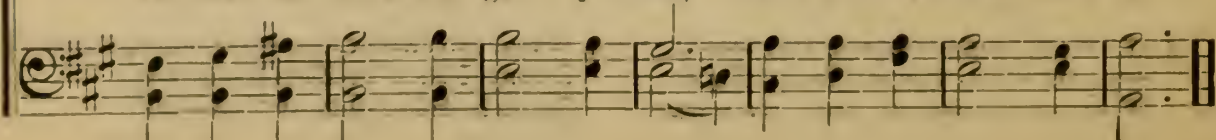
(ST. AGNES. C. M.)



1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of Thee With sweetness fills my breast;  
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'-ry find  
3. Oh, hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!  
4. Je - sus! our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;



But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.  
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - iour of man-kind!  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek.  
Je - sus! be Thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.



## No. 202. LORD, I BELIEVE.

Rev. JOHN R. WREFORD.

(LAMBETH. C. M.)

*Not too fast.*

1. Lord, I be - lieve; Thy pow'r I own, Thy word I would o - bey;  
 2. Lord, I be - lieve; but gloom-y fears Sometimes be - dim my sight;  
 3. Lord, I be - lieve; but Thou dost know My faith is cold and weak;  
 4. Yes, I be - lieve; and on - ly Thou Canst give my soul re - lief:

I wan - der com - fort - less and lone When from Thy truth I stray.  
 I look to Thee with prayers and tears, And cry for strength and light.  
 Pit - y my frail - ty, and be - stow The con - fi - dence I seek.  
 Lord, to Thy truth my spir - it bow; Help Thou mine un - be - lief.

## No. 203. I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Unknown.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;  
 2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure Be - fore I drew my breath;  
 3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;  
 4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me;

*D.C. for Chorus.*  
 If Thou withdraw Thy - self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?  
 What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!  
 And all my wants Thou would'st relieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.  
 Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with - out it dies.

And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.



## No. 204. JOY TO THE WORLD.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

(ANTIOCH. C. M.)

Arr. from GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King;

Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And  
And heav'n and nature

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heaven, and heaven and na - ture sing.  
sing.....  
And heav'n and na - ture sing,

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:  
Let men their songs employ; [plains  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and  
Repeat the sounding joy.

He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.

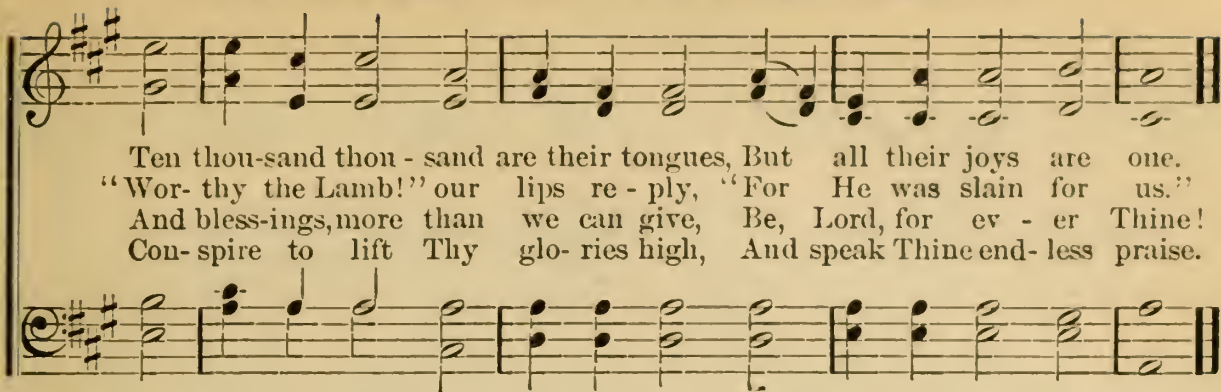
## No. 205. COME, LET US JOIN.

ISAAC WATTS.

(AZMON. C. M.)

1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne;  
2. "Wor - thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus!"  
3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine;  
4. Let all that dwell a - bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas,

# COME, LET US JOIN.—Concluded.

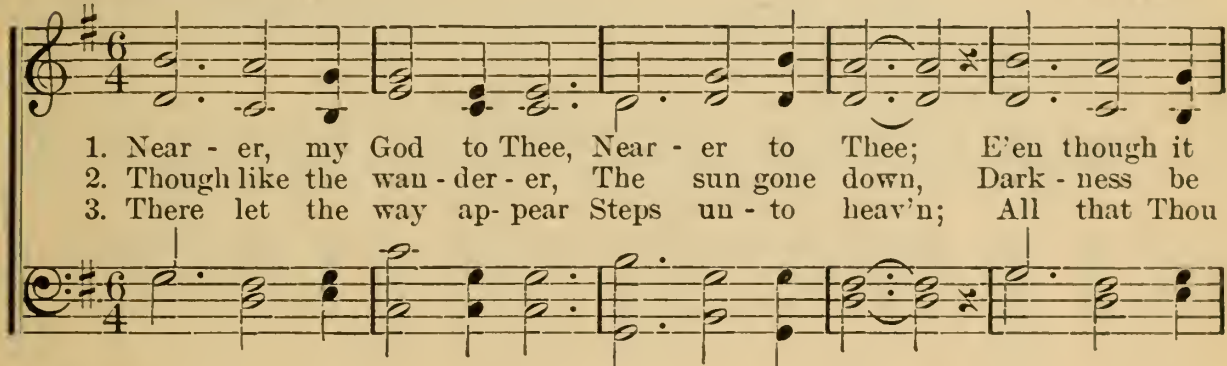


Ten thou-sand thou - sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.  
 "Wor- thy the Lamb!" our lips re - ply, "For He was slain for us."  
 And bless-ings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for ev - er Thine!  
 Con- spire to lift Thy glo- ries high, And speak Thine end- less praise.

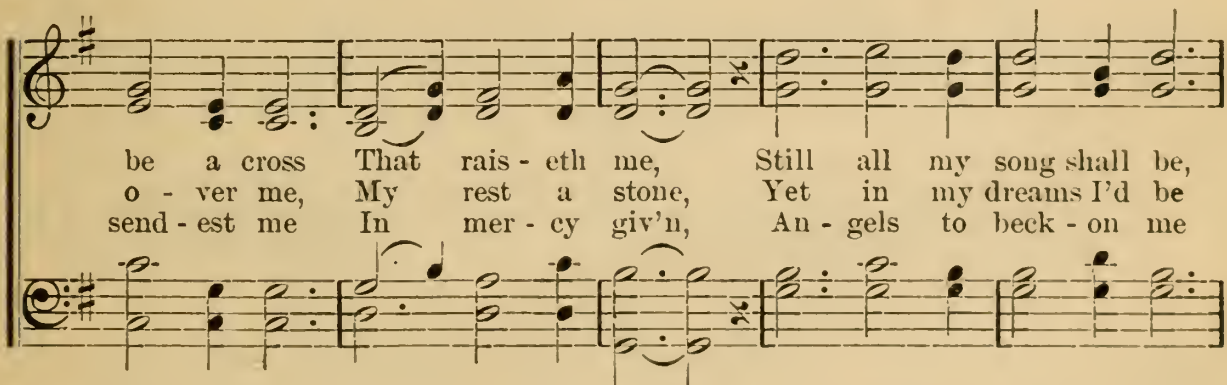
## No. 206. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

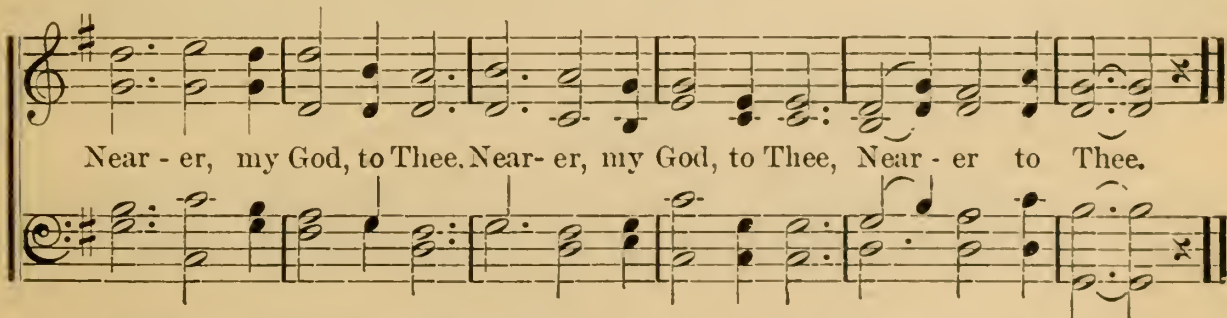
L. MASON.



1. Near - er, my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it  
 2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be  
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou



be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,  
 o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 send - est me In mer - cy giv'n, An - gels to beck - on me



Near - er, my God, to Thee. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
 Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if, on joyful wing  
 Cleaving the sky,  
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
 Upward I fly,  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

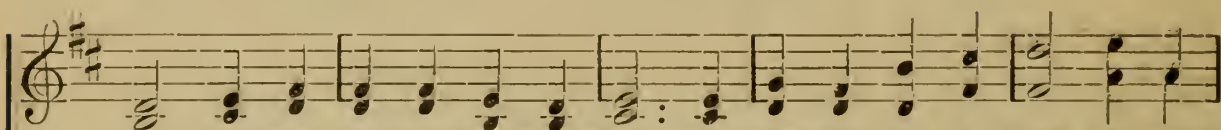
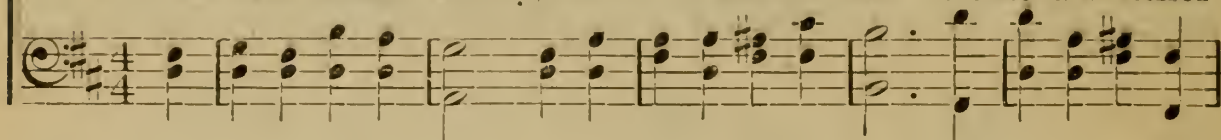


# No. 207. JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

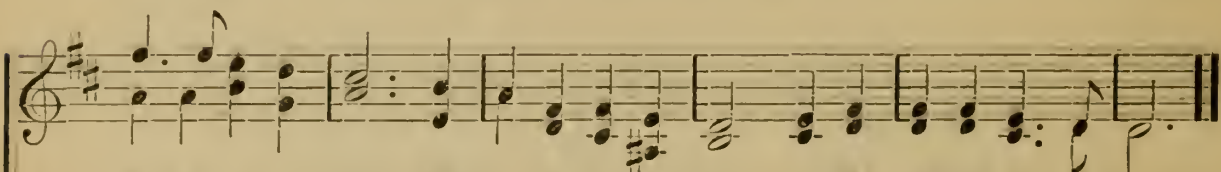
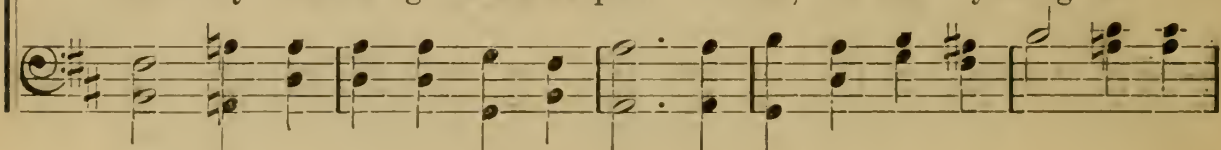
(EWING. 7s, 6s. D.)



1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and honey blest! Beneath thy contem-
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an
3. There is the throne of David; And there from care released, The song of them that
4. O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's e - lect! O sweet and blessed



- pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, O I know not What  
an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng. The Prince is ev - er in them, The  
tri - umph, The shout of them that feast; And they who with their Lead - er Have  
coun - try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To

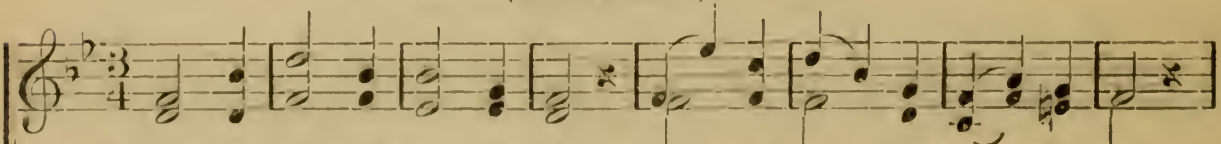


- joys a - wait us there; What radian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss beyond compare.  
daylight is se - rene; The pastures of the bless - ed Are decked in glorious sheen.  
conquered in the fight, For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.  
that dear land of rest; Who art with God the Fath - er, And Spirit, ev - er blest.

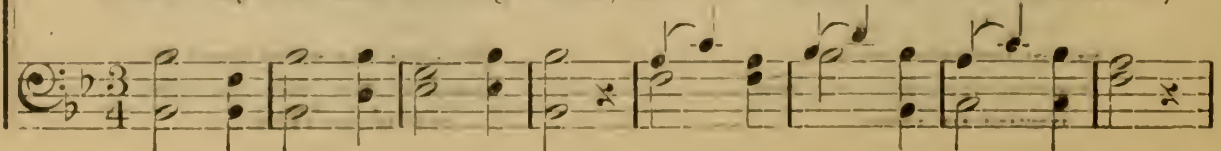


# No. 208. LOVE FOR ALL.

(WARTENSEE.)



1. Love for all! and can it be? Can I hope it is for me?
2. I, the dis - o - be - dient child, Way - ward pas - sion - ate, and wild;
3. I, who spurned His loving hold, I, who would not be controlled;
4. See! my Fa - ther wait - ing stands; See! He reach - es out His hands;



# LOVE FOR ALL.—Concluded.

I, who strayed so long a-go,      Strayed so far, and fell so low?  
 I, who left my Fa-ther's home,      In for-bid-den ways to roam!  
 I, who would not hear His call,      I, the wil-ful prod-i-gal!  
 God is love! I know, I see,      Love for me—yes, ev-en me!

## No. 209. ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin oppress'd There's mer-cy with the Lord,  
 2. For Je-sus shed His pre-cious blood Rich blessings to be-stow.  
 3. Yes, Je-sus is the truth, the way, That leads you in-to rest;  
 4. Come then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,

And He will sure-ly give you rest, By trust-ing in His word.  
 Plunge now in-to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.  
 Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay. And you are ful-ly blest.  
 To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

CHORUS.

1      2

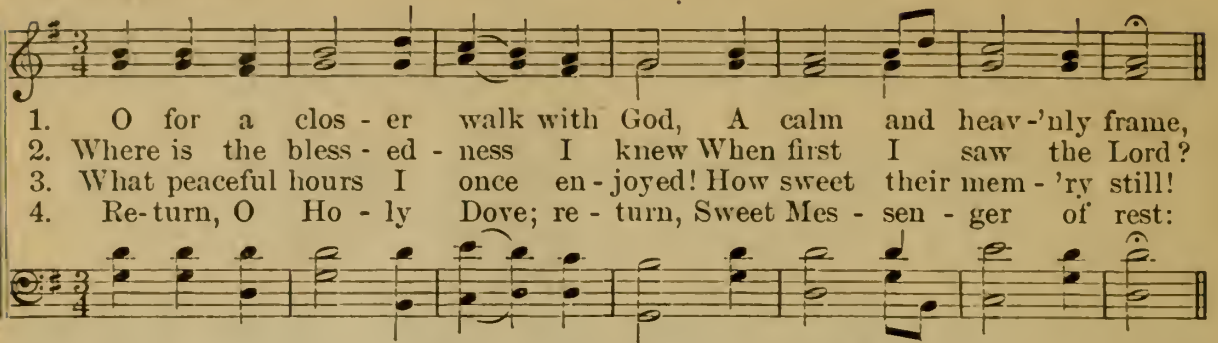
{ On-ly trust Him, only trust Him, Only trust Him now, }  
 { He will save you, He will save you, [Omit] . . . } He will save you now.



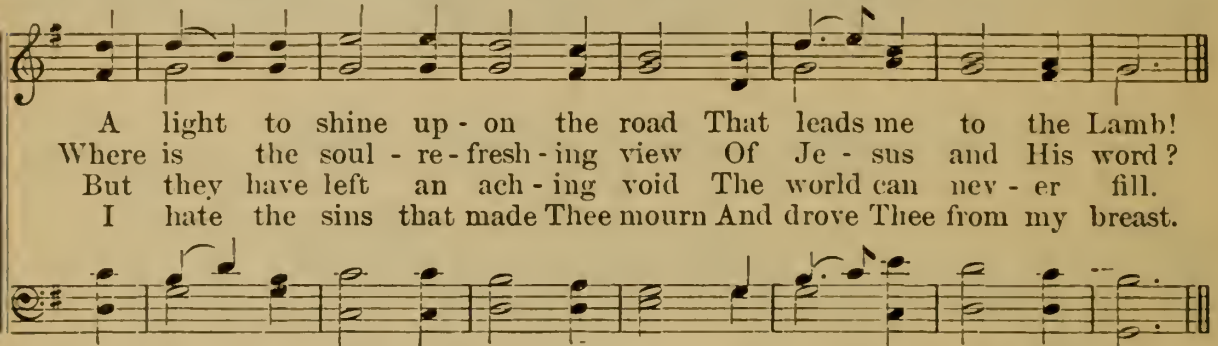
# No. 210. O FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD.

(ALEXANDRIA. C. M.)

WILLIAM COWPER.



1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav - 'nly frame,  
 2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?  
 3. What peaceful hours I once en - joyed! How sweet their mem - 'ry still!  
 4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove; re - turn, Sweet Mes - sen - ger of rest:



A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!  
 Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?  
 But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.  
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be  
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
 And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my frame;  
 So purer light shall mark the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.

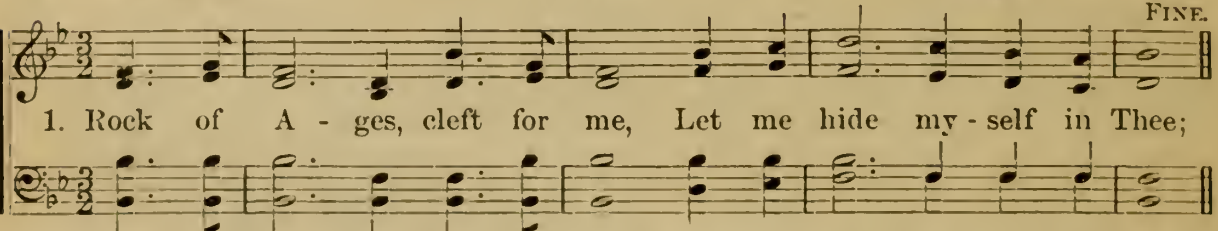
# No. 211. ROCK OF AGES.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

(TOPLADY.)

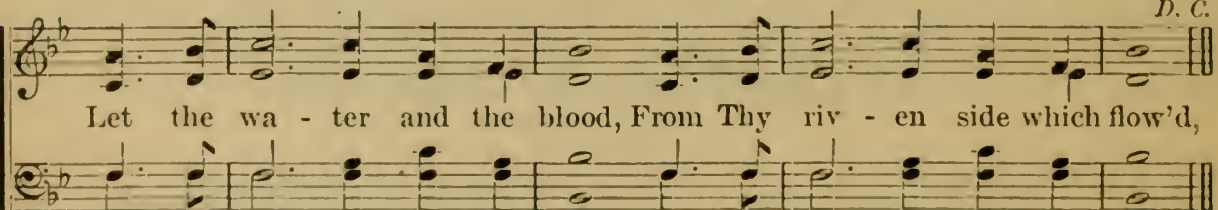
THOMAS HASTINGS.

FINE.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,

2 Not the labors of my hands  
 Can fulfill Thy laws' demands;  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears forever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone;  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
 Foul, I to the Fountain fly;  
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

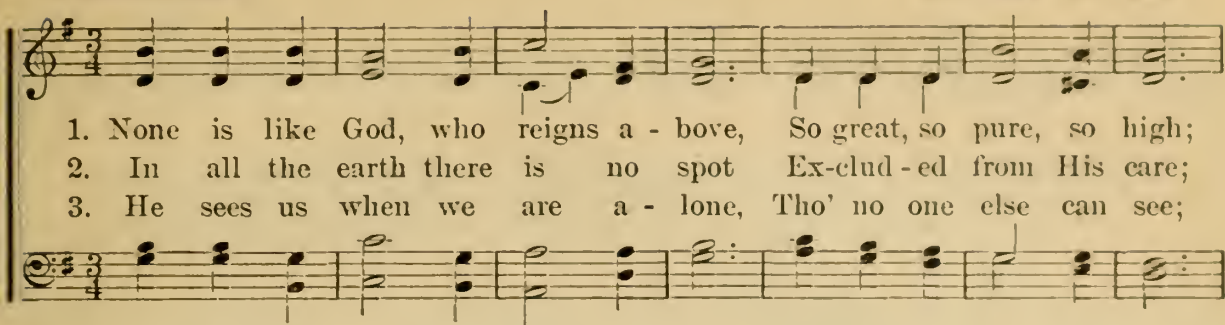
3 Nothing in my hand I bring;  
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
 Naked, come to Thee for dress;

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my eyelids close in death,  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,  
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne;  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

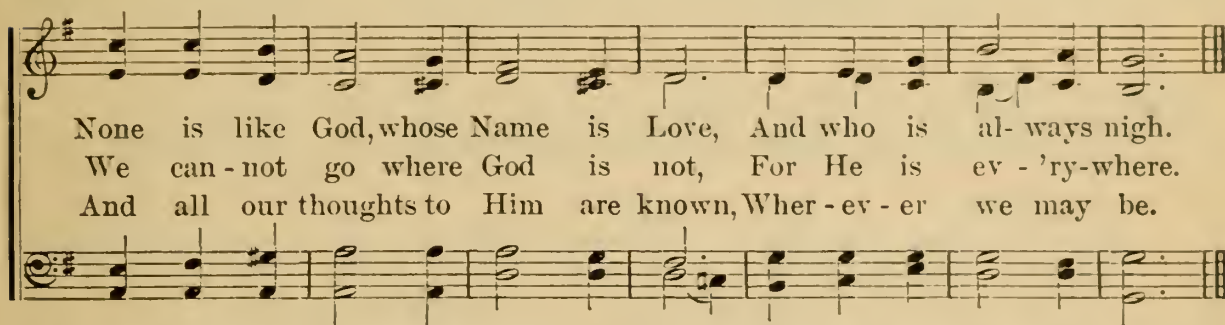
## No. 212. NONE IS LIKE GOD.

JOHN BURTON, Jr.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.



1. None is like God, who reigns a - bove, So great, so pure, so high;  
 2. In all the earth there is no spot Ex-clud-ed from His care;  
 3. He sees us when we are a - lone, Tho' no one else can see;



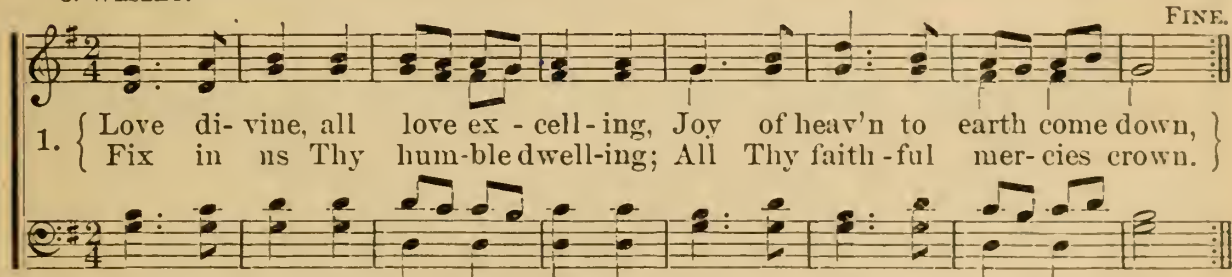
None is like God, whose Name is Love, And who is al-ways nigh.  
 We can-not go where God is not, For He is ev-'ry-where.  
 And all our thoughts to Him are known, Wher-ev-er we may be.

4 He is our best and kindest Friend,  
 And guards us night and day;  
 To all our wants He will attend,  
 And answer when we pray.

5 O if we love Him as we ought,  
 And on His grace rely,  
 We shall be joyful at the thought  
 That God is always nigh.

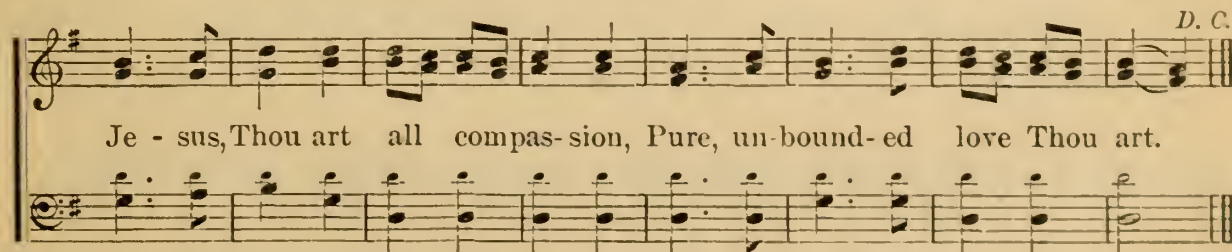
## No. 213. LOVE DIVINE.

C. WESLEY.



1. { Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down, }  
 { Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown. }

*D.C.*—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.



Je-sus, Thou art all compas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit  
 Into every troubled breast;  
 Let us all in Thee inherit,  
 Let us find that second rest.  
 Take away our bent to sinning;  
 Alpha and Omega be.  
 End of faith, as its beginning,  
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all Thy life receive;  
 Suddenly return, and never,  
 Never more Thy temples leave;  
 Thee we would be always blessing,  
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,  
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,  
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

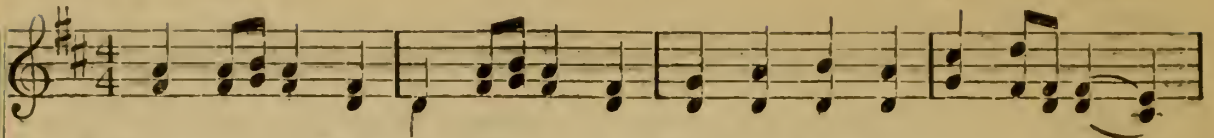


# No. 214. GUIDE ME.

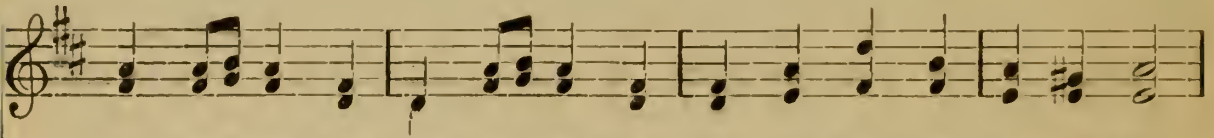
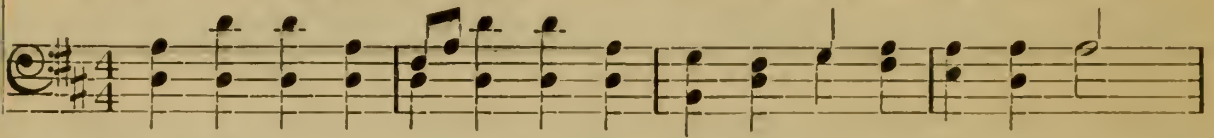
Rev. WM. WILLIAMS.

(OLIPHANT.)

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



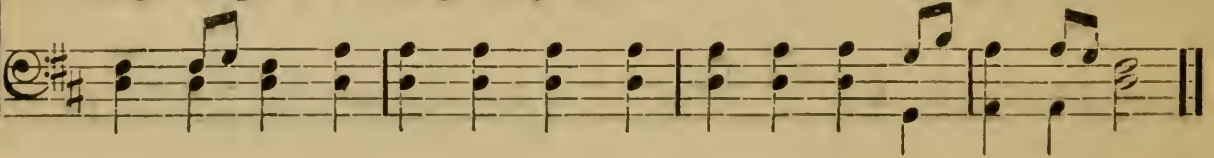
1. Guide me, O Thou Great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
2. O - pen now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the healing stream doth flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side;



I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy powerful hand:  
Let the fire and cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my journey through:  
Death of deaths and hell's De - struction, Land me safe on Canaan's side:



Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.  
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.  
Songs of prais - es Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.

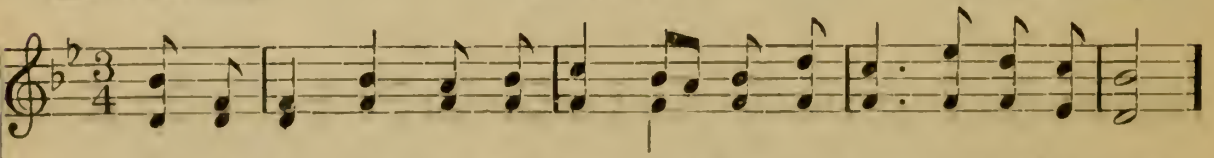


# No. 215. HE THAT GOETH FORTH.

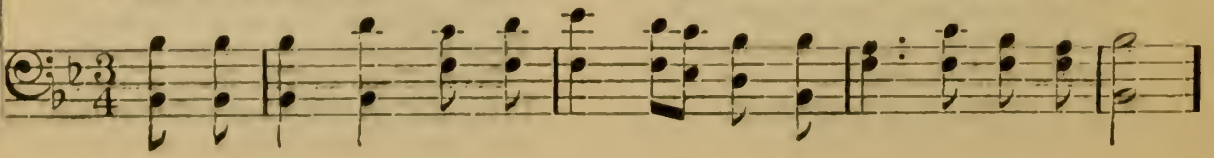
THOMAS HASTINGS.

(STOCKWELL.)

DARIUS E. JONES.



1. He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,
2. Soft de - scend the dews of heav - en, Bright the rays ce - les - tial shine;
3. Sow thy seed; be nev - er wea - ry; Let no fears thy soul an - noy;
4. Lo! the scene of verd - ure bright'ning, See the ris - ing grain ap - pear:



# HE THAT GOETH FORTH. - Concluded.

Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove.  
 Precious fruits will thus be giv - en Thro' an influence all Di - vine.  
 Be the pros - pect ne'er so drear - y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.  
 Look a - gain; the fields are whit -'ning, For the har - vest - time is near.

## No. 216. O JESUS, THOU ART STANDING.

Bp. WILLIAM W. HOW.

(ST. EDITH.)

JUSTIN H. KNECHT.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out - side the fast - closed door, In low - ly  
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking, And lo, that hand is scarred, And thorns Thy  
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art pleading In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for

patience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er: Shame on us, Christian brothers, His  
 brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred: O love that passeth knowledge. So  
 you, my children, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sorrow We

name and sign who bear, O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there!  
 pa - tient - ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!  
 o - pen now the door; Dear Saviour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us never - more.



# No. 217. GATHERED HOME.

J. H. B.

JOHN H. BENNER.

1. { On-ly a few more fleeting years, Then we'll be gather'd home, }  
 { On-ly a few more sighs and tears, Then we'll be (Omit.....) } gather'd home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er'd home, gath-er'd home, Then we'll be gather'd home,  
 Gather'd home, gather'd home,

Gath-er'd home, gath-er'd home, Then we'll be gath-er'd home.  
 Gather'd home, gather'd home,

2 We shall join the heavenly choir,  
 When we are gathered home,  
 We shall strike the golden lyre,  
 When we are gathered home.

3 Then we'll join the ransomed throng,  
 When we are gathered home,  
 Chanting love's redeeming song,  
 When we are gathered home.

# No. 218. JESUS, THOU JOY.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

(QUEBEC L. M.)

HENRY BAKER.

1. Je - sus, Thou Joy of lov-ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,  
 2. Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood; Thou sav-est those that on Thee call;  
 3. We taste Thee, O Thou liv-ing Bread, And long to feast up - on Thee still;  
 4. Our restless spir - its yearn for Thee, Where'er our changeful lot is cast;  
 5. O Je - sus, ev - er with us stay, Make all our moments calm and bright;

# JESUS, THOU JOY.—Concluded.

From the best bliss that earth im-parts We turn un-filled to Thee a-gain.  
 To them that seek Thee Thou art good, To them that find Thee All in all.  
 We drink of Thee, the Fount-ain-head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.  
 Glad when Thy gracious smile we see, Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.  
 Chase the dark night of sin a-way, Shed o'er the world Thy ho-ly light.

## No. 219. SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.

WM. COOPER.

Old Melody.

1. Ap-proach, my soul, the mer-cy-seat Where Je-sus an-swers prayer:  
 2. Thy prom-ise is my on-ly plea; With this I ven-ture nigh;  
 3. Bowed down be-neath a load of sin, By Sa-tan sore-ly pressed,  
 4. Be Thou my shield and Hid-ing-place, That, sheltered near Thy side,  
 5. Oh, won-drous love! to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame,

There hum-bly fall be-fore His feet, For none can per-ish there.  
 Thou call-est burdened souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.  
 By war with-out, and fears with-in, I come to Thee for rest.  
 I may my fierce ac-cus-er face, And tell him Thou hast died.  
 That guilt-y sin-ners, such as I, Might plead Thy gra-cious Name.

REFRAIN.

{ O Je-sus, receive me! No more will I grieve Thee! }  
 { Thou gracious Redeemer, (Omit.....) } Oh, save me at the cross!



# No. 220. IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.

J. BOWRING.

(RATHBUN.)

I. CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
 2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears an - noy,  
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming, Light and love up - on my way,  
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub - lime.  
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds more luster to the day.  
 Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

# No. 221. COME, HOLY GHOST.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.)

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts inspire; Let us Thine influence prove;  
 2. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for moved by Thee The prophets wrote and spoke,  
 3. Ex - pand Thy wings, ce - les - tial Dove, Brood o'er our nature's night;  
 4. God, through Himself, we then shall know, If Thon with - in us shine;

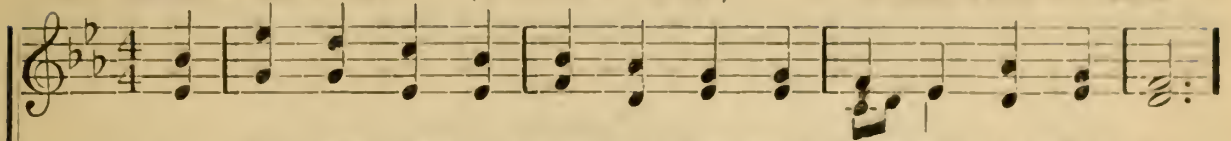
Source of the old pro - phet - ic fire, Fountain of life and love.  
 Un - lock the truth, Thy - self the key; Un - seal the sa - cred book.  
 On our dis - or - dered spir - its move, And let there now be light.  
 And sound, with all Thy saints be - low, The depths of love di - vine.

# No. 222. O GOD, BEFORE THY SUN'S BRIGHT BEAMS.

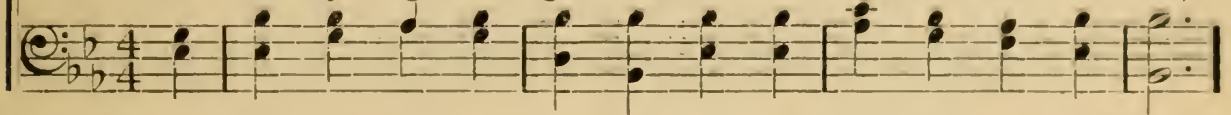
Rev. GREVILLE PHILLIMORE

(ST. PETER. C. M.)

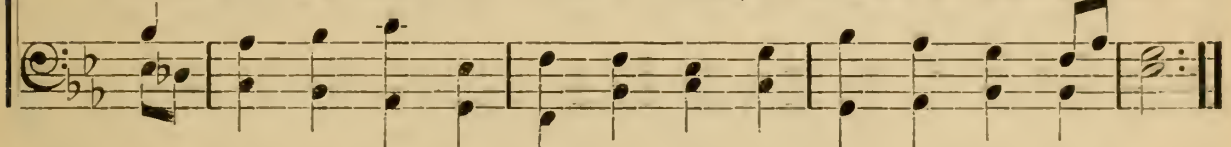
ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE.



1. O God, be - fore Thy sun's bright beams All night's dark shadows fly;
2. So fresh - ly fall Thy heav'n-sent grace, As morning's gladdening breath;
3. O ho - ly light! O light of God! O light un - seen be - low,



So on the soul Thy mer - cy gleams, And doubts and ter - rors die.  
Gives light to all to seek Thy face, And guides in life and death.  
Which fills the courts of Thine a - bode, Which there the blest shall know!



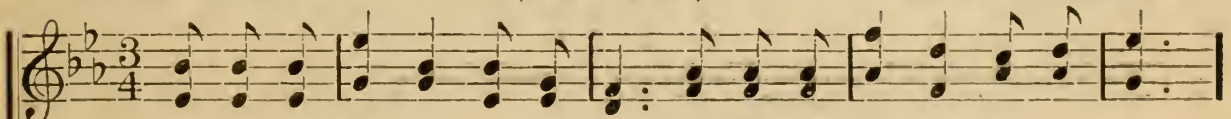
- 4 Swift comes the hour when none can toil, Short is the rugged way:  
Teach us our lamps to fill with oil,  
Whilst it is called to-day.
- 5 Then we shall see that glorious light,  
Which to the saints is given,  
So sweet, so fair, so passing bright,  
The eternal morn of heaven.

# No. 223. ASLEEP IN JESUS.

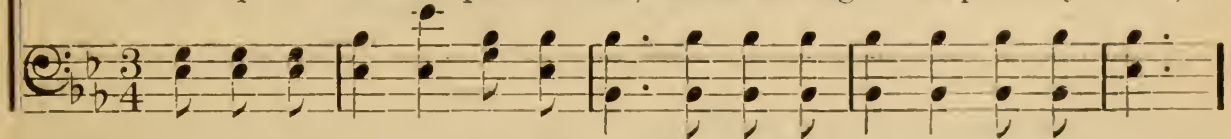
MARGARET MACKAY.

(REST. L. M.)

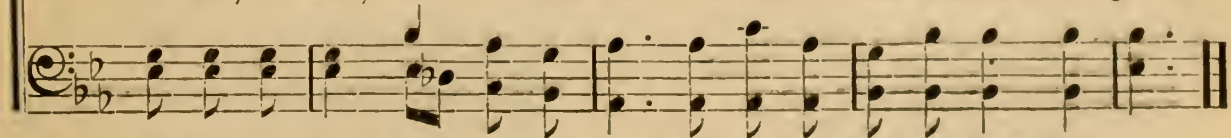
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet;
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest;



A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.  
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost his venom'd sting.  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man-i-fests the Saviour's power.



- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me  
May such a blissful refuge be;  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

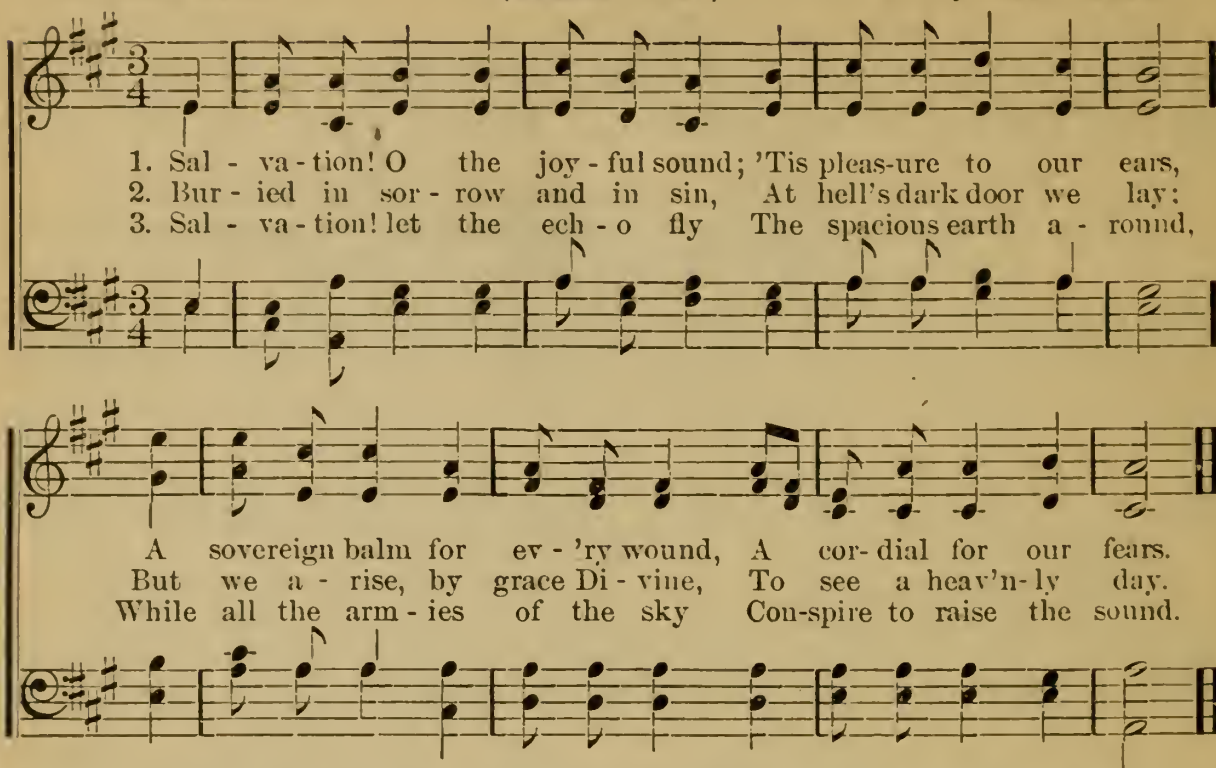


# No. 224. SALVATION! O THE JOYFUL SOUND.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

(AZMON. C.M.)

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



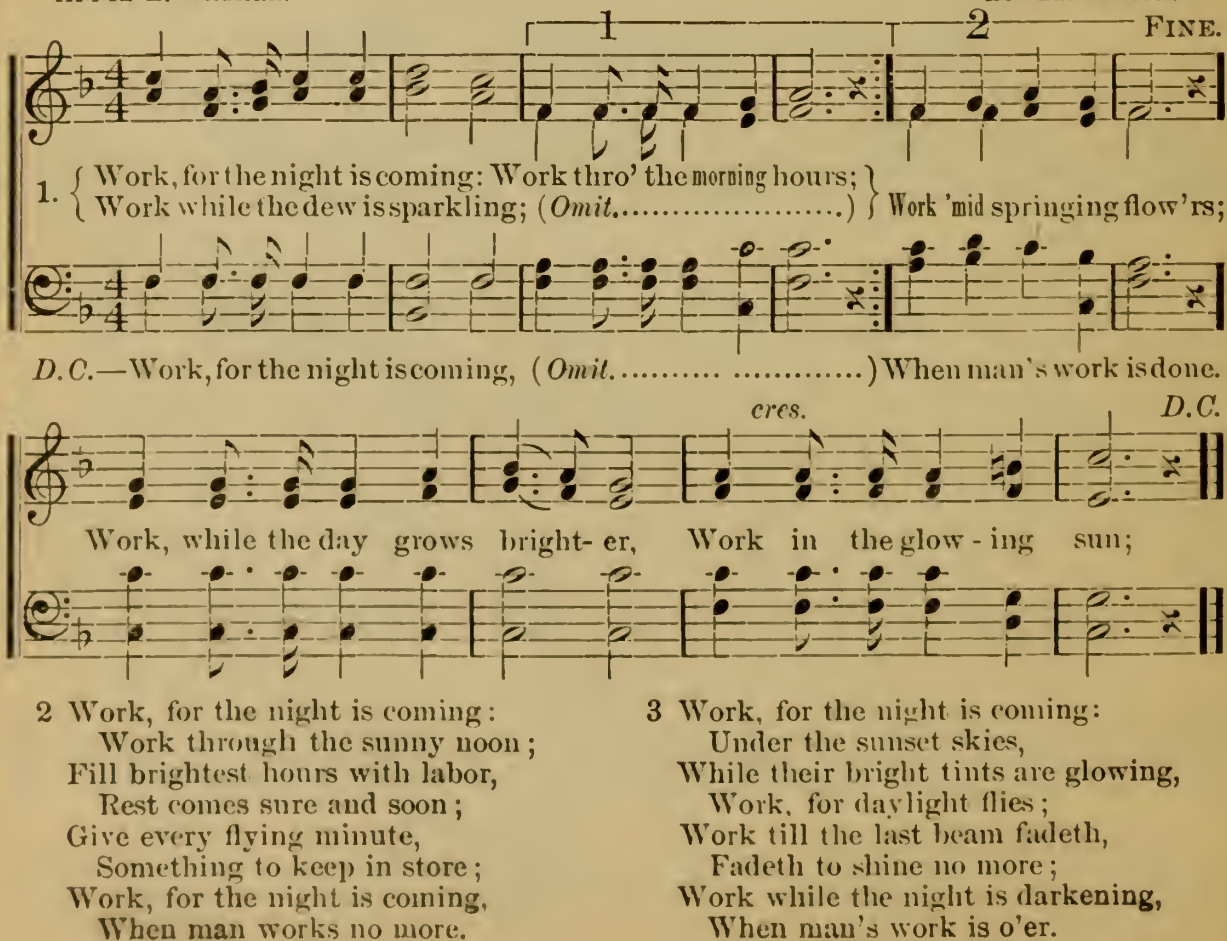
1. Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound; 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears,  
2. Bur - ied in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay:  
3. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spacious earth a - round,

A sovereign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.  
But we a - rise, by grace Di - vine, To see a heav'n - ly day.  
While all the arm - ies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound.

# No. 225. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

LOWELL MASON.



1. { Work, for the night is coming: Work thro' the morning hours; }  
{ Work while the dew is sparkling; (Omit.....) } Work 'mid springing flow'rs;

D.C.—Work, for the night is coming, (Omit.....) When man's work is done.

Work, while the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;

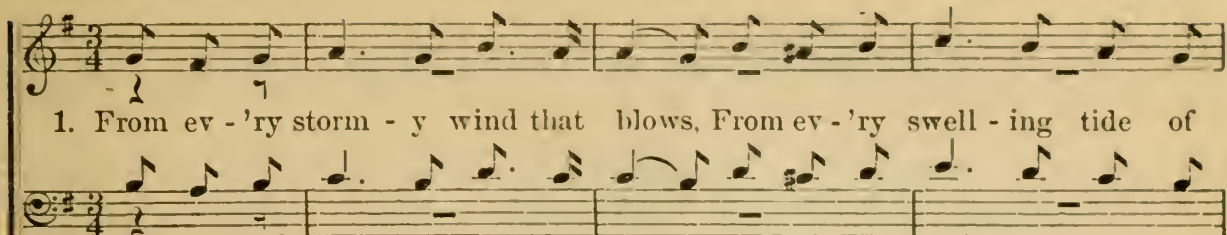
2 Work, for the night is coming:  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon;  
Give every flying minute,  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming:  
Under the sunset skies,  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies;  
Work till the last beam fadeeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

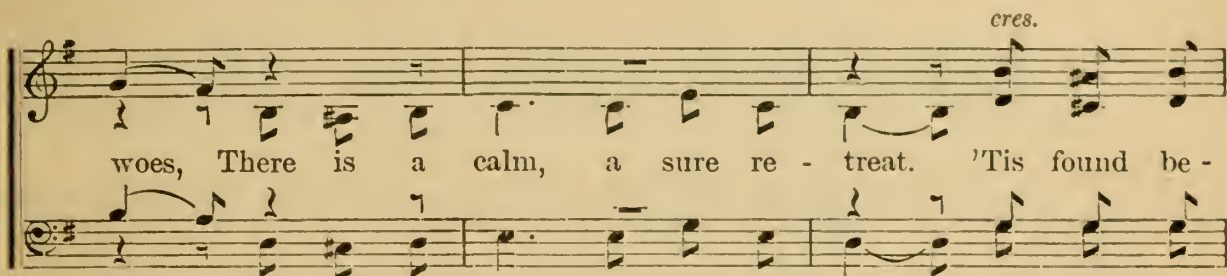
# No. 226. FROM EVERY STORMY WIND.

Rev. HUGH STOWELL.

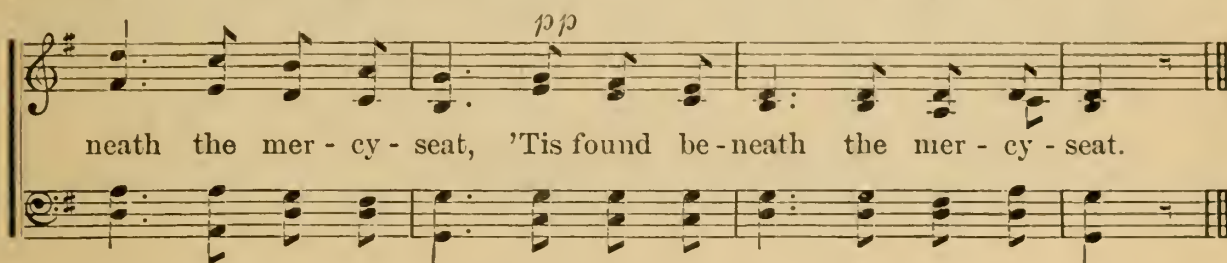
WILL L. THOMPSON.



1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of



woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat. 'Tis found be -



neath the mer - cy - seat, 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,  
A place than all besides more sweet;  
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,  
Though sundered far; by faith they meet  
Around the common mercy-seat.

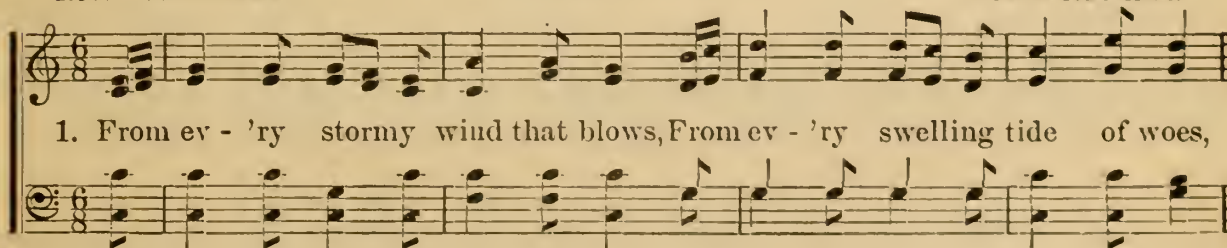
5 O may my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,  
This bounding heart forget to beat,  
If I forget the mercy-seat.

# No. 227. FROM EVERY STORMY WIND.

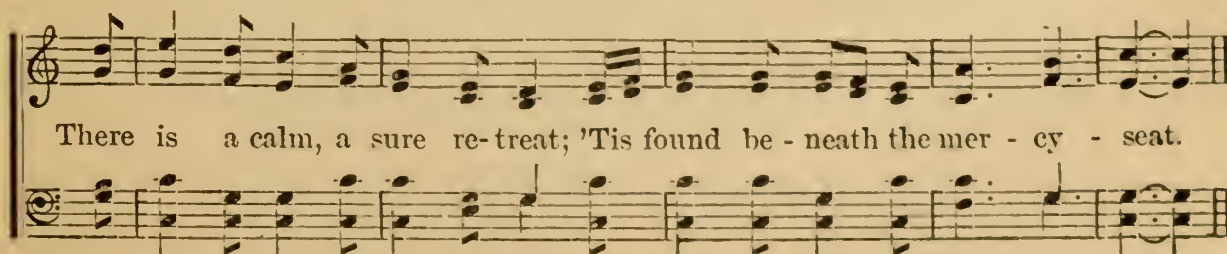
Rev. HUGH STOWELL.

(RETREAT. L. M.)

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swelling tide of woes,



There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

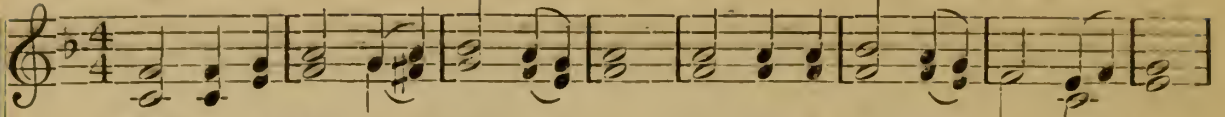


# No. 228. WHEN I SURVEY.

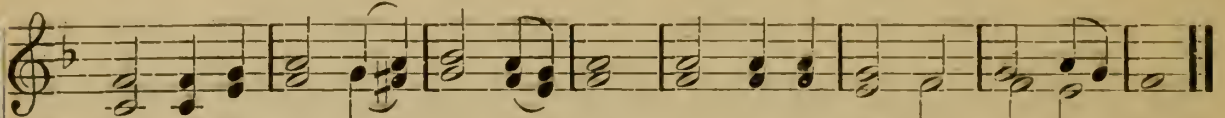
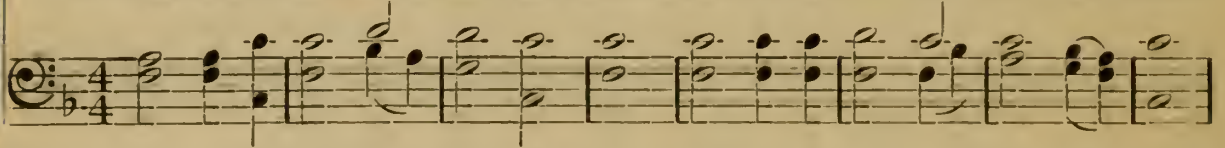
REV. ISAAC WATTS.

(HAMBURG. L. M.)

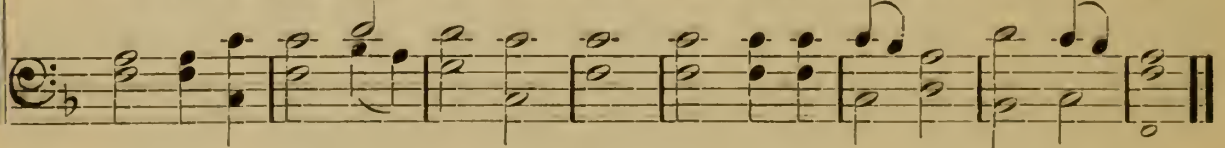
ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God:
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.  
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.  
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
 Love so a-maz-ing, so Di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

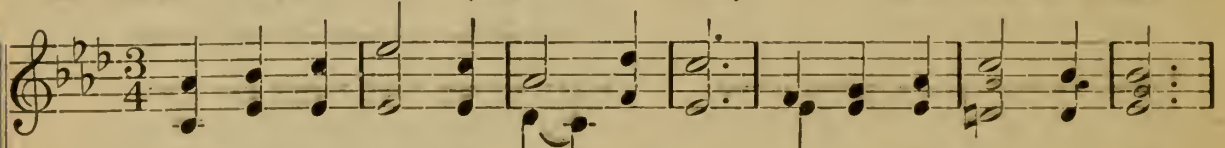


# No. 229. O THOU, FROM WHOM ALL GOODNESS.

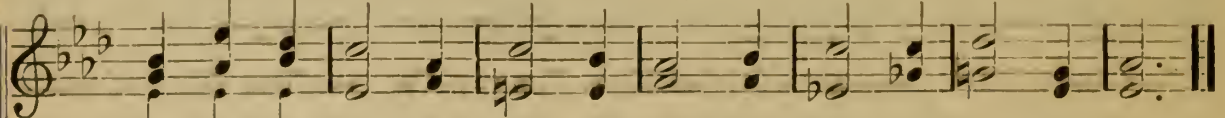
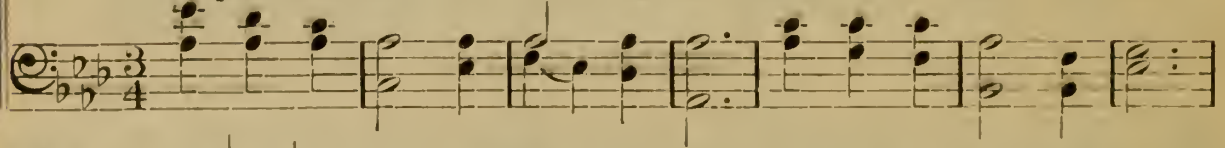
REV. THOMAS HAWES.

(BEATITUDO. C. M.)

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.



1. O Thou, from whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;
2. When groaning on my bur-den'd heart My sins lie heav-i-ly,
3. Tempta-tions sore ob-struct my way, And ills I can-not flee:



In all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.  
 My par-don speak, new peace im-part; In love re-mem-ber me.  
 O give me strength, Lord, as my day; For good re-mem-ber me.

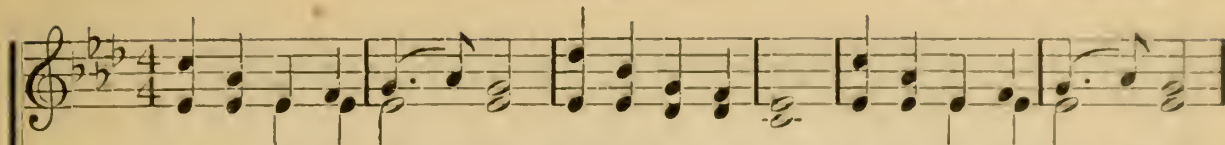


- 4 Distressed with pain, disease, and grief, This feeble body see;  
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:  
 Hear and remember me.
- 5 The hour is near; consigned to death,  
 I own the just decree:  
 "Saviour," with my last parting breath  
 I'll cry, "Remember me."

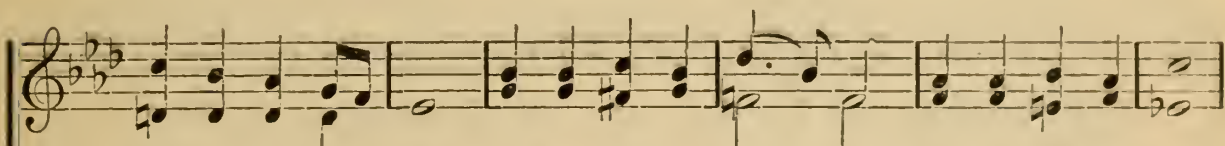
# No. 230. FROM THE EASTERN MOUNTAINS.

( ROSMORE. )

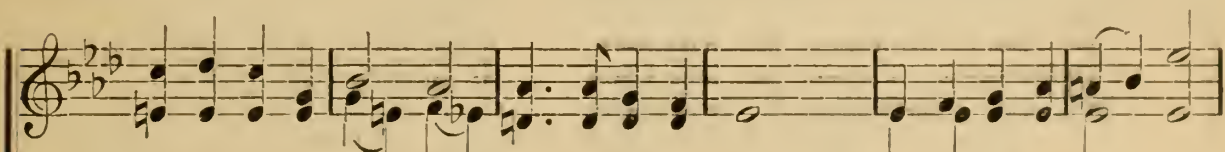
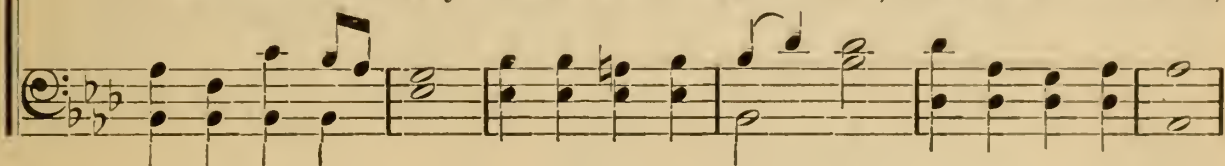
HENRY G. TREMBATH.



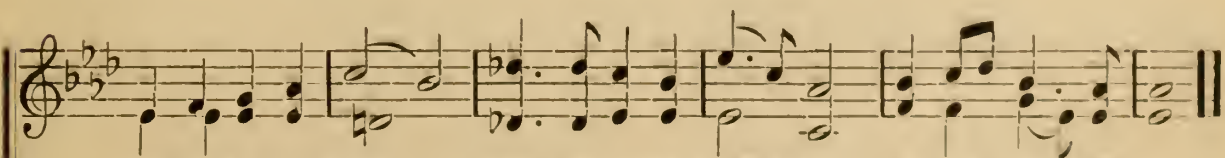
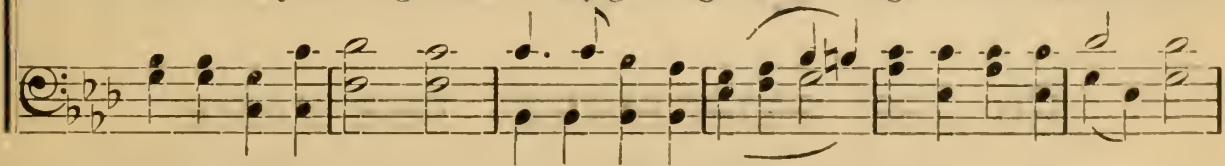
1. From the eastern mountains, Pressing on, they come, Wise men in their wis-dom,
2. Thou who in a man - ger Once hast lowly lain, Who dost now in glo - ry
3. Gath-er in the out - casts, All who've gone astray, Throw Thy radiance o'er them,



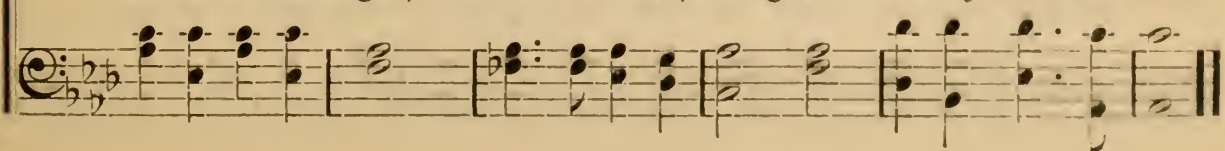
To His hum-ble home; Stirred by deep de-vo - tion, Hast-ing from a - far,  
O'er all king-doms reign, Gath-er in the hea - then, Who in lands a - far  
Guide them on their way: Those who never knew Thee, Those who've wandered far,



Ev-er journeying on-ward, Guid-ed by a star.	Light of life that shin-eth
Ne'er have seen the brightness Of Thy guiding star.	Light of life that shin-eth
Guide them by the brightness Of Thy guiding star.	Light of life that shin-eth



Ere the world's be-gan, Draw Thou near, and lighten Ev-'ry heart of man.

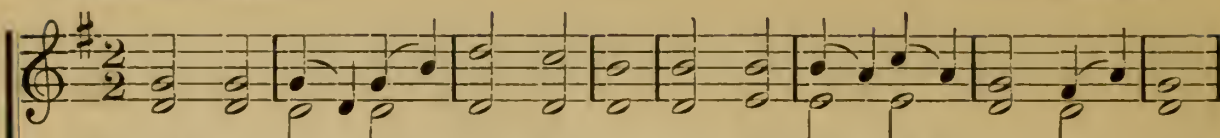




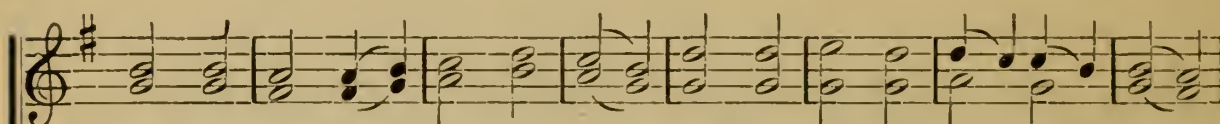
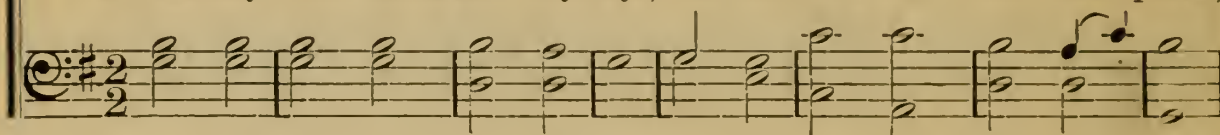
# No. 231. TAKE MY LIFE, AND LET IT BE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

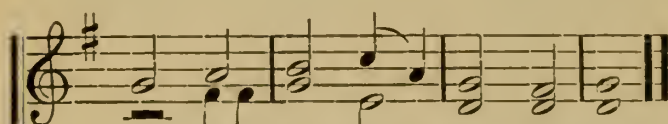
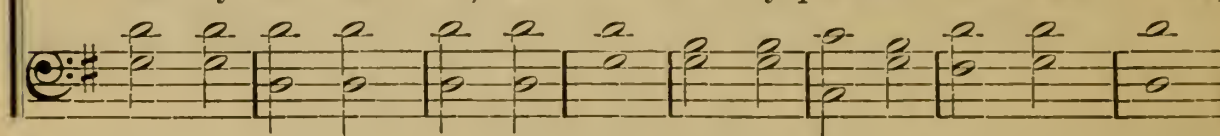
C. H. A. MALAN.



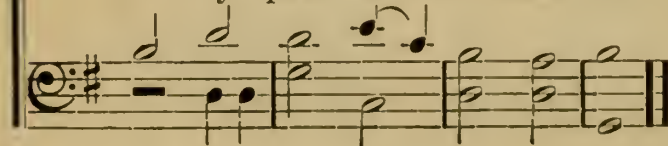
1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee;
4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;



- Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of Thy love,  
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways—on-ly— for my King,  
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold,  
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose,



- At the im - pulse of Thy love.  
 Al-ways— on - ly— for my King.  
 Not a mite would I with-hold.  
 Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.



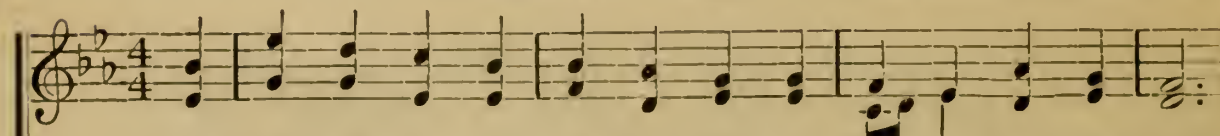
- 5 Take my will, and make it Thine,  
 It shall be no longer mine;  
 Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

- 6 Take my love, my God, I pour  
 At Thy feet its treasure store;  
 Take myself, and I will be  
 Ever—only—all for Thee.

# No. 232. HOW SWEET THE NAME.

(ST. PETER. C. M.)

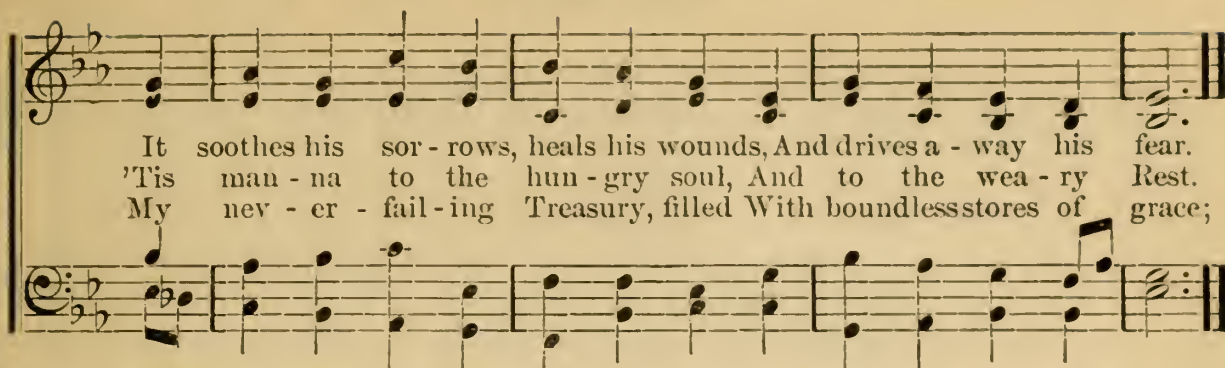
ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast;
3. Dear Name! the Rock on which I build, My shield and Hid - ing - place,



## HOW SWEET THE NAME.—Concluded.



It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.  
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry Rest.  
My nev - er - fail - ing Treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace;

4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

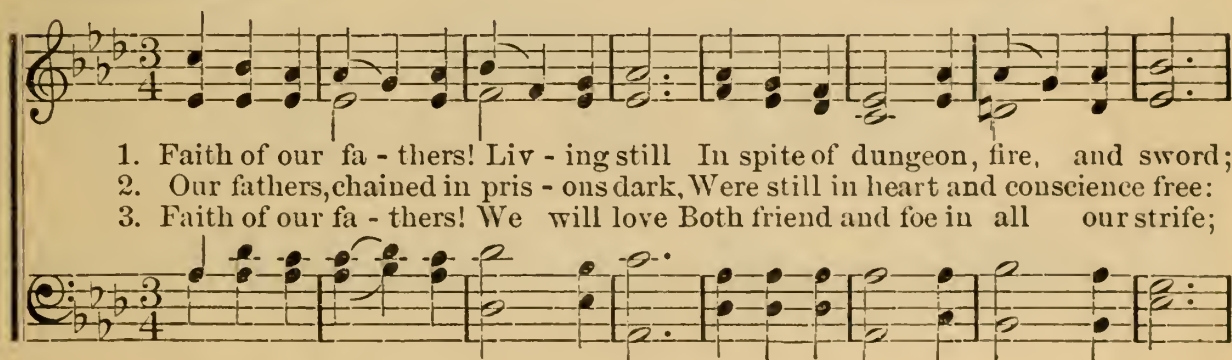
5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

7 Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of Thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death.

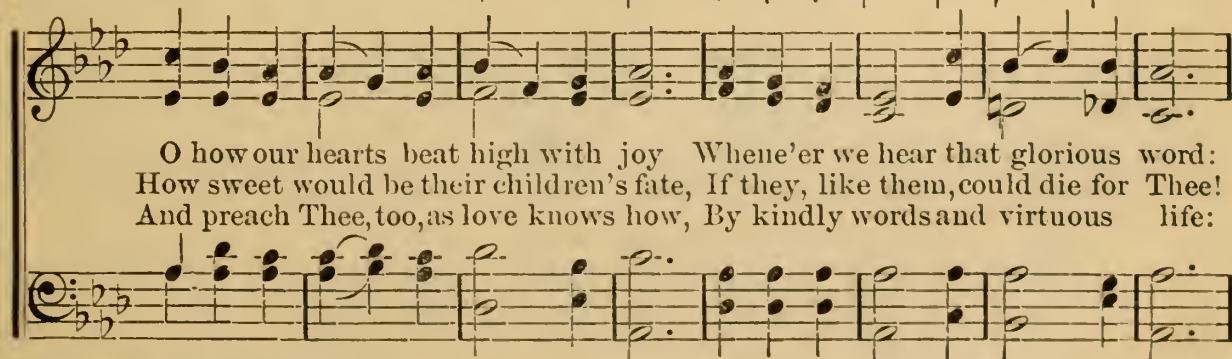
## No. 233. FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

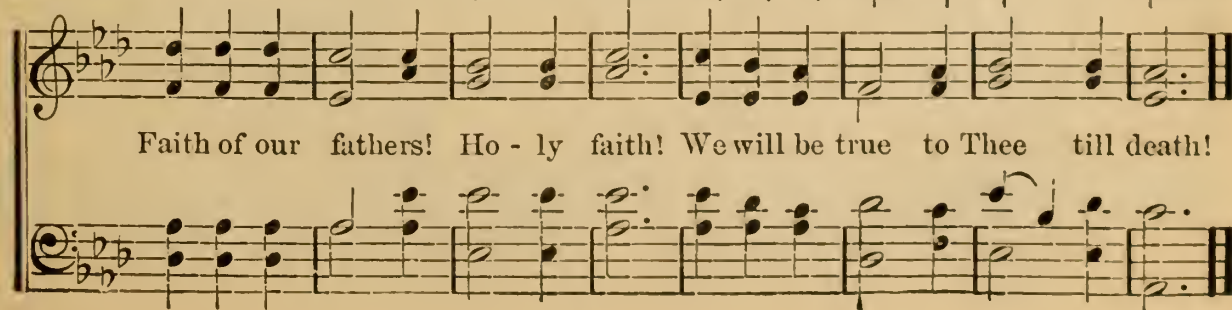
Adapted by J. G. WALTON.



1. Faith of our fa - thers! Liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;  
2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:  
3. Faith of our fa - thers! We will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;



O how our hearts beat high with joy When'er we hear that glorious word:  
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for Thee!  
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how, By kindly words and virtuous life:



Faith of our fathers! Ho - ly faith! We will be true to Thee till death!



# No. 234. ALL HAIL THE POWER.

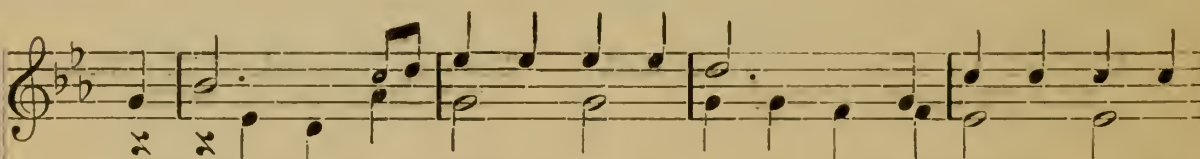
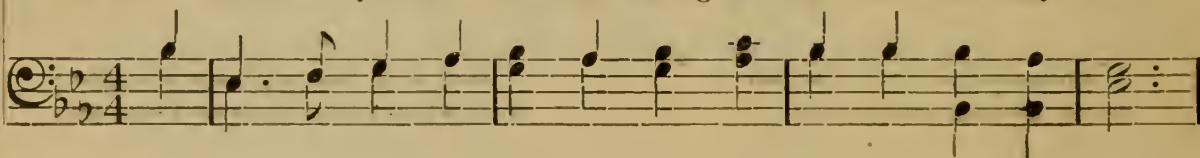
(May be Sung in E.)

EDWARD PERRONET.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

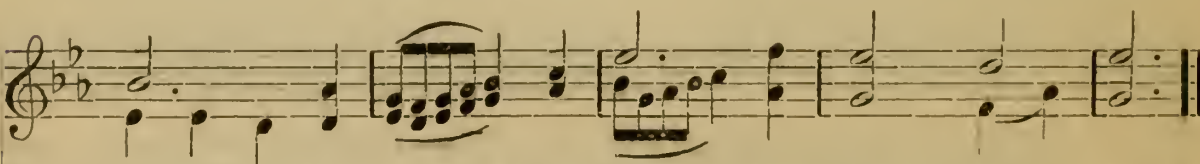
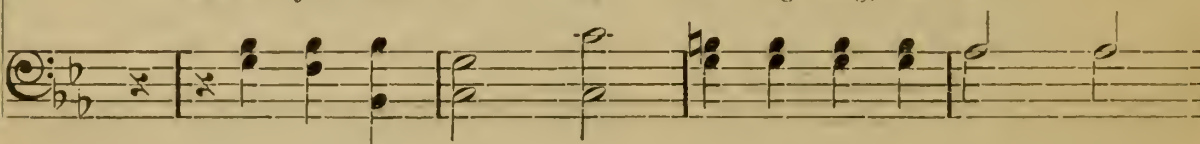


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!



Bring forth	the roy - al di - a - dem,	the roy - al di - a -
Go, spread	your trophies at His feet,	your trophies at His
To Him	all maj - es - ty as - crite,	all maj - es - ty as -
We'll join	the ev - er - last - ing song,	the ev - er - last - ing

Bring forth	the roy - - al	di - a - dem,	the roy - - al
Go, spread	your tro - phies	at His feet,	your tro - phies
To Him	all maj - es - ty	as - crite,	all maj - es
We'll join	the ev - er - last - ing	song,	the ev - - er



dem,	And crown...	Him,	crown...	Him Lord	of	all.
feet,	And crown...	Him,	crown...	Him Lord	of	all.
cribe,	And crown...	Him,	crown...	Him Lord	of	all.
song,	And crown...	Him,	crown...	Him Lord	of	all.

di - a - dem,  
at His feet,  
ty as - crite,  
last - ing song,

crown Him Lord of all.  
crown Him Lord of all.  
crown Him Lord of all.  
crown Him Lord of all.



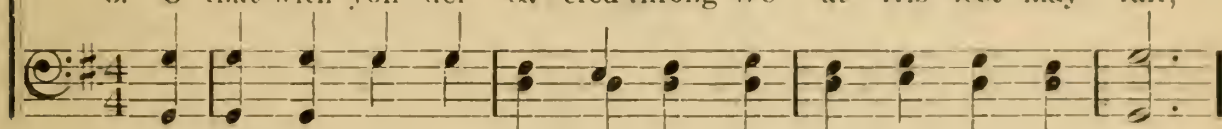
# No. 235. ALL HAIL THE POWER.

EDWARD PERRONET.

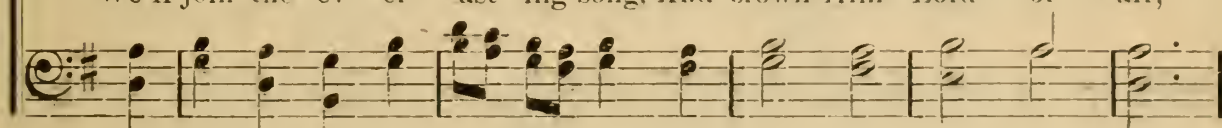
O. HOLDEN.



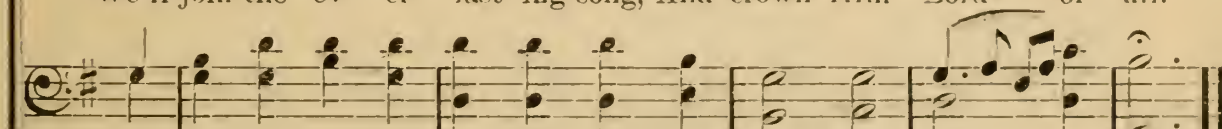
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all;  
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all.  
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.



# No. 236. I AM COMING.

W. G. FISCHER.



1 I am coming to the cross,  
I am poor, and weak and blind;  
I am counting all but dross,  
I shall full salvation find.

2 Here I give my all to Thee,  
Friends and time, and earthly store:  
Soul and body, Thine to be,—  
Wholly Thine for evermore.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,  
Dear Lamb of Calvary;  
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,  
Jesus, save me, save me now.

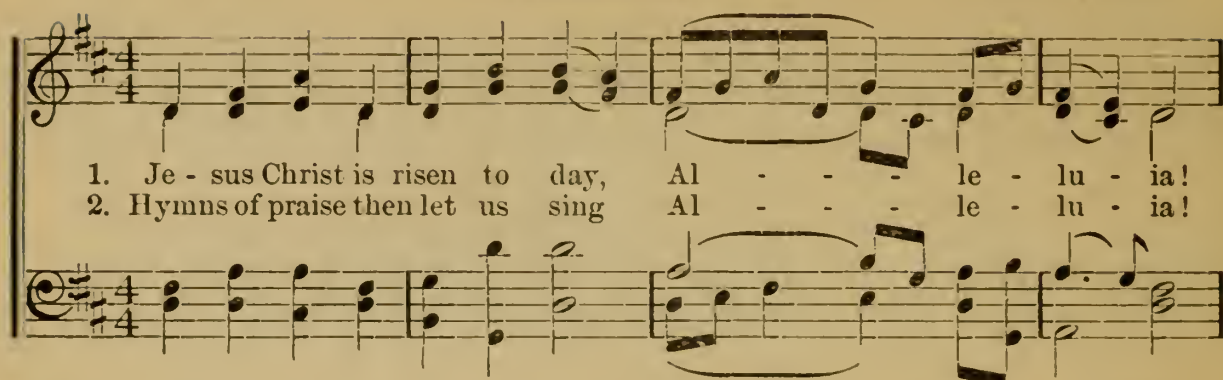
3 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!  
Perfect in love I am;  
I am every whit made whole;  
Glory, glory to the Lamb.



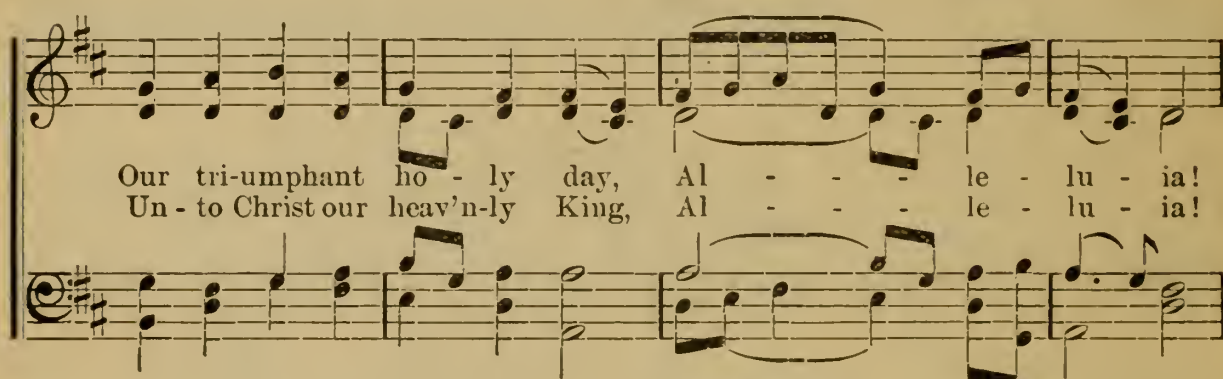
# No. 237. JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TODAY.

(EASTER HYMN.)

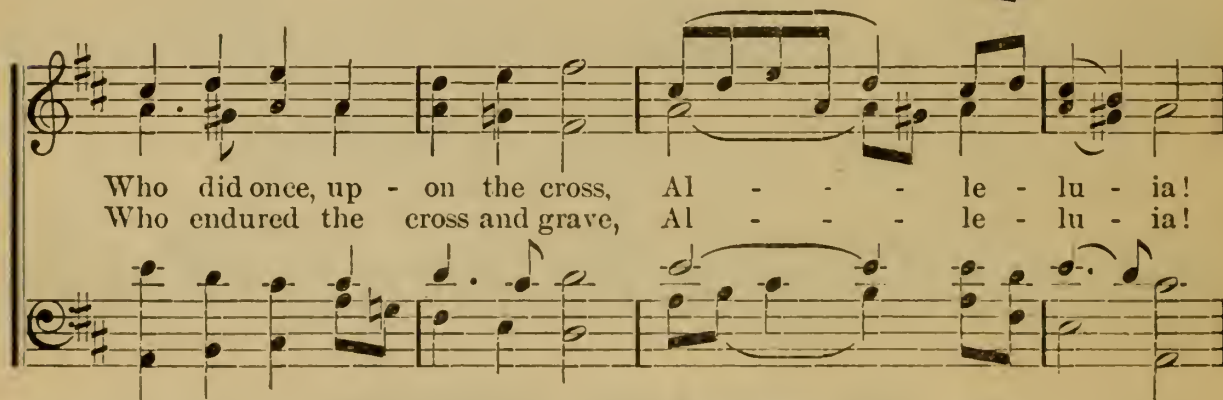
LYRA DAVIDICA.



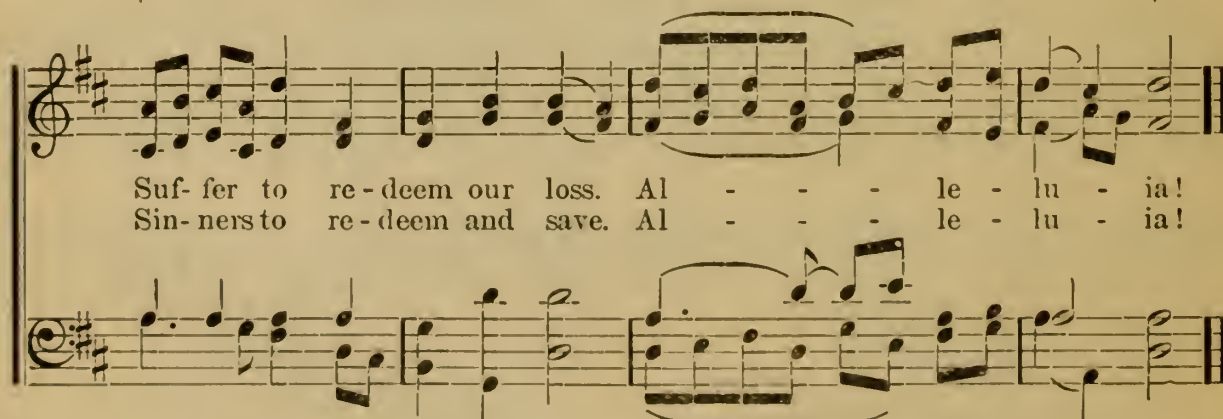
1. Je - sus Christ is risen to day, Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 2. Hymns of praise then let us sing Al - - - le - lu - ia!



Our tri-umphant ho - ly day, Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Un - to Christ our heav'n-ly King, Al - - - le - lu - ia!



Who did once, up - on the cross, Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Who endured the cross and grave, Al - - - le - lu - ia!



Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Sin - ners to re - deem and save. Al - - - le - lu - ia!

3 But the pains which He endured  
 Our salvation have procured;  
 Now above the sky He's King,  
 Where the angels ever sing.  
 Alleluia!

4 Sing we to our God above  
 Praise eternal as His love;  
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
 Alleluia!

# No. 238. PEACE ON EARTH.

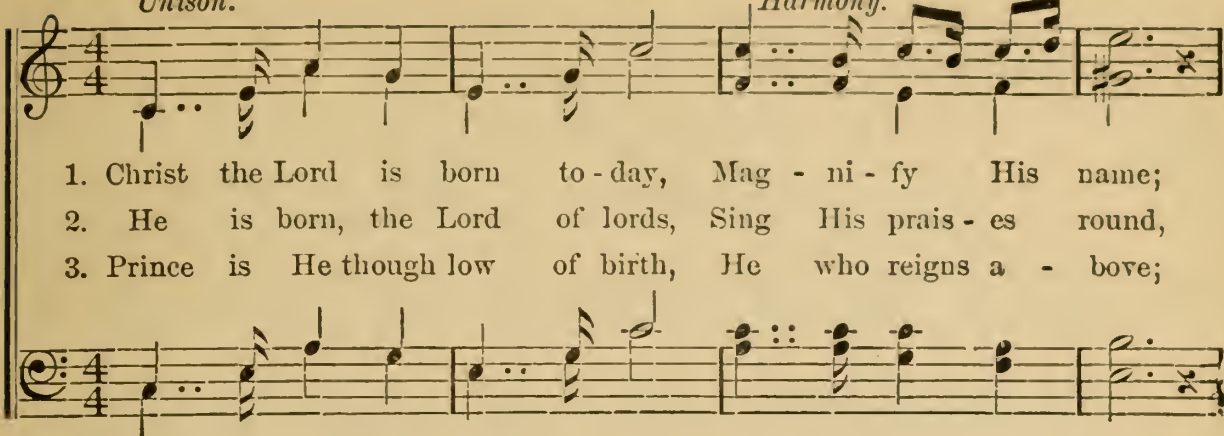
M. PEARL BRAGG.

(CHRISTMAS.)

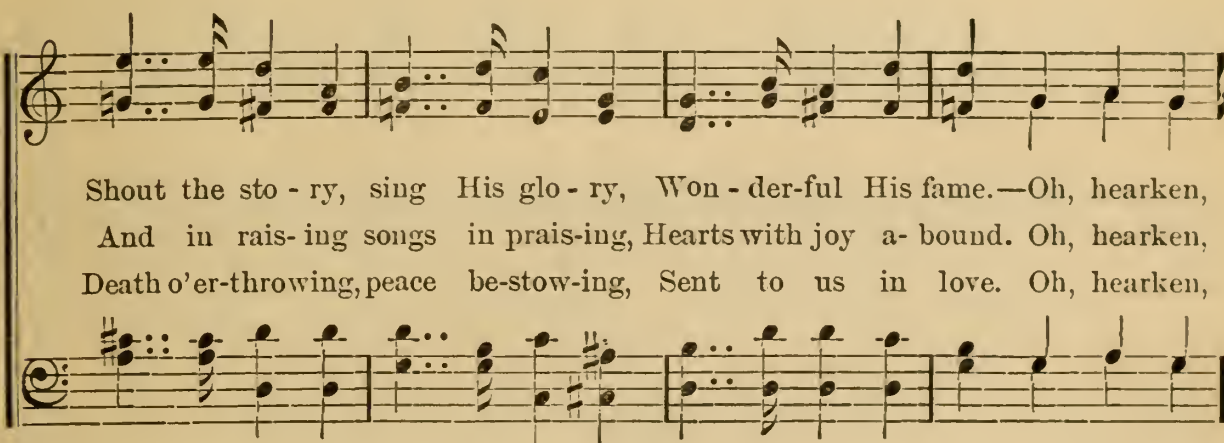
A. T. GOODSSELL.

*Unison.*

*Harmony.*

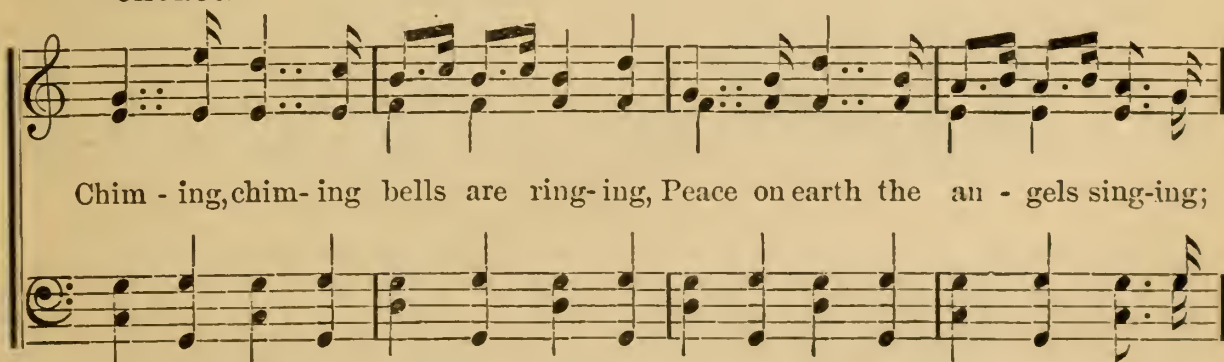


1. Christ the Lord is born to-day, Mag - ni - fy His name;  
 2. He is born, the Lord of lords, Sing His prais - es round,  
 3. Prince is He though low of birth, He who reigns a - bove;

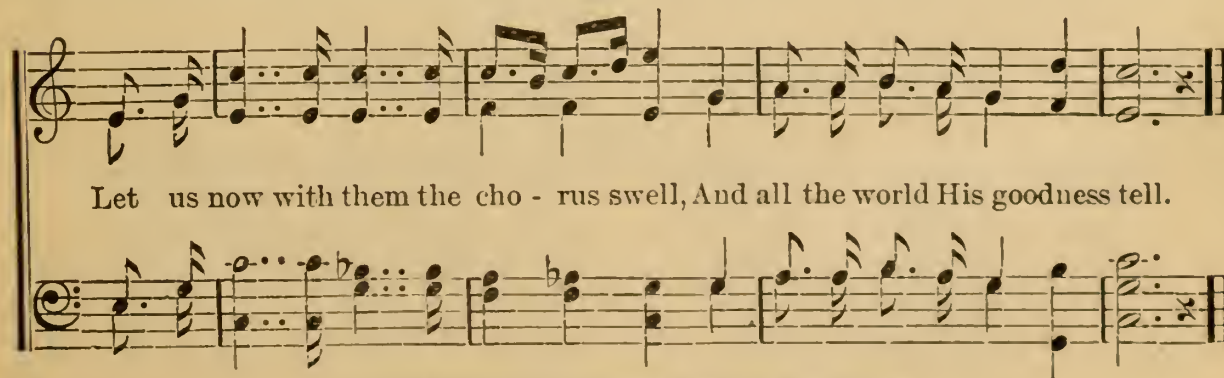


Shout the sto - ry, sing His glo - ry, Won - der-ful His fame.—Oh, hearken,  
 And in rais - ing songs in prais - ing, Hearts with joy a - bound. Oh, hearken,  
 Death o'er-throwing, peace be-stow - ing, Sent to us in love. Oh, hearken,

CHORUS.



Chim - ing, chim - ing bells are ring - ing, Peace on earth the an - gels sing - ing;



Let us now with them the cho - rus swell, And all the world His goodness tell.



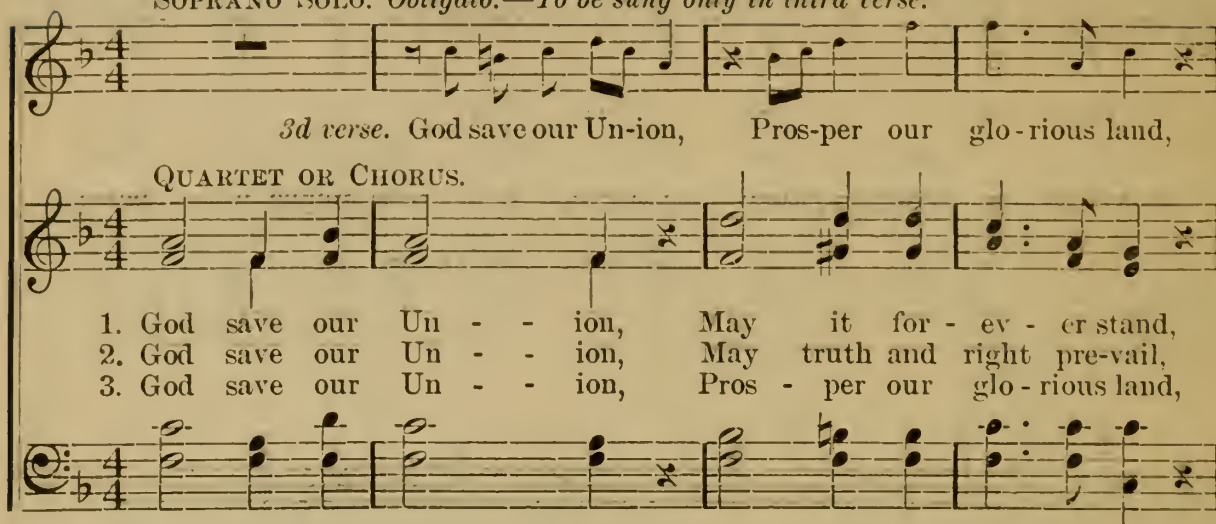
# No. 239. GOD SAVE OUR UNION.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

(First verse may be sung as a Solo, second and third verses Quartet or Chorus.)

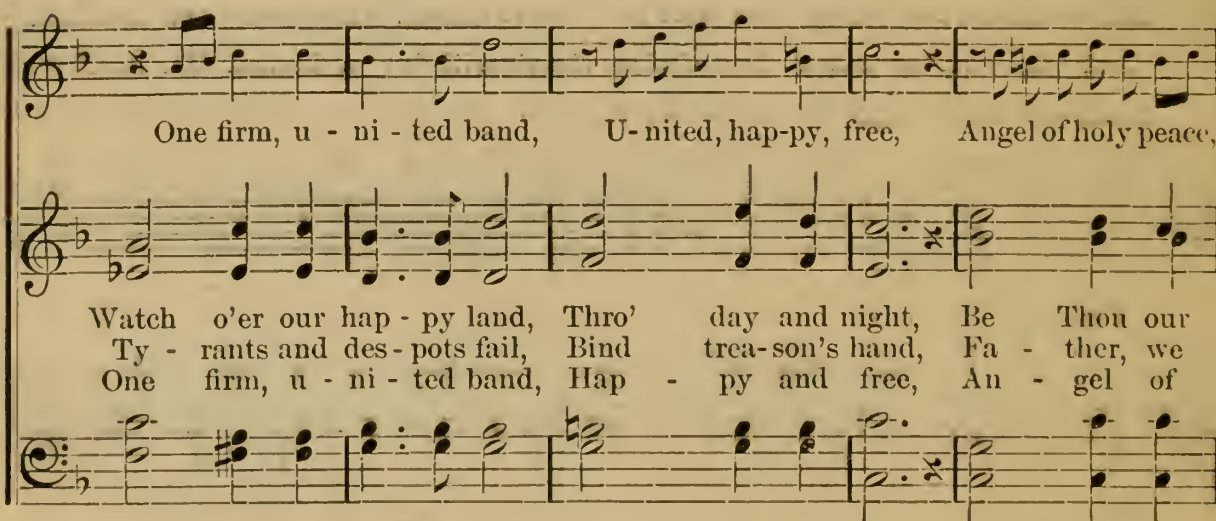
SOPRANO SOLO. Obligato.—To be sung only in third verse.



3d verse. God save our Un-ion, Pros-per our glo-rious land,

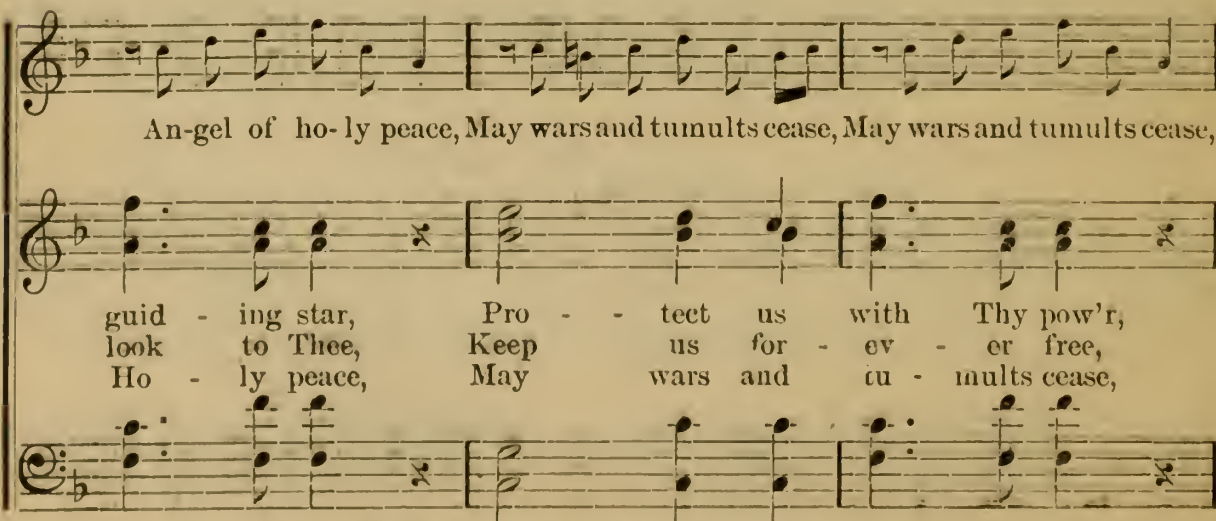
QUARTET OR CHORUS.

1. God save our Un - - ion, May it for - ev - er stand,  
 2. God save our Un - - ion, May truth and right pre-vail,  
 3. God save our Un - - ion, Pros - per our glo - rious land,



One firm, u - ni - ted band, U-nited, hap-py, free, Angel of holy peace,

Watch o'er our hap - py land, Thro' day and night, Be Thou our  
 Ty - rants and des - pots fail, Bind trea-son's hand, Fa - ther, we  
 One firm, u - ni - ted band, Hap - py and free, An - gel of



An-gel of ho-ly peace, May wars and tumults cease, May wars and tumults cease,

guid - ing star, Pro - - tect us with Thy pow'r,  
 look to Thee, Keep us for - ev - er free,  
 Ho - ly peace, May wars and cu - mul - ts cease,

# GOD SAVE THE UNION.—Concluded.

Friend - ship and love in - crease Throughout land and sea.

Shield us, for Thine we are, Oh, guide us a - right.  
Our pres - er - va - tion be, O God bless our land.  
Friend - ship and love in - crease Throughout land and sea.

## No. 240. MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH.

(AMERICA.)

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liber - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
2. My native country thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal  
4. Our father's God, to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

*cres.*

fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.  
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.  
land be bright, With freedom's holy light, Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

## No. 241. GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.

(Tune.—AMERICA.)

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 God bless our native land;<br/>Firm may she ever stand<br/>Through storm and night:<br/>When the wild tempests rave,<br/>Ruler of wind and wave,<br/>Do Thou our country save<br/>By Thy great might.</p> | <p>2 For her our prayers shall rise<br/>To God, above the skies;<br/>On Him we wait;<br/>Thou who art ever nigh,<br/>Guarding with watchful eye,<br/>To Thee aloud we cry,<br/>God save the State.</p> |
|--|--|

—REV. CHARLES T. BROOKS.

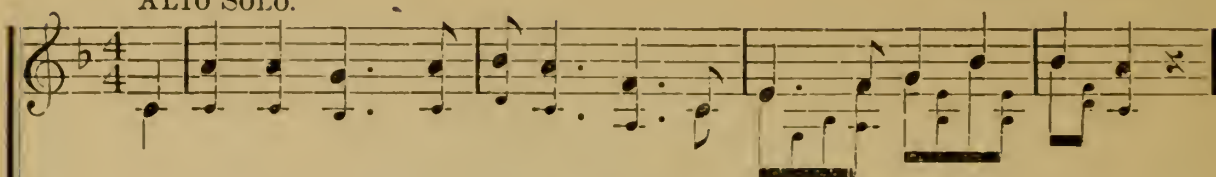


# No. 242. THE HARVEST TIME IS PASSING BY.

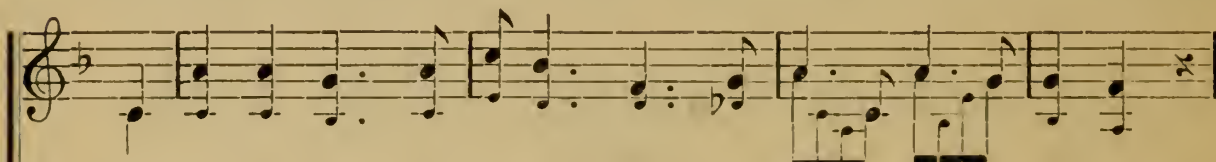
W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

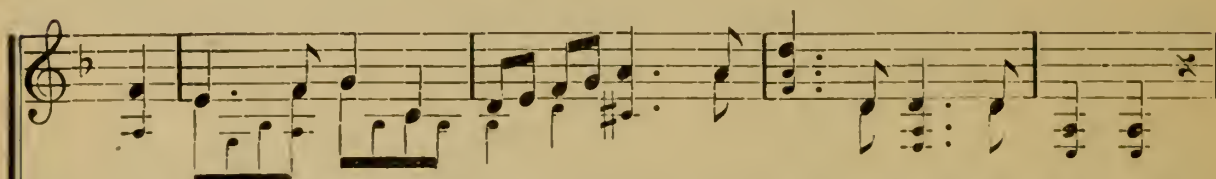
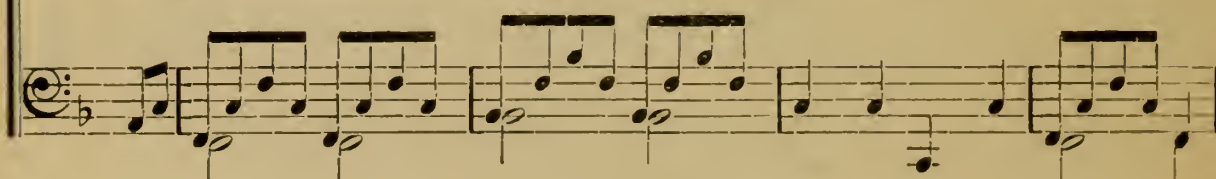
ALTO SOLO.



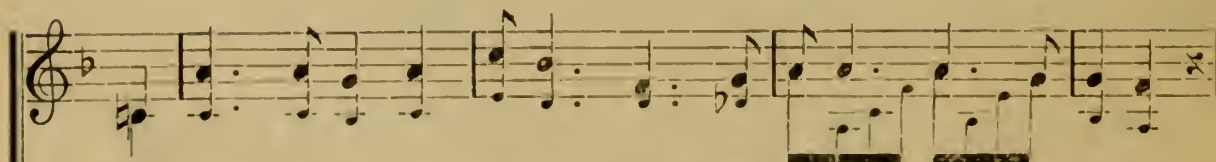
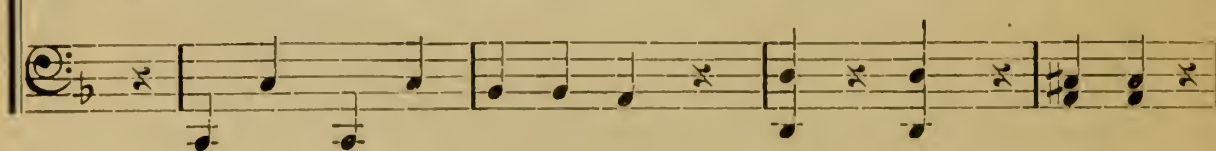
The fad - ing flow'rs and Autumn leaves, With all their wondrous beau - ty,



They tell us life is passing by, This life so full of du - ty,



Each fall - ing leaf - let tells us plain, As on life's road we're wending,

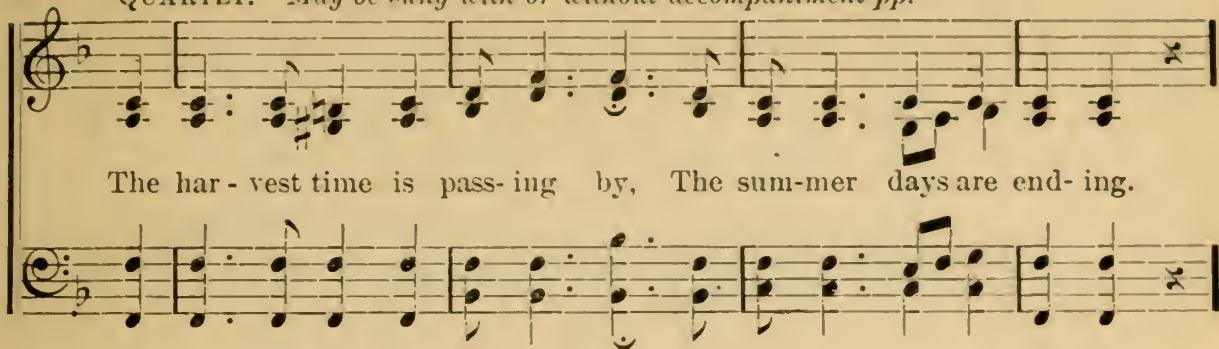


The har - vest time is passing by, The summer days are ending.



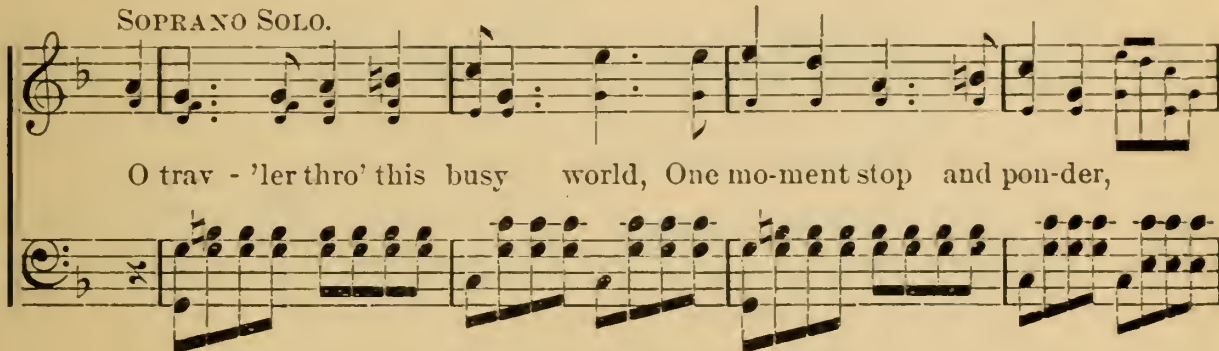
# THE HARVEST TIME.—Continued.

QUARTET. *May be sung with or without accompaniment pp.*

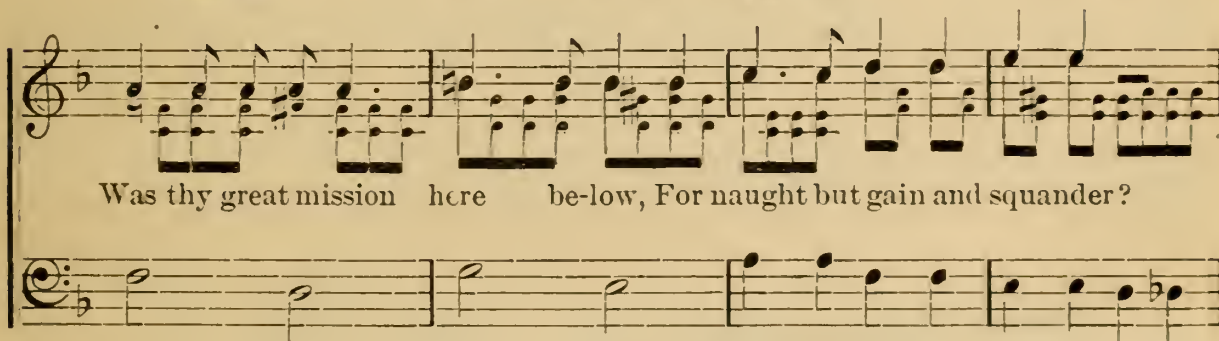


The har - vest time is pass - ing by, The sum - mer days are end - ing.

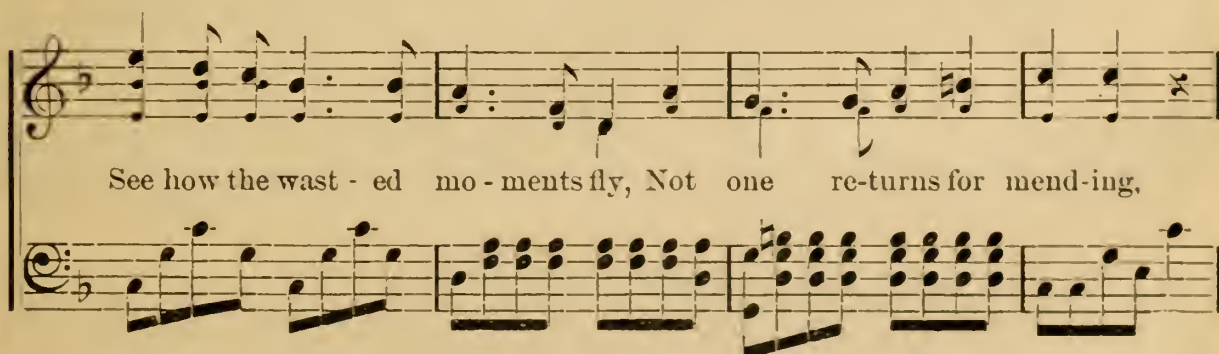
SOPRANO SOLO.



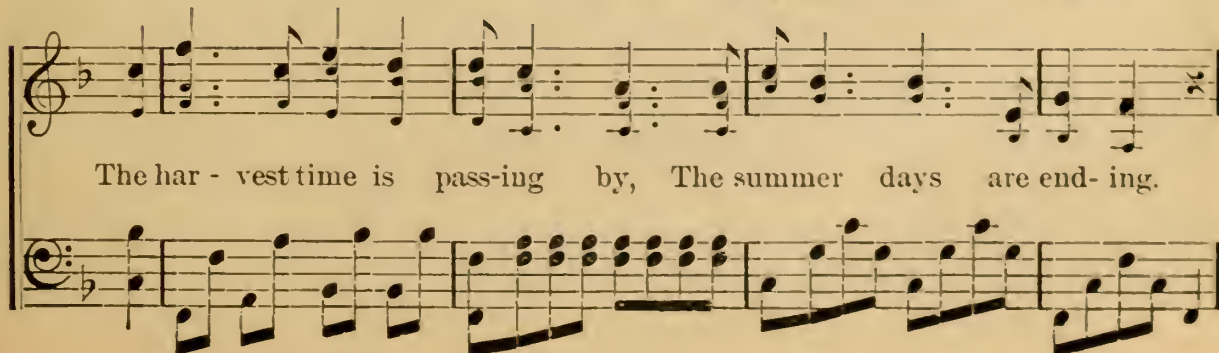
O trav - 'ler thro' this busy world, One mo - ment stop and pon - der,



Was thy great mission here be - low, For naught but gain and squander?



See how the wast - ed mo - ments fly, Not one re - turns for mend - ing,



The har - vest time is pass - ing by, The summer days are end - ing.



## THE HARVEST TIME.—Continued.

*pp With or without accompaniment.*

The har - vest time is passing by, The summer days are end - ing.

This musical system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a half note C5. The melody continues with various intervals, including a descending line. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. It provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes, including a prominent bass line with a half note G2 and a quarter note A2.

BASS OR BARITONE SOLO.

The days and months and years gone by, Should be to us a warning. To

This system features a solo for Bass or Baritone. The upper staff is in treble clef, showing a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef, providing a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

point our fac - es t'ward the sky, Be - fore the Judgement morning, Then

This system continues the musical piece. The upper staff (treble clef) has a melodic line with some chromaticism. The lower staff (bass clef) provides a consistent accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

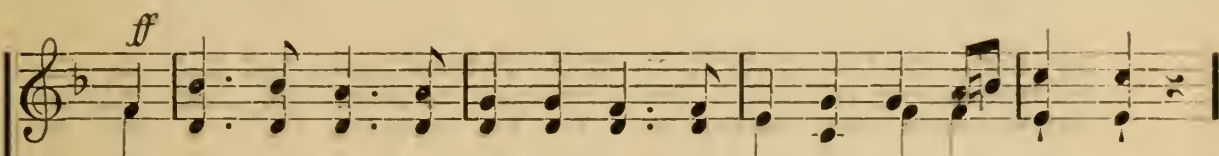
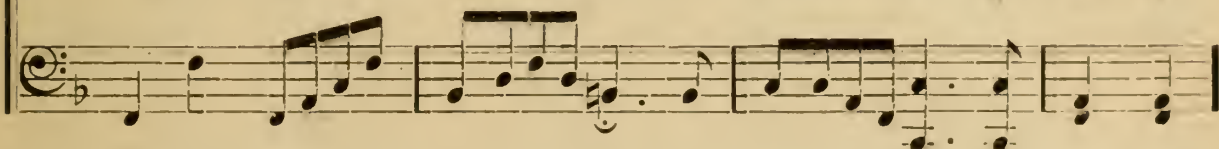
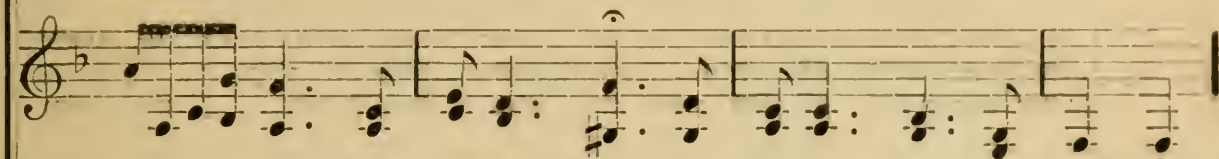
nerve the arm for glo - rious work, The grain is ripe and bend - ing, The

This is the final system on the page. It follows the same musical structure with two staves. The upper staff (treble clef) and lower staff (bass clef) continue the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

# THE HARVEST TIME.—Concluded.



har - vest time is pass-ing by, The summer days are end - ing.



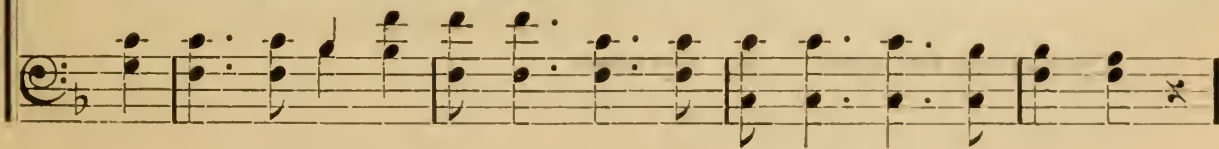
Then turn to good the fleet-ing hours, Each du - ty now at - tend - ing,



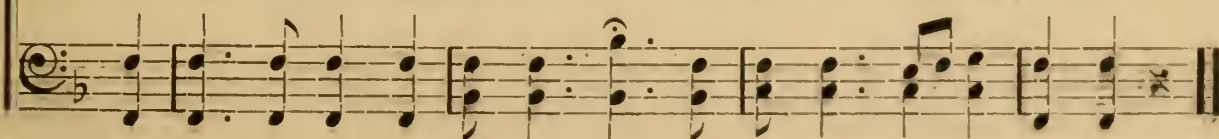
*Legato.*



The har - vest time is pass-ing by, The sum-mer days are end-ing,

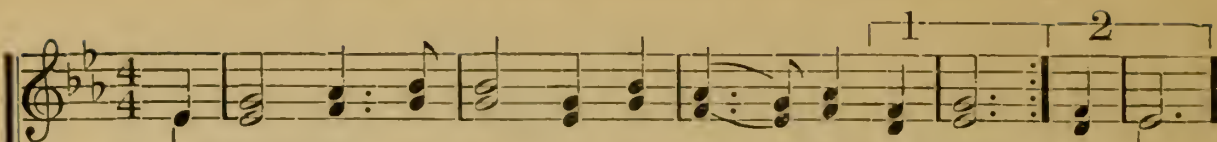


The har - vest time is pass-ing by, The sum-mer days are end - ing.

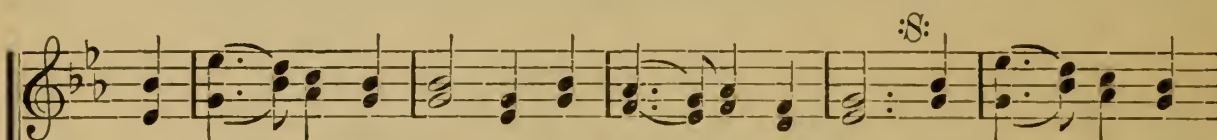
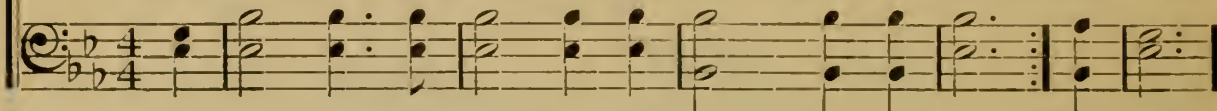




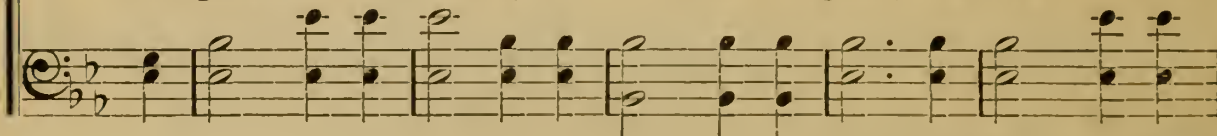
# No. 243. THE SAINT'S HOME.



1. { 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture complaints } with saints!  
How sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion [Omit].....
2. { An al - ien from God, and a stran - ger to grace, } to trace;  
I wan - dered thro' earth, its gay pleas - ures [Omit].....
3. { The pleas - ures of earth I have seen fade a - way; } de - cay;  
They bloom for a sea - son, but soon they [Omit].....

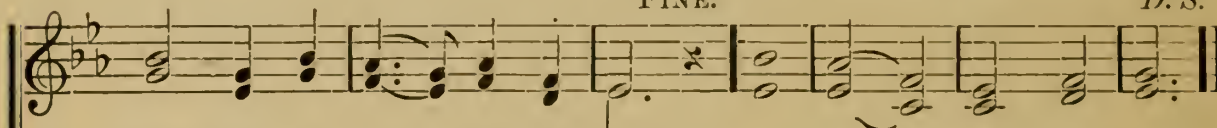


To find at the ban-quet of mer - cy there's room, And feel in the  
In the pathway of sin I con - tin - ued to roam, Un - mind - ful, a -  
But pleasures more last - ing in Je - sus are given, Sal - va - tion on



*D. C.*—Pre-pare me, dear  
*D. S.*

FINE.



pres - ence of Je - sus at home.  
las! that it led me from home. } Home, home, sweet, sweet home;  
earth and a man - sion in heaven. }

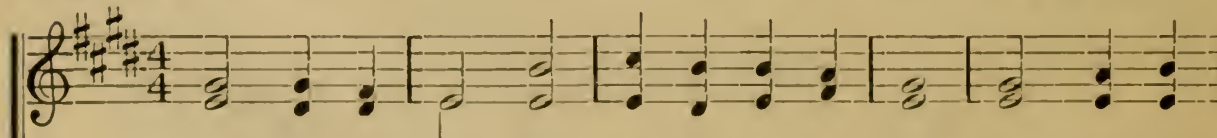


Sav - iour, for heav - en, my home.

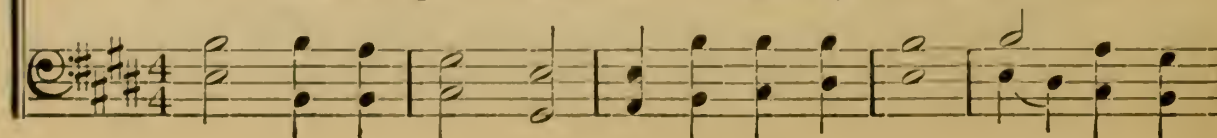
# No. 244. ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE.

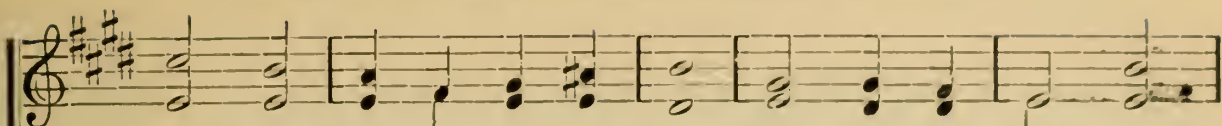
WM. H. MONK.



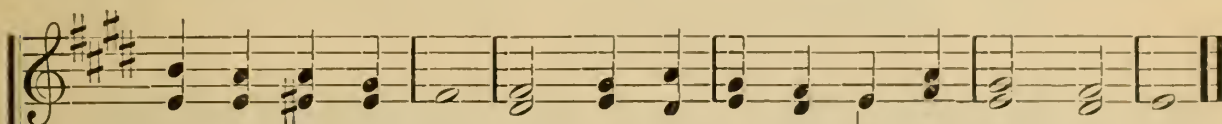
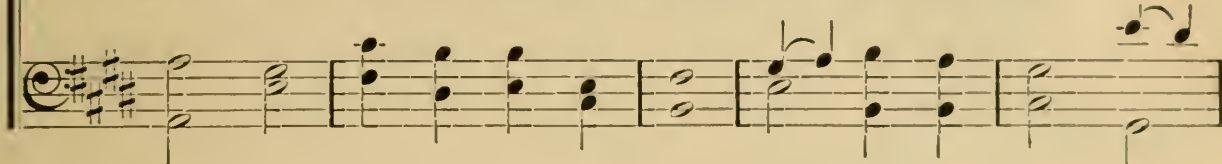
1. A - bidewith me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy



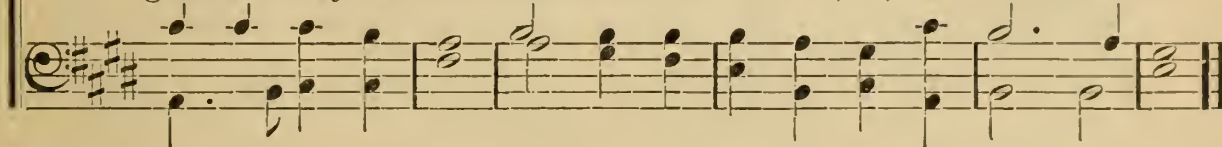
## ABIDE WITH ME.—Concluded.



deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers  
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my



fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!  
all a-round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!  
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!



## No. 245. SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

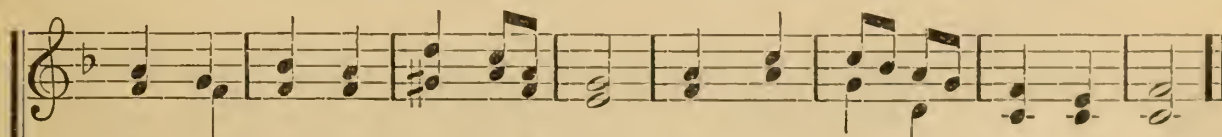
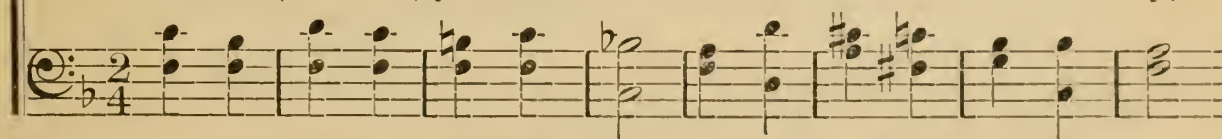
(SEYMOUR. 7. 7. 7. 7.)

Bishop GEORGE W. DOANE.

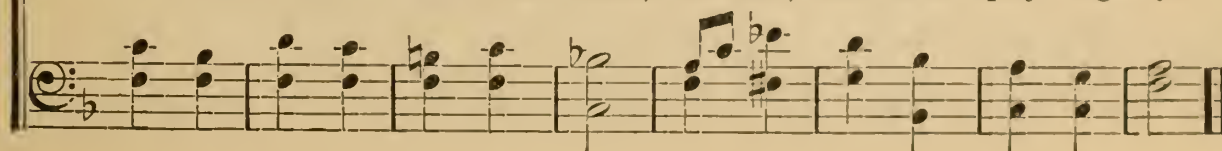
Arr. from CARL M. VON WEBER.



1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way,
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught escapes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;



Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.  
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.  
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.  
Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity - ing eye.

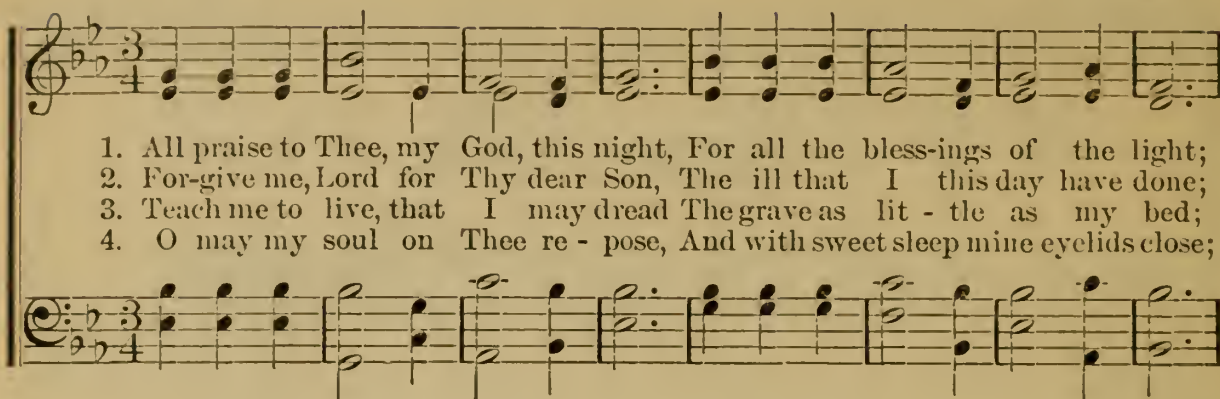




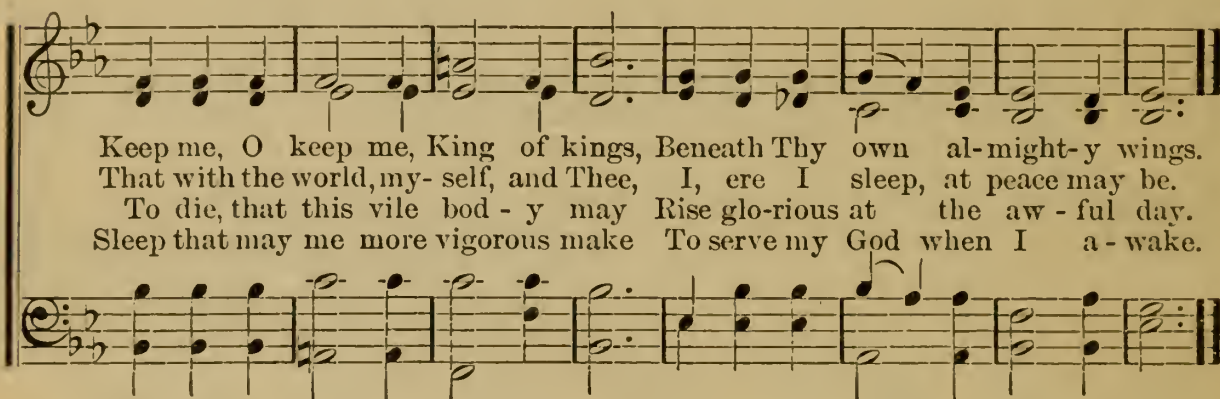
# No. 246. ALL PRAISE TO THEE.

Bp. THOMAS KEN.

HENRY BAKER.



1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light;  
 2. For-give me, Lord for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done;  
 3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit - tle as my bed;  
 4. O may my soul on Thee re - pose, And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;



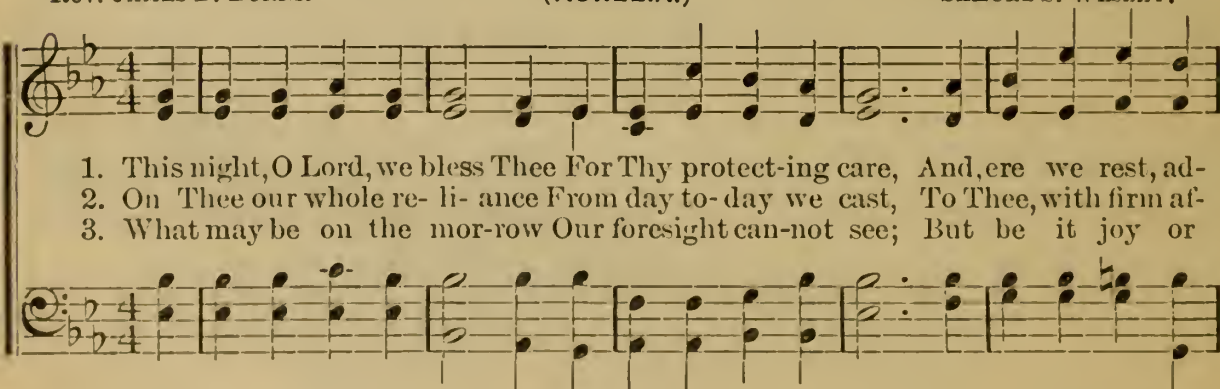
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thy own al-might-y wings.  
 That with the world, my- self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.  
 To die, that this vile bod - y may Rise glo-rious at the aw - ful day.  
 Sleep that may me more vigorous make To serve my God when I a - wake.

# No. 247. THIS NIGHT, O LORD.

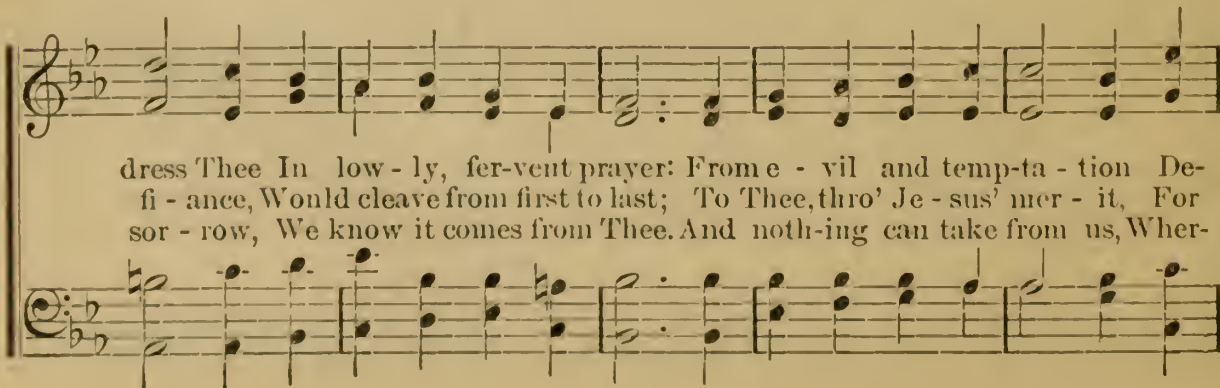
Rev. JAMES D. BURNS.

(AURELIA.)

SAMUEL S. WESLEY.



1. This night, O Lord, we bless Thee For Thy protect-ing care, And, ere we rest, ad-  
 2. On Thee our whole re- li- ance From day to-day we cast, To Thee, with firm af-  
 3. What may be on the mor-row Our foresight can-not see; But be it joy or



dress Thee In low - ly, fer-vent prayer: From e - vil and temp-ta - tion De-  
 fi - ance, Would cleave from first to last; To Thee, thro' Je - sus' mer - it, For  
 sor - row, We know it comes from Thee. And noth-ing can take from us, Wher-

## THIS NIGHT, O LORD.—Concluded.

send us thro' the night, And round our habi - ta - tion Be Thou a wall of light.  
 need-ful grace we come, And trust that Thy good Spirit Will guide us safely home.  
 e'er our steps may move, The staff of Thy sure promise, The shield of Thy true love.

## No. 248. LORD, DISMISS US.

(SICILIAN MARINERS.)

Sicilian Melody.

1. { Lord, dis - miss us with Thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }  
 { Let us each, Thy love pos - sess-ing, Tri-umph in re - deem-ing grace: }

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Traveling thro' this wil - der - ness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration  
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound:  
 May the fruits of Thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound:  
 Ever faithful  
 To the truth may we be found;

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,  
 Saviour, from the world away,  
 Let no fear of death appall us,  
 Glad Thy summons to obey:  
 May we ever  
 Reign with Thee in endless day.

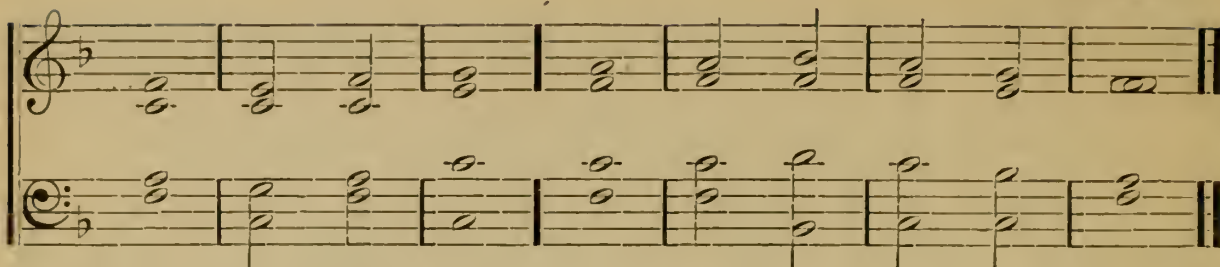
## No. 249. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

- 1 Our Father which art in heaven, | hallowed | be Thy | Name; ||  
 Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in | earth • as it | is in | heaven;
- 2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; ||  
 And forgive us our debts, as | we for | give our | debtors;
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de | liver | us from | evil; ||  
 For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever. | A • = | men.

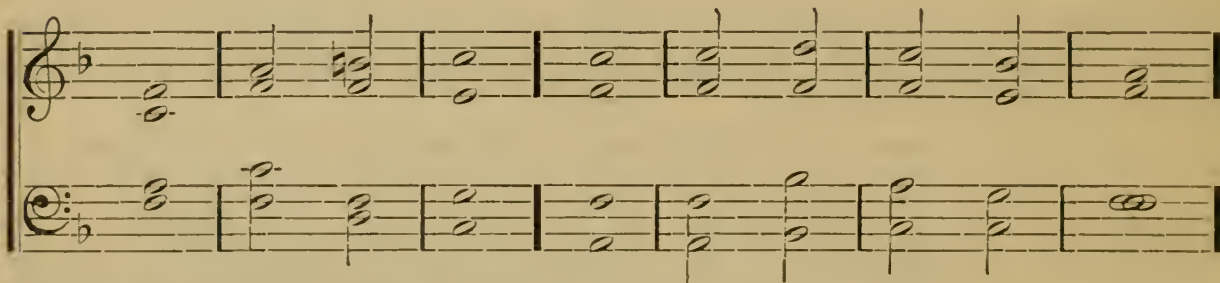


# No. 250. GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

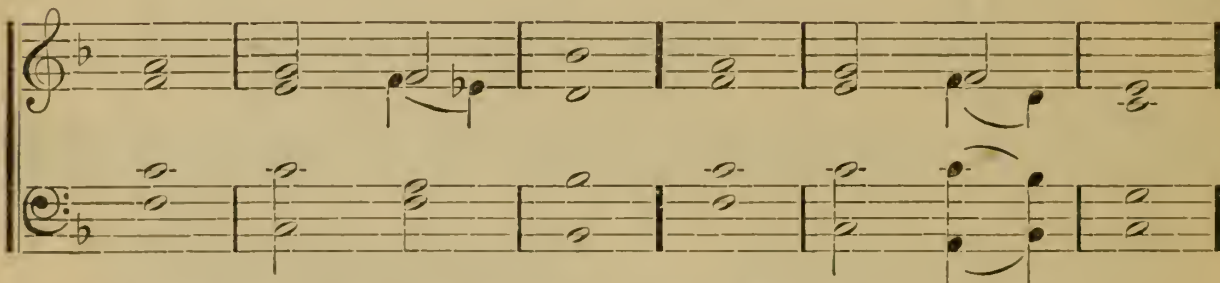
Old Chant.



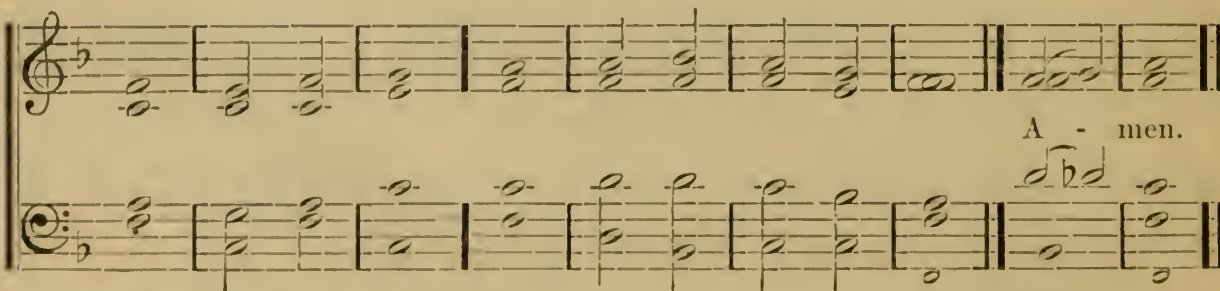
Glory *be* to | God on | high || and on *earth* | peace, good | will towards | men.  
We praise Thee \* we bless *Thee* \* we | worship | Thee || we glorify Thee \* we give *thanks*  
to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



O Lord *God* | heavenly | King || *God* the | Father | Al • = | mighty.  
O Lord \* the only begotten *Son* | Jesus | Christ || O Lord God \* Lamb of God \* |  
Son • = | of the | Father,



Thou takest *away* the | sins • of the | world || have *mercy* up | on • = | us.  
Thou that takest *away* the | sins • of the | world || have *mercy* up | on • = | us.  
Thou that takest *away* the | sins • of the | world || receive our | prayer.  
Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father || have *mercy* up | on • = | us.



A - men.

For thou *only* | art • = | holy || *Thou* | only | art the | Lord.  
Thou only, O *Christ* \* with the | Holy | Ghost || art most *high* in the | glory • of | God  
the | Father || A | men.

## RESPONSIVE READINGS.

### No. 251. PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 *But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.*

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 *The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.*

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 *For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.*

### No. 252. PSALM 19.

1 The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.

2 *Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.*

3 There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

4 *Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,*

5 Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 *His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.*

7 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

8 *The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.*

9 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

10 *More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.*

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12 *Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.*

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 *Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.*

### No. 253. PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 *He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.*

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.

4 *Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 *Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.*

### No. 254. PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 *For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.*

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place?

4 *He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.*

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 *This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.*

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting



## Responsive Readings.

doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 *Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.*

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 *Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.*

### No. 255. PSALM 27.

1 The Lord is my Light, and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 *When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.*

3 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 *One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.*

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me: he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 *And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.*

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

8 *When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.*

9 Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

10 *When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.*

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

12 *Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.*

13 I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

14 *Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.*

### No. 256. PSALM 42.

1 As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

2 *My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?*

3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

4 *When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.*

5 Why are thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

6 *O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.*

7 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

8 *Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me and my prayer unto the God of my life.*

11 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

### No. 257. PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

## Responsive Readings.

2 *Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.*

3 *For I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me.*

4 *Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: hat thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.*

5 *Behold, I was shapen in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me.*

6 *Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.*

7 *Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.*

8 *Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.*

9 *Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.*

10 *Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.*

11 *Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.*

12 *Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.*

13 *Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.*

### No. 258. PSALM 84.

1 *How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!*

2 *My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.*

3 *Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.*

4 *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.*

5 *Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.*

6 *Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.*

7 *They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.*

8 *O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.*

9 *Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.*

10 *For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.*

11 *For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.*

12 *O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.*

### No. 259. PSALM 91.

1 *He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.*

2 *I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.*

3 *Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.*

4 *He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.*

5 *Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day.*

6 *Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.*

7 *A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.*

8 *Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.*

9 *Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation:*

10 *There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.*

11 *For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.*

12 *They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.*

13 *Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.*



## Responsive Readings.

### No. 260. PSALM 103.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

### No. 261. PROV. 4 : 1-13.

1 Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding.

2 For I give you good doctrine, forsake ye not my law.

3 For I was my father's son, tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother.

4 He taught me also, and said unto me, Let thine heart retain my words: keep my commandments, and live.

5 Get wisdom, get understanding: forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth.

6 Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee: love her, and she shall keep thee.

7 Wisdom is the principal thing: therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.

8 Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her.

9 She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.

10 Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings; and the years of thy life shall be many.

11 I have taught thee in the way of wisdom; I have led thee in right paths.

12 When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened; and when thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble.

13 Take fast hold of instruction: let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life.

### No. 262. PROV. 8 : 1-17.

1 Doth not wisdom cry? and understanding put forth her voice?

2 She standeth in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths.

3 She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors.

4 Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man.

5 O ye simple, understand wisdom; and, ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart.

6 Hear: for I will speak of excellent things; and the opening of my lips shall be right things.

7 For my mouth shall speak truth: and wickedness is an abomination to my lips.

8 All the words of my mouth are in righteousness; there is nothing forward or perverse in them.

9 They are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge.

10 Receive my instruction, and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold.

11 For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired, are not to be compared to it.

12 I wisdom dwell with prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions.

13 The fear of the Lord is to hate evil: pride, and arrogancy, and the evil way, and the froward mouth, do I hate.

14 Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom: I am understanding; I have strength,

## Responsive Readings.

15 By me kings reign, and princes decree justice.

16 *By me princes rule, and nobles, even all the judges of the earth.*

17 I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.

### No. 263. ECCL. 12.

1 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

2 *While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain.*

3 In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened.

4 *And the doors shall be shut in the streets when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low.*

5 Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

6 *Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.*

7 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

### No. 264. ISAIAH 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; Yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price.

2 *Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Harken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.*

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

6 *Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.*

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8 *For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.*

9 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

10 *For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater;*

11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

12 *For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands.*

13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

### No. 265. MATT. 5 : 1-12.

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 *And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,*

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 *Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.*

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.



## Responsive Readings.

6 *Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.*

7 *Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.*

8 *Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.*

9 *Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.*

10 *Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

11 *Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.*

12 *Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.*

### No. 266. JOHN 14: 15-21.

15 *If ye love me, keep my commandments.*

16 *And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever;*

17 *Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it knoweth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.*

18 *I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.*

19 *Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.*

20 *At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.*

21 *He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.*

### No. 267. JOHN 16: 7-15.

7 *Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.*

8 *And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:*

9 *Of sin, because they believe not on me:*

10 *Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more;*

11 *Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.*

12 *I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.*

13 *Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come.*

14 *He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you.*

15 *All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you.*

### No. 268. JOHN 15: 1-14.

1 *I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.*

2 *Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.*

3 *Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.*

4 *Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.*

5 *I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing.*

6 *If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.*

7 *If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.*

8 *Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.*

9 *As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.*

10 *If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.*

11 *These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.*

12 *This is my commandment, That*

## Responsive Readings.

*ye love one another, as I have loved you.*

13 Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

14 *Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.*

**No. 269.** EPH. 6 : 10-18.

10 *Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.*

11 Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

12 *For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.*

13 Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

14 *Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;*

15 And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

16 *Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.*

17 And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

18 *Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.*

**No. 270.** I COR. 13.

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 *And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge: and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.*

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 *Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,*

5 *Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;*

6 *Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;*

7 Beareth all things; believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 *Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.*

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 *But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.*

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 *For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.*

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

**No. 271.** EPH. 3 : 14-21.

14 *For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

15 Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.

16 *That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man;*

17 That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love,

18 *May be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height;*

19 And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God.

20 *Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,*

21 Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.



## No. 272. THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1 Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

2 Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

3 Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

4 Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do

any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates, for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

5 Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6 Thou shalt not kill.

7 Thou shalt not commit adultery.

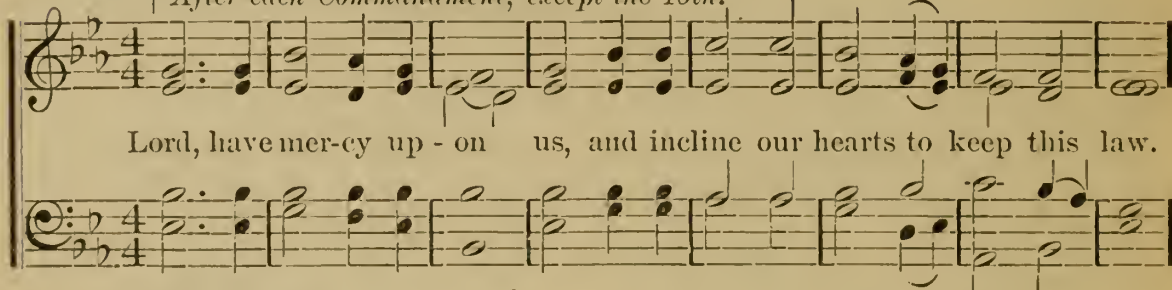
8 Thou shalt not steal.

9 Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

10 Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

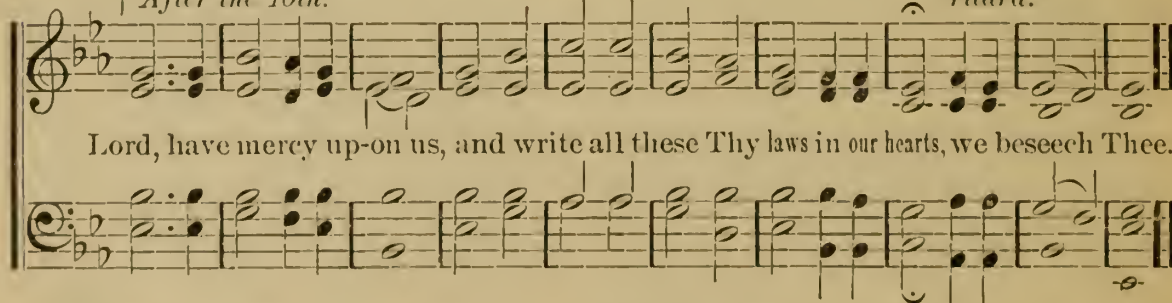
## RESPONSES TO THE COMMANDMENTS.

*After each Commandment, except the 10th.*



Lord, have mercy up - on us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

*After the 10th.*



Lord, have mercy up-on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

## No. 273. THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on

the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead; I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy catholic church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

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